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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

The World's Most Bourgeois Rock Weekly

ANARCHY FOR THE ONE AND NINES

A director's eye view of The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle

SHAM '79

How Jimmy Pursey learned to leave The Sex Pistols and become an all-round family entertainer

By NICK KENT

Jim and his mum

Picture: Pennie Smith

NME CHARTS

Week ending October 27, 1979

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks	Highest
1	(1)	**Video Killed The Radio Star**	Buggles (Island)	4	1
2	(2)	**Don't Stop Til You Get Enough**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	6	2
3	(2)	**Message In A Bottle**	Police (A & M)	6	1
4	(5)	**One Day At A Time**	Lena Martell (Pye)	3	4
5	(7)	**Every Day Hurts**	Sad Cafe (RCA)	4	5
6	(15)	**When You're In Love**	Dr Hook (Capitol)	2	6
7	(6)	**Dreaming**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	~~5~~	~~2~~
8	(19)	**Chosen Few**	Dooleys (GTO)	3	8
9	(4)	**What Ever You Want**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	5	4
10	(11)	**Queen Of Hearts**	Dave Edmunds (Swan Song)	4	10
11	(8)	**Since You've Been Gone**	Rainbow (Polydor)	5	8
12	(17)	**OK Fred**	Erroll Dunkley (Scope)	3	12
13	(18)	**Tusk**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	2	13
14	(28)	**My Forbidden Lover**	Chic (Atlantic)	2	14
14	(—)	**Gimme Gimme Gimme**	Abba (Epic)	1	14
16	(26)	**Star**	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	2	26
17	(22)	**The Devil Went Down**	Charles Daniels Band (Epic)	4	17
18	(13)	**You Can Do It**	Al Hudson (MCA)	5	13
19	(9)	**Live On Stage (EP)**	Kate Bush (EMI)	6	5
20	(—)	**Gonna Get Along Without You Now**	Viola Wills (Ariola/Hansa)	1	20
21	(—)	**Crazy Little Thing Called Love**	Queen	1	21
22	(20)	**Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle**	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	2	20
23	(—)	**She's In Love With You**	Suzi Quatro (RAK)	1	23
24	(—)	**Making Plans For Nigel**	XTC (Virgin)	1	24
25	(—)	**Let Me Know (I Have A Right)**	Gloria Gaynor (Polydor)	1	25
26	(24)	**Back Of My Hand**	Jags (Island)	4	23
27	(30)	**Luton Airport**	Cats UK (WEA)	2	27
28	(—)	**Spirit Body & Soul**	Nolan Sisters (Epic)	1	28
29	(—)	**Rise**	Herb Alpert (A&M)	1	29
30	(14)	**Cars**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	8	1

UP AND COMING:

Nuclear Device — Stranglers (UA);
On My Radio — Selecter (Two Tone);
So Much Trouble In The World — Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island);
Sing A Happy Song — O'Jays (Philadelphia);
Bird Song — Lene Lovich (Stiff);
A Message To You Rudi — Specials (Two Tone).

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending October 22, 1974

1	Everything I Own	Ken Boothe (Trojan)
2	Far Far Away	Slade (Polydor)
3	Sad Sweet Dreamer	Sweet Sensation (Pye)
4	All Of Me Loves All Of You	Bay City Rollers (Bell)
5	Gee Baby	Peter Shelley (Magnet)
6	I Get A Kick Out Of You	Gary Shearston (Charisma)
7	Farewell	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
8	Gonna Make You A Star	David Essex (CBS)
9	Reggae Tune	Andy Fairweather-Low (A&M)
10	Rock Me Gently	Andy Kim (Capitol)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending October 22, 1969

1	Sugar Sugar	Archies (RCA)
2	He Ain't Heavy — He's My Brother	Hollies (Parlophone)
3	I'm Gonna Make You Mine	Lou Christie (Buddah)
4	I'll Never Fall In Love Again	Bobbie Gentry (Capitol)
5	Oh Well	Fleetwood Mac (Reprise)
6	Space Oddity	David Bowie (Philips)
7	Je T'Aime Moi Non Plus	Jane Birkin & Serge Gainsbourg (Major Minor)
8	Nobody's Child	Karen Young (Major Minor)
9	A Boy Named Sue	Johnny Cash (CBS)
10	Love's Been Good To Me	Frank Sinatra (Reprise)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending October 30, 1964

1	Always Something There To Remind Me	Sandie Shaw (Pye)
2	Oh Pretty Woman	Roy Orbison (London)
3	Baby Love	Supremes (Stateside)
4	The Wedding	Julie Rogers (Mercury)
5	Walk Away	Matt Monro (Parlophone)
6	Sha La La	Matt Monro (Parlophone)
7	Twelfth Of Never	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
8	When You Walk In The Room	Searchers (Pye)
9	How Soon	Henry Mancini (RCA)
10	We're Through	Hollies (Parlophone)

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks	Highest
1	(1)	**Regatta De Blanc**	Police (A&M)	3	1
2	(3)	**Eat To The Beat**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	4	2
3	(7)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	5	3
4	(4)	**The Long Run**	Eagles (Asylum)	4	4
5	(—)	**Whatever You Want**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	1	5
6	(10)	**String Of Hits**	Shadows (EMI)	7	4
7	(5)	**Pleasure Principle**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	7	1
8	(6)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	21	1
9	(2)	**The Raven**	The Stranglers (United Artists)	3	2
10	(8)	**Oceans Of Fantasy**	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	6	2
11	(—)	**Tusk**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	1	11
12	(29)	**Lena's Music Album**	Lena Martell (Pye)	2	12
13	(17)	**Down To Earth**	Rainbow (Polydor)	10	7
14	(12)	**In Through The Out Door**	Led Zeppelin (Atlantic)	9	2
15	(11)	**Rock 'n' Roll Juvenile**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	7	1
16	(14)	**I Am**	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	20	2
17	(19)	**Greatest Hits**	10cc (Mercury)	3	15
18	(9)	**Outlandos D'amour**	Police (A&M)	24	7
19	(15)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp (A & M)	22	2
20	(18)	**Midnight Magic**	Commodores (Motown)	8	11
21	(—)	**One Voice**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	1	21
22	(25)	**Replicas**	Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	19	1
23	(—)	**The Crack**	Ruts (Virgin)	1	23
24	(30)	**Survival**	Bob Marley (Island)	3	24
25	(13)	**Unleashed In The East**	Judas Priest (CBS)	3	13
26	(22)	**The Adventures Of The Hersham Boys**	Sham 69 (Polydor)	4	8
27	(28)	**Love Hunter**	Whitesnake (United Artists)	2	27
28	(—)	**The Unrecorded Jasper Carrott**	(DJM)	1	28
29	(16)	**Slow Train Coming**	Bob Dylan (CBS)	9	2
30	(24)	**I'm The Man**	Joe Jackson (A&M)	2	24

UP AND COMING:

Victim Of Love — Elton John (Rocket);
Mr Universe — Gillan (Acrobat);
Live And Learn — Elkie Brooks (A&M);
Kenny Rogers Singles Album (UA);
Facades — Sad Cafe (RAC);
A Curious Feeling — Tony Banks (Charisma).

Anna Faltskog, Abba's luscious squaw (ker) offers salutations to the great chart god. Abba are fourteen with an arrow this week.

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(3)	**Rise**	Herb Alpert
2	(2)	**Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough**	Michael Jackson
3	(1)	**Sail On**	Commodores
4	(5)	**Pop Muzik**	M
5	(4)	**Sad Eyes**	Robert John
6	(7)	**Dim All The Lights**	Donna Summer
7	(9)	**Heartache Tonight**	Eagles
8	(10)	**You Decorated My Life**	Kenny Rogers
9	(6)	**My Sharona**	The Knack
10	(13)	**Tusk**	Fleetwood Mac
11	(18)	**Still**	Commodores
12	(14)	**Good Girls Don't**	Knack
13	(8)	**I'll Never Love This Way Again**	Dionne Warwick
14	(22)	**Babe**	Styx
15	(12)	**Cruel To Be Kind**	Nick Lowe
16	(11)	**Heaven Must Have Sent You**	Bonnie Pointer
17	(19)	**Dirty White Boy**	Foreigner
18	(15)	**Lovin', Touchin', Squeezin'**	Journey
19	(16)	**Where Were You When I Was Falling In Love**	Lobo
20	(24)	**Please Don't Go**	KC & The Sunshine Band
21	(23)	**I Know A Heartache**	Jennifer Warnes
22	(17)	**Lonesome Loser**	Little River Band
23	(20)	**Spooky**	Atlanta Rhythm Section
24	(28)	**This Night Won't Last Forever**	Michael Jackson
25	(26)	**Hold On**	Ian Gomm
26	(—)	**Come To Me**	France Joli
27	(21)	**Don't Bring Me Down**	Electric Light Orchestra
28	(—)	**So Good, So Right**	Brenda Russell
29	(—)	**Ships**	Barry Manilow
30	(25)	**A Bad Case Of Loving You**	Robert Palmer

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	**The Long Run**	Eagles
2	(2)	**In Through The Out Door**	Led Zeppelin
3	(6)	**Midnight Magic**	Commodores
4	(7)	**Cornerstone**	Styx
5	(5)	**Head Games**	Foreigner
6	(3)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson
7	(8)	**Dream Police**	Cheap Trick
8	(22)	**Arise**	Herb Alpert
9	(4)	**Get The Knack**	The Knack
10	(9)	**Candy O**	The Cars
11	(11)	**Slow Train Coming**	Bob Dylan
12	(10)	**Volcano**	Jimmy Buffett
13	(18)	**Kenny**	Kenny Rogers
14	(14)	**Eve**	Alan Parsons Project
15	(12)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp
16	(—)	**Tusk**	Fleetwood Mac
17	(20)	**Stormwatch**	Jethro Tull
18	(13)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
19	(16)	**Identify Yourself**	O'Jays
20	(15)	**First Under The Wire**	Little River Band
21	(—)	**Uncle Jam Wants You**	Funkadelic
22	(25)	**Flirtin' With Disaster**	Molly Hachet
23	(24)	**Highway To Hell**	AC/DC
24	(28)	**Comedy Is Not Pretty**	Steve Martin
25	(21)	**Dionne**	Dionne Warwick
26	(—)	**Ladies' Night**	Kool And The Gang
27	(17)	**Rust Never Sleeps**	Neil Young & Crazy Horse
28	(—)	**One Voice**	Barry Manilow
29	(—)	**Eat To The Beat**	Blondie
30	(19)	**I Am**	Earth Wind & Fire

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

DISCO

* denotes 7". + denotes import.

(1)	**Don't Stop Til You Get Enough**	Michael Jackson (Epic)*+ (full length)
(2)	**Let Me Know I Have The Right**	Gloria Gaynor (Polydor)
(3)	**Strut You Funky Stuff**	Frantique (Philadelphia Int)
(4)	**There's A Reason**	High Tension (Island)
(5)	**Dim All The Lights**	Donna Summer (Casablanca)
(6)	**Street Life**	Crusaders (MCA)
(7)	**Expansions**	Lonnie Liston Smith (RCA)
(8)	**Sleazy**	Village People (Philips)
(9)	**It's Called The Rock**	Edwin Starr (20th Century)
(10)	**Running To Your Love**	Eddie Henderson (Capitol)

CHART SUPPLIED BY: HMV RECORDS Oxford Street London W1

REGGAE

(1)	**Nice Up Jamaica**	Nigger Kojak (Kojak)
(2)	**Kojak Nah Go Penitentiary**	Nigger Kojak (Kojak)
(3)	**My Ting A Ling**	Heptones (Studio One)
(4)	**Freedom Sounds**	Ricky Grant (Rock International)
(5)	**Nice Up The Dance**	Michigan And Smilie (Studio One)
(6)	**My Baby Is Gone**	Erroll Holt (Sky High)
(7)	**Praise Jah**	Roman Stewart (Hungry Town)
(8)	**World Of Sorrow**	Sugar Minott (Studio One)
(9)	**Little Nut Tree**	Melodians (Studio One)
(10)	**My Time**	Michael Black (King David)

Chart supplied by: JOE GIBBS, 29 Lewisham Way, New Cross, London SE14

INDIES

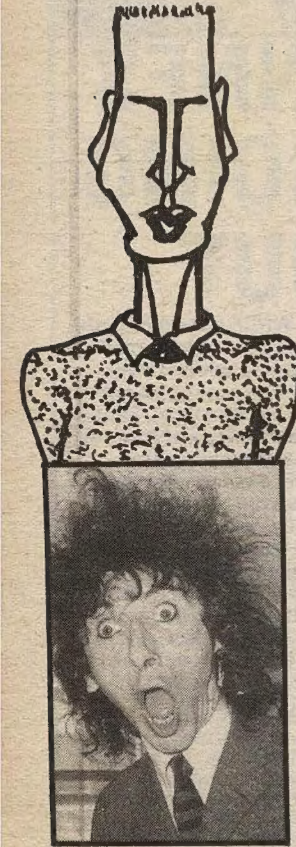
(1)	**Solitary Ashtray**	Nick Turner & Inner City Unit (Riddle)
(2)	**Al Capone**	Prince Buster (Bluebeat)
(3)	**On My Radio**	Selecter (Two Tone)
(4)	**Dirty Water**	Inmates (Soho)
(5)	**Smash It Up**	Damned (Chiswick)
(6)	**Message To You Rudy**	Specials (Two Tone)
(7)	**Sheep Farming In Barnet**	Toyah (Safari)
(8)	**Gabrielle**	Nips (Soho)
(9)	**Guns Of Navarone**	Skatalites (Island)
(10)	**Kings Road**	Squire (I Spy)

Chart supplied by: ROCK ON, 3 Kentish Town Road, London NW1.

NEWS

EDITED BY DEREK JOHNSON

Cooper Clarke
TOURING BACK TO HAPPINESS



THE FIRST 16 dates were announced this week for the late autumn tour by John Cooper Clarke, plans for which were revealed by NME last week. And to tie in with the outing, he has a new single issued by Epic on November 2 — the A-side is a double groove featuring 'Splat' and 'Twat', and the coupling is a new number called 'Sleepwalk' from his upcoming LP. 'Twat' is a live track recorded at London Marquee, while 'Splat' is a joke version of the same number.

Supported by Chris Sievey & The Freshies and The Out, he plays Coventry Warwick University (November 15), Sheffield Polytechnic (16), York University (17), Newcastle University (21), Hull Wellington Club (22), Canterbury Kent University (24), London Victoria The Venue (25), Southampton University (28), London Twickenham Richmond College (29), Oxford Polytechnic (30), Nottingham University (December 1), London Strand Kings College (3), Liverpool Polytechnic (5), Manchester Polytechnic (6), Birmingham Polytechnic (7) and Wolverhampton Polytechnic (8). More dates are being set and will be announced shortly.

● *Pictured left are (above) a detail from the sleeve of J C-C's new single which he drew himself; and (below) the lad in person.*

Calling Heads

THE FIRST NINE dates have now been confirmed for the late autumn tour by The Talking Heads, plans for which were exclusively revealed by NME last week. Although they appeared in the Edinburgh Rock Festival eight weeks ago, and played a one-off London show last year, this will be their first UK tour since January, 1977 — and their first ever in which they have headlined at major British theatre venues.

Dates set so far are Leicester De Montfort Hall (November 26), Newcastle City Hall (27), Aberdeen Capitol (28), Edinburgh Odeon (29), Manchester Free Trade Hall (December 1), Birmingham Odeon (2), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (3), London Hammersmith Palais (4) and Portsmorth Locarno (6).

Promoters Straight Music say that at least two more gigs are being finalised, with details to follow in a week or two. Meanwhile, tickets are on sale now for the first nine shows — prices are £3 and £2.50 (Leicester); £3 only (Hemel Hempstead, Hammersmith and Portsmouth); and £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2 (elsewhere).

The band released their third Sire album 'Fear Of Music' last month, and their new single 'Life During Wartime' two weeks ago, and these will be heavily featured in their new stage act.

SIOUXSIE IN DOCK

SIOUXSIE of The Banshees was taken to hospital after the band's concert at Hammersmith Odeon on Monday of last week — the final date of their tour. She had been suffering from stomach and throat disorders for a fortnight, resulting in the cancellation of a couple of gigs. Doctors diagnosed hepatitis, and have ordered complete rest for two months. This means that the cancelled dates cannot now be re-set until the New Year.

● THE LURKERS have landed a residency at London Marquee Club every Wednesday next month — that's November 7, 14, 21 and 28, supported by The Carpettes. The season marks the November 9 release of their new Beggars Banquet single 'A New Guitar In Town', as well as the arrival of Honest John who's joined the band from The Boys for the time being. They're also doing a supposedly secret gig at London Fulham Greyhound on November 17, under the name of the Piss Artists.

● THE CHORDS are being lined up for a full UK tour in December, but meanwhile they play occasional gigs at Portsmouth Polytechnic (this Saturday), York University (November 2), London Marquee (19) and Birmingham University (30).

It's time for action from Secret Affair

SECRET AFFAIR have so far confirmed 26 dates in an extensive autumn tour, including a major London date at the Rainbow — and there are still more being finalised. They'll be featuring their new single 'Let Your Heart Dance', issued by I-Spy this weekend, as well as material from their upcoming album — which is still untitled, but will hopefully be ready for release during the tour. Their additional new member, saxist Dave Winthrop, will be going on the road with them for the first time — and, not surprisingly, the outing has been dubbed 'The I-Spy Dancing In The Street Tour'.

Promoted by Cowbell, the itinerary to date comprises Coventry Tiffany's (November 15), Cambridge Corn Exchange (16), Reading University (17), Birmingham Top Rank (18), Wakefield Unity Hall (19), Bradford University (21), Lincoln Drill Hall (22), Newcastle Polytechnic (23), Manchester University (24), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (26), Leicester University (27), Liverpool University (28), Aberdeen University (30), Dundee University (December 1), Glasgow Tiffany's (2), Edinburgh Tiffany's (3), Ayr Pavilion (4), Colchester Essex University (6), Canterbury Odeon (7), London Rainbow (8), Bristol Locarno (9), Bournemouth Village Bowl (10), Exeter Routes (11), Shrewsbury Music Hall (12), Guildford Civic Hall (13) and Cromer West Runton Pavilion (14).

● Support act on all dates is Squire who, prior to the tour, have their own dates at London Marquee (this Saturday), Wolverhampton Poly (October 31), Portsmouth Poly (November 1), Dudley J.B.'s (2), Bradford Palm Cove (3), Huddersfield Coach House (4), Dundee Teezers (5), Aberdeen Ruffles (6), Glasgow Technical College (7), Hull Wellington Club (8), Nottingham Sandpiper (9), Rhyl Town Hall (10) and London Camden Music Machine (13).

Stranglers Xmas bonus

THE STRANGLERS, despite their current involvement in a nationwide tour, are already getting geared up for the fourthcoming festive season. Not only are they bringing out a special Christmas EP next month, but they are also organising their own all-nighter gala to be staged in London during the holiday period.

Details of the London concert are still sparse, as the band are playing it close to their chests. But they're lining it up themselves, so they can choose their own guests — and one of these is likely to be a big U.S. act with whom Hugh Cornwell was recently involved on his solo album *(Thinks: Devo?)*. They say it will be a contrasting bill, running from late night to breakfast time, and not at one of the "regular" West End venues. And it's expected to take place over the weekend immediately prior to Christmas.

The EP, released by Liberty-United on November 9 in a picture sleeve, is also a contrasting bag. The tracks are (1) the near-acoustic anti-narcotic 'Don't Bring Harry' from their current hit album; (2) 'Wired' from Cornwell's upcoming solo LP; (3) a live version of 'In The Shadows', recorded by the band at London's Hope & Anchor back in 1977; and (4) Jean Jacques Burnel's 'Crabs', recorded live at Hemel Hempstead Pavilion during his solo tour earlier this year.

● Release of Cornwell's solo single 'White Room' is put back a week, and it now comes out tomorrow (Friday). His album 'Nosferatu' is also delayed a week until November 16.

Rise of The Fall

MANCHESTER band The Fall have their second album released by Step Forward Records this weekend, titled 'Dragnet', and they're going out on an extensive tour to promote it. With more gigs still to come, those confirmed so far are:

Leeds Fan Club (tonight, Thursday), Scarborough Penthouse (Friday), Doncaster Bircotes Leisure Centre (Saturday), Bradford Palm Grove Club (November 1), Newport The Village (2), Dudley J.B.'s (3), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (4), London School of Economics (7), Liverpool Eric's (8), Stockport venue to be set (9), two shows at Blackpool Norbreck Castle (10), Preston Polytechnic (12), Norwich Cromwells (13), Shrewsbury Cascade (14), Retford Porterhouse (16), Brighton Polytechnic (17) and London Marquee (20).

The band say they regret not fixing any dates in Scotland — apparently their agent tried to do so, but all his efforts were frustrated — and they promise to play there at the earliest opportunity. The Fall begin their first American tour on November 26, a two-week coast-to-coast schedule.

● SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS have pulled out of their guest spot in the upcoming Damned tour, starting November 22. They've decided instead to play their own dates next month, to promote their new single 'You're Ready Now', for November 9 release by DJM.

PENETRATION, MADNESS IN Electric Ballroom specials

MADNESS, who leave their package tour with The Specials and The Selecter on November 15, headline the following two nights in their own right at London Camden Electric Ballroom (16-17), supported by The Beat.

PENETRATION, who last week announced their decision to split, will play the final date of what's supposed to be their farewell tour on November 3 at the Electric Ballroom, supported by Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark and Local Operator. And it now looks as though the outfit will not disband totally, but will continue after drastic personnel changes.

CHELSEA also headline at the same venue — their date is November 9, and The Psychedelic Furs are set for the next day (10) supported by A Teardrop Explodes. Among other bookings already reported are the R&B extravaganza topped by The Inmates (tomorrow, Friday) and the Gang Of Four (November 23 and 24).

Promoters Straight Music say that several surprises, including at least two U.S. acts, are being lined up for December. Admission price for all gigs at the ballroom is a standard £2.50, except for some special events when it increases to £3.

and stars at Venue

STEEL PULSE play a three-night season at London Victoria The Venue (November 12-14) to promote their new Island album 'Tribute To The Martyrs'. Tickets are £3 in advance, £3.25 on the doors.

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY and The Asbury Jukes pay a return visit to The Venue this Sunday (£5), and John Hiatt — who is supporting them on their UK tour — has his own show there on November 1.

Other newly-confirmed bookings include The Albion Band (November 6), Grateful Dead lyricist Robert Hunter (7), Charlie Dore's Back Pocket (8), Rocket 88 with Alexis Korner and Charlie Watts (9) and Roger Chapman & The Shortlist (10).

Among acts being negotiated for later next month are Maria Muldaur, Maddy Prior, Ben E. King, The Movies, John Martyn and UK — details to follow after they've put pen to paper. The Ohio Players pulled out of their Venue appearance last weekend at short notice, giving no reason for the let-down.

● The Merton Parkas have pulled out of their Venue gig, originally set for last night (Wednesday) and then rearranged for next Monday (29). Instead, they will now play London Kensington Nashville on November 6.

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WHO PLAY THREE IN NOVEMBER

— with buskers and food for the wait at the box-office

THE WHO, previously reported as planning some British concerts next month as a warm-up for their forthcoming American tour, have now decided to play just three dates — at Brighton Centre (November 10 and 11) and Stafford Bingley Hall (16). These are expected to be their last UK gigs this year, as their original plan to play some pre-Christmas concerts here seems to have been dropped.

The Stafford gig was deliberately kept low-key to prevent "outsiders" causing ticket chaos — in fact, locals started queueing 40 hours before the box-office opened last weekend, and the show is now sold out. But for the Brighton dates, tickets (£5, £4 and £3) go on sale on Sunday, November 4, and refreshments and live entertainment is being provided for the queue — which will be completely under cover within the Centre's complex. The promoters say it will make "a pleasant day out by the sea"!

IAN HUNTER (left) and MICK RONSON

RANDY NEWMAN IN CONCERT

One-off show by Hunter & Ronson

THE IAN HUNTER BAND, featuring Mick Ronson, fly into Britain to headline a one-off concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on Thursday, November 22 — tickets are on sale now priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2. Hunter is bringing over his full seven-piece band which, besides guitarist Ronson, also includes Tom Mandel and George Mayer (both on keyboards), Tom Morrongiello (guitar), Martin Briley (bass) and Eric Parker (drums). They are just completing an extensive U.S. tour, winding up with three nights at Los Angeles Roxy, which will be recorded for Chrysalis release as a live album in January — and the London concert will also be recorded for possible inclusion.

RANDY NEWMAN is also coming in for a solitary London gig, which will be his only UK date in a brief European tour. It's at the Dominion Theatre in Tottenham Court Road on Sunday, November 25, and he'll be featuring material from his recently released album 'Born Again', backed by a four-piece band. There are two shows at 6 and 9pm, and ticket prices are £5, £4 and £3 (postal bookings only for the time being).

John Ellis solo

JOHN ELLIS — best known for his association with The Vibrators, though he's also played with Snivelling Shits and Euroman — has a single titled 'Babies In Jars' issued early next month. It was recorded live with Rapid Eye Movement, and is the first release on a new independent label Rat Race Records. Ellis is currently busy putting a new band together, and intends to play a number of dates during November. Details of his line-up and intinerary are expected shortly.

Lizzy plan Xmas gala

THIN LIZZY intend to play a special one-off Christmas concert, and are at present trying to make a choice between three or four possible venues, although it's understood that the show will not be in London. The concert will serve two purposes — it will act as a prelude to their upcoming extensive New Year tour, and it will introduce their permanent new guitarist (Gary Moore's replacement) who has not yet been named.

WINGS are preparing for their UK stage comeback, which could well be before Christmas, although their spokesman refused to be drawn on the subject. He commented: "Wings are basically a touring band, and they'll be back on the road sooner or later."

Wild Horses on a canter

WILD HORSES, the band fronted by Brian Robertson and Jimmy Bain, have signed with EMI International who release their debut single 'Criminal Tendencies' on November 2.

They're playing a series of dates to promote it, the first ten confirmed being at **Peterborough** Wirrina Stadium (November 2), **Manchester** University (3), **Redcar** Coatham Bowl (4), **Cleethorpes** Winter Gardens (5), **Nottingham** Boat Club (10), **Hanley** Victoria Hall (12), **Dundee** University (16), **Lincoln** Drill Hall (20), **Uxbridge** Brunel University (23) and **Bedford** Corn Exchange (30).

Other gigs, including a major London concert, are being finalised and will be announced shortly. In December, they start recording their first album for February release.

INNES GOING OUT

NEIL INNES goes out on the road next month, to mark his signing with Polydor, and the release of his first album for that label. Titled 'The Innes Book of Records', it's due out early next month, and is a collection of songs from his second BBC-TV series of the same name to be screened next spring. (Incidentally, his first series is due to be repeated over the Christmas period).

His tour dates, including two major London concerts, are Newcastle Polytechnic (November 14), Leicester University (20), Southampton University (21), Bath University (22), Manchester UMIST (23), Sheffield University (24) Cambridge Lady Mitchell Hall (26), London Victoria The Venue (27 and 28), Guildford Surrey University (29), Bradford University (December 1) and London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College (7). More are likely to be added.

LONDON DATE FOR HACKETT

STEVE HACKETT, who opened his second British tour of 1979 earlier this week, has now slotted a major London date into his itinerary. It's at Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Sunday, November 11, and is promoted by John Martin in association with Capitol Radio, who'll be recording it for subsequent broadcast. As a result, Poole Arts Centre — originally planned for that date — is now cancelled.

Record News

SALLY OLDFIELD'S ELPEE, TOUR PLAN

SALLY OLDFIELD has her second album 'Easy', the follow-up to 'Water Bearer', released by Bronze this week. It contains nine self-penned songs, including her new single 'The Sun In My Eyes', due out on November 2. Sally is currently putting a band together for a debut European tour in the New Year, and a series of British concerts in February.

- **Dennis Brown's** new single, for release by Laser during the second half of next month, is a Bob Marley song 'Slave Driver'.
- **Visage** have signed a recording deal with Radar/Genetic and release a single titled 'Tar' on November 2, with an album to follow in the New Year. Fronted by Steve Strange, they also feature six musicians on loan from other bands — Dave Formula, John McGeoch and Barry Adamson (all of Magazine), Billie Currie and Midge Ure (both of Ultravox) and Rusty Egan.
- **The Three Degrees'** new single is 'My Simple Heart', taken from their current album '3D', and released by Ariola on November 2.

PURSEY PUTS PEN TO PACT

JIMMY PURSEY has signed a solo deal with Polydor and, at the same time, extended his Sham 69 contract with the company. He thus has the best of both worlds, being able to record either with Sham or with other musicians of his choice. Polydor A&R chief Jim Cook reckons Pursey will emerge as one of the biggest stars of the next decade.

JAM'S ALBUM DUE IN THREE WEEKS

THE JAM's fourth album is now officially titled 'Setting Sons', and it's scheduled for Polydor release on November 16, four days before they begin their nationwide tour. The tracks are **Girls On The Phone, Thick As Thieves, Private Hell, Little Boy Soldiers, Wasteland, Burning Sky, Smithers-Jones, Saturday Kids, The Eton Rifles** and **Heat Wave.** All are Paul Weller compositions, except 'Smithers-Jones' (by Bruce Foxton) and the Holland-Dozier-Holland standard 'Heat Wave'.

- A hot reggae import album titled 'Evolutionary Rockers' by **Mikey Dread,** one of Jamaica's leading disc-jockeys, has been picked up for the UK by Trojan who'll be releasing it next month re-named 'Dread At The Controls'. The label is also bringing over Dread to promote it, and this will be his first-ever visit to Britain.
- **Wire** have a new single out this weekend on Harvest titled 'Map Reference', taken from their current album '154'. The band are currently setting up some special London dates, and these will be announced shortly.
- **Kit Hain** — who, as part of Marshall Hain had a smash hit single last year with 'Dancing In The City' — releases a solo single this week on Harvest titled 'The Joke's On You'. It's taken from her album 'Uninvited Guests' due out in the New Year.

Numan latest

GARY NUMAN's follow-up to his chart-topping 'Cars' is set for November 16 release by Beggars Banquet — it's a track from his hit album 'The Pleasure Principle' called 'Complex'. The B-side is a live version of 'Bombers' (originally issued as his second single) recorded at one of his recent Hammersmith concerts.

- Detroit-based band **Destroy All Monsters,** who've just completed their debut UK tour, have a new single issued this week by Cherry Red Records. Titles are 'Nobody Knows' and 'What Do I Get'.
- **Goldie,** who scored a Top Ten hit last year with 'Making Up Again', have their first single for 11 months issued by Bronze this weekend — titled 'How Many Times'. Out on the same label is 'Pure Magic' by **The Realistics.**
- **Barbra Streisand's** new album, issued by CBS on November 9, is called 'Wet' — with all the songs relating to rain, tears and other damp phenomena! The title song also appears at the B-side of the 12-inch Streisand-Donna Summer duet 'No More Tears' which, as reported last week, comes out on November 2.
- **Errol Dunkley,** currently figuring strongly with his Scope single 'OK Fred', has another single issued by Arawak this week — titled "Little Way Different", it's in both 7" and 12" versions.
- **Stevie Wonder's** long-awaited double album 'Journey Through The Secret Life Of Plants', about which much has been written in recent weeks, at last has an official release date — Friday, November 2, on the Motown label.

These are THE VAPORS, a Guildford-based band newly signed by Liberty-United. And the reason they're posing so truculently is that their first single 'Prisoners' is issued this weekend. What's more, they've landed another big break by being signed as support act on the UK tour by The Jam, starting next month. Prior to that, they can be seen in action at London Camden Music Machine (tomorrow, Friday) and Farnborough Tumbledown Dicks (November 6).

Feelgoods let it roll

BIG PRE-XMAS TOUR

DR. FEELGOOD, currently undertaking a six-week European tour, return home next month and immediately set out a massive 26-date UK schedule — taking them right up to Christmas weekend. As a prelude to their outing, the band's new album 'Let It Roll' — containing ten new tracks — is released by Liberty-United on November 9, preceded this weekend by a single titled 'Put Him Out Of Your Mind'. The Feelgoods' itinarary includes a major London Christmas concert, and the date sheet comprises:

Cardiff University (November 20), Dublin Olympic Stadium (22), Belfast Queen's University (23), Manchester Apollo (25), Edinburgh Tiffany's (26), Glasgow Apollo (27), Newcastle City Hall (28), Hull City Hall (29), Aberystwyth Pavilion (30), Birmingham Odeon (December 1), Leicester De Montfort Hall (2), Oxford New Theatre (3), Sheffield University (4), Bradford University (5), Southampton University (6), Norwich East Anglia University (7), Nottingham University (8), Redcar Coatham Boal (9), Lancaster University (10), Colchester Essex University (12), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (15), Dunstable Civic Hall (16), London Hammersmith Odeon (19), Canvey Island Paddocks (20), Cambridge Corn Exchange (21) and Malvern Winter Gardens (22).

Landscape's UK designs

LANDSCAPE, who signed with RCA earlier this year, have their first album out this week — with their name as its title. And they're going out on tour to promote the LP, with dates so far confirmed at **Bristol** Polytechnic (this Saturday), **Newbridge** Memorial Hall (Sunday), **Norwich** Samson & Hercules (November 1), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (3), **Leicester** Phoenix Theatre (4), **London** School of African & Oriental Studies (9), **Wolverhampton** Polytechnic (10), **Dudley** JB's (17), **Liverpool** Eric's (22), **London** City Polytechnic (23), **London Battersea** Arts Centre (24), **Middlesbrough** Teesside Polyechnic (27) and **Edinburgh** Astoria (28 and 29). They can also be seen in BBC2's 'Old Grey Whistle Test' next Tuesday (30).

ROD: TV & ELPEE, BUT NO GIGS YET

ROD STEWART has delayed his next UK appearances still further, and is not now expected to perform here until next summer, when he'll be playing several large concerts in Britain as part of a European tour to promote his new album — which he'll be recording in Los Angeles after Christmas. He will, however, be based here until the end of the year, and will be making several major TV appearances to promote his 'Greatest Hits' LP — which, as previously reported, is released by Riva on November 2.

Titles on the album — all Top Five entries when originally issued, and all Gold Disc winners — are **Hot Legs, Maggie May, Da Ya Think I'm Sexy?, You're In My Heart, Sailing, I Don't Want To Talk About It, Tonight's The Night, The Killing of Georgie (Parts 1 & 2), First Cut Is The Deepest** and **I Was Only Joking**. Four of the tracks — 'Maggie May', 'Sailing', 'Tonight's The Night' and 'I Don't Want To Talk About It' — have been specially remixed for the LP, which is to be the subject of the most intensive advertising campaign Riva have ever mounted.

AFTER THE FIRE, NOW COMES THE RAINBOW

AFTER THE FIRE play the most improtant concert of their career so far, as the climax of their 45-date tour which has kept them on the road for two months. It's a headliner at London Rainbow on November 17, with The Passengers and one other act supporting — tickets priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50 go on sale tomorrow (Friday). Other newly confirmed tour dates are Belfast Queen's University (tonight, Thursday), Dublin Trinity College (Friday), Cork University (Saturday), Newcastle University (November 1), Birmingham Top Rank (11) and Reading University (16). Their Pontypridd Polytechnic gig is brought forward from November 8 to 5.

News Round-up

● **THE TEENBEATS** have set further dates to tie in with the upcoming release of their second Safari Records single 'Strength Of The Nation'. They include London Covent Garden Rock Garden (this Sunday), London The Venue (next Monday), Weybridge National College of Food (November 2), Manchester University (7), Manchester Mayflower (9), Redditch Tracey's (14) and Nottingham Sandpiper (24).

● **MIKE WESTBROOK BRASS BAND** stage a one-off performance of their unique jazz-rock cabaret 'Mama Chicago' at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Friday, November 2 (tickets £2.25 to £3.75). And next week, RCA release the double album recording of this work.

● **UK SUBS** have been booked for their first American tour, starting at Hurrah's in New York on November 25, and playing a total of 25 dates through to the end of December. To preface their visit, their UK hit 'Tomorrow's Girls' is issued in the States this week. Back in Britain, the band's movie 'Punk Can Take It' is being shown in selected cinemas as support to 'Scum'.

● **THE PIRATES** have added another five dates to their current tour — at Reading University (November 7), Durham St. Cuthbert's College (9), London Kensington Nashville (16 and 17) and London Islington Hope & Anchor (20). Their double A-side single 'Lady Put The Light On Me' / 'Lemonade' is released by Cube on November 2.

● **PURSEY'S PACKAGE** will not now be playing London Nashville this Friday and Saturday (26-27), following a police raid last weekend, which means that the venue is now "playing it cool" for the time being. They are replaced by The School Bullies, an alias for a well-known act.

● **GANG OF FOUR** have made a few changes to their tour, reported three weeks ago. They have new bookings at Middlesbrough Rock Garden (November 18), Manchester Polytechnic (20) and Bournemouth Town Hall (22); Reading University moves from November 6 to 13; and Oxford Polytechnic (November 9), Bristol Locarno (11) and Manchester Factory (December 1) are cancelled.

● **PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY** have cancelled their appearance at London Marquee Club on October 30, and The Piranhas have been booked to replace them. But they have added Sheffield limit Club (November 1) to their tour schedule.

● **THE SPECIALS** package, also featuring Madness and The Selecter, will play Lancaster University after all. It was originally announced as November 1, but cancelled in favour of Manchester Apollo, and it's now been re-set for November 2.

● **THE SOUL BOYS** — a North London band comprising Louis Barbe (drums), Tony Campbell (guitar and vocals) and Nik Demetriades (bass) — have been added to The Stranglers' concert at Oxford New Theatre next Monday (29). Several record companies are said to be interested in signing the trio, all of whom are aged 17.

● **MATCHBOX** have added November gigs at Bristol Trinity (2), Chelmsford City F.C. (4), Coventry Red House (9), Luton Kingsway (10), London Southgate Royalty (15), Guildford Star Club (23) and Barkingside Old Maypole (24) to their current tour, which promotes their new Magnet Records single 'Rockabilly Rebel' and album 'Matchbox'.

● **BETHNAL** — now featuring new guitarist Steve Linton as replacement for Nick Michaels, who has left the band to concentrate on songwriting — return to live action with two nights at London Marquee Club on November 25 and 26. These gigs are a warm-up to a full tour, lasting until the end of the year, details to be announced shortly. The Bethnal line-up is, from left to right, Everton Williams (bass), George Csapo (vocals), Pete Dowling (drums) and Steve Linton (guitar).

● **DOLL BY DOLL**, who support Hawkwind on their previously-reported UK tour opening on November 15, play a handful of dates beforehand — at High Wycombe Nags Head (October 31), Cardiff University (November 9), London Camden Music Machine (10) and Portsmouth Polytechnic — to promote their new album 'Gypsy Blood', issued by Automatic on November 16. It's also the first opportunity for audiences to see their new bassist Tony Waite, who recently replaced Nick Whiffen in the line-up.

● **MATUMBI** take reggae back to the roots by undertaking a week-long tour of West Africa's Ivory Coast, starting November 1. British gigs scheduled for that period have had to be postponed, but will be re-arranged on their return.

ANOTHER FIVE MILES AHEAD

JOHN MILES has added five dates to his UK tour reported two weeks ago — at **Hemel Hempstead** Pavilion (November 18), **Coventry** Theatre (24), **Redcar** Coatham Bowl (25), **Hull** City Hall (26) and **Birkenhead** Hamilton Club (29). His gig on November 16 is changed from **Salford** Univesrsity to **Manchester** Maxwell Hall, and on November 19 he now plays **London** Imperial College instead of **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens. And **Sheffield** University is brought forward one day to November 30. A new Miles single 'Don't Give Me Your Sympathy' is issued by Decca on November 9.

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By NICK KENT

ULCER

The cares Jimmy

APPROXIMATELY a month ago, lurching down towards the Covent Garden area of Central London, this journalist observed one Steve Jones, well-known beefcake boy and Sex Pistols guitarist. Being old acquaintances on reasonably amenable terms, Jones corralled the scribe in his tracks for a brief tete-a-tete about each other's well-beings, the rising price of pork and life in general.

With the pleasantries laid aside, the journalist immediately recalled that — hold hard, the call of the profession was bleating on the brainplate — his verbal sparring partner had not long before been on the verge of becoming one chunky-sized quarter of a spanking new Sex Pistols line-up with volatile self-styled Cockney cowboy Jimmy "Mighty Mouth" Pursey dumping his former crew Sham 69 to be this hot enterprise's frontman. From a rumour to an official declaration and statement-of-intent, this pairing of self-styled "working class hero" and self-effacing "working class tossers" had blossomed, replete even with pop weekly front cover snapshots of the planned unit, all grins and generally "oy-oying" it up for the lensmen.

The final Sham gigs had been performed — with Jones and Cook in tow for a showcase spot "of things to come", not to mention reports of some studio recording.

Then suddenly it fell to pieces like a house of cards. Not even with yer typical Pistols bang but more of a whimper, with the only 'official' statement coming from the verbally inclined Mr Pursey who apparently "woke up one morning and thought 'Ere, I'm not a Sex Pistol'."

Realising that neither Jones nor Cook had ever said anything about this mysterious break-up, I asked the guitarist for a brusque reason-why.

Jones, scratching his chin, pondered the query for a second, then with a typical look of slightly naive earnestness enquired:

"Ere, 'ave you ever met Pursey? . . . Well, he's a bit of a div, inee!" — "div" being Jonespeak for dunce, dullard, thicko or brickhead . . .

It might also be pertinent to state that during the above exchange, the 24-year-old Pistol was wearing a black T-shirt, upon which was loudly embossed a white swastika design, there for all passers-by to see. The above conversation also just happened to take place at an approx. 200 yards distance from a synagogue.

"WHEN I *really* knew somethin' was well wrong was that time in the studio, right. Like, I'd literally just finished writing this set of lyrics — the title was 'Some Play Dirty', OK, and like I was really, really proud of 'em. The words go:

" *'The morning draws open the curtains/You're alive to another day/The angry sound of the jungle outside/Cries out "We need you, boy"/You turn to face the mirror/Is this the me or you that I knew/Put on the lead they bought you/It's time to go for a walk.'*

"Then the chorus goes *'Some play dirty, some play clean/Oh yeah, you know what I mean'.*

"Now's the second verse: *'Put on your Sunday best/Monday's overalls don't impress/Your clock card is your punch-line/That's life in my own time.'* Then it's back to the chorus again, right.

"Anyway I'm reciting these lyrics in the studio, feeling dead chuffed 'cos they're fuckin' good, I reckon. And whilst I'm reading 'em out, I can see Steve and Paul's faces sorta drop and their eyebrows lower, y'know, and it's like, well it was obvious they couldn't understand them or something.

"That's when I realised we wuz *really* just on two completely different levels."

A big hi, hello and welcome to the latest *NME* Jimmy Pursey interview. This week the man they can never silence will talk about his abortive stab at becoming a Sex Pistol and why it didn't work, the old Sham 69, the glory days and the gory days, his feelings on drugs, the British working class, Johnny Rotten, the past, present and future of punk and its intertwining with the ongoing Pursey crusade. And that's just for hors d'oeuvres, fact fans!

Interspliced amidst this veritable powerhouse of abrasive verbiage, you'll get some 'probing' literary ephemera from yours truly, which will attempt to grant this article a measure of perspective.

You see, we have just a slight problem here. Not, let it be clearly stated, due to the lack of humorous anecdotes from our interviewee (eg Pursey on another reason for not teaming up with the Pistols: "While we wuz down the studios, I looked over at Paul Cook and his face was all scrunched up, right, and 'e looked just like a fox! And I thought 'Fucking 'ell, I don' wanna be in a group with a geezer who looks like a fox'.")

Or to lack of candour. Indeed, so candid is our interviewee, he allows an extremely dodgy statement concerning certain personages whom he has worked with, and what he considers fondness for certain 'hard drugs', to be taped for posterity. ("It's not that I'm totally anti-drugs, right. I've 'ad the odd puff of marijuana here and there, but when it gets to where you're giggin', right, and you're in some hotel and next morning you find one of yer band is dead from an overdose, then it sets you thinking.")

Nope, Pursey's no faint heart where candid proclamations are concerned. Indeed, the very fact that he *is* so effusively verbal, so bloated with fighting talk and frank banter, makes one clock Jimmy Pursey as the sort of lad whose mouth is often not firmly attached to his brain. And there lies the problem.

Of course, I should have known better, simply by recalling the times when the *NME* headquarters were still centred on the 21st floor of King's Reach Tower near Waterloo Bridge and the clicking of typewriter keys would all too often be muffled by the raucous philosophising of one J Pursey regularly using the office as a platform for his endless manifestoes.

THOSE WERE earlier days for Sham 69 — formerly an R&B band, so the story goes, until Pursey changed the line-up and managed to squeeze his mob of reprobates in just as the door sealing the first flooding of punk bands slammed shut.

Tony Parsons wrote a glowing *NME* review heralding Pursey's "howls of hurt" at working class deprivation, and Jim has never looked back since. "I'll take them all on," proclaimed lionhearted Jim, and the music press chewed it up, spitting it out to a public many of whom — young, confused, restless and looking for a voice as coarse, brash and extravagant as Pursey's to hearken to — were only too willing to enlist in the Sham Army.

And what with the Pistols hardly gigging at all and The Clash soon to face a breakdown in communications with manager Bernie Rhodes plus all manner of attendent grief, Pursey's rabblerousing filled an empty space in the scene, leaping from Miles Copeland's Step Forward to a lucrative Polydor contract like Tarzan on benzedrine.

Certainly no one could claim Jimmy Pursey didn't — and still doesn't — move fast.

Yet whilst the Sham Army gathered momentum, a distinctly ugly element could be sighted mingling in with the troops. British Movement supporters were noted rallying amid the skinhead legions, whilst the National Front banner-wavers were similarly visible.

With nothing concrete to back up the rabble-rousing, the Sham Army, weaned on Pursey's "I'm just like you" pronouncements, started to turn ugly. Pursey's attempted efforts to define his stance with songs like 'If The Kids Are United', but Sham's gigs appeared to be

Pictures: PENNIE SMITH

A The best of TDK tapes

BOY

and corn of Pursey

"Our early songs were working class songs. And who were the working class? They were the poor sods who went over the top in the '14–'18 war..."

fast degenerating into riots, with the stage being regularly overtaken by boisterous louts who, having taken Pursey at his word, considered their equality a divine right to make fools of themselves under their band's spotlight.

By the end of last year he was pretty much ready to pack it all in. A mutual friend after a heart-to-heart claimed that Pursey "looks set to top himself the way he's going".

Around that time, I recall encountering Pursey at the Polydor offices. Obviously bearing the strain — he looked and sounded as though he hadn't slept for days — he suddenly turned away from a group of slightly sycophantic Polydor employees offering words of encouragement to ask me: "Ere, do you think you can win in this business?"

"Not really," I replied. He then started to rabbit on about some concept he'd had — for an album, a play, who knows what? — where a nonentity becomes a star, only to be faced by a mirror for an audience. I recall advising him to read some books, see some films, widen his horizons.

"The only two films worth seeing and learning from," he replied somewhat defiantly, "are *If* and *O Lucky Man*. All the rest is bollocks."

ASIDE FROM a brief infatuation with the street-gang-violence-as-romantic-conceit image of *The Warriors*, Jimmy Pursey still appears to adhere to those two Lindsay Anderson films as a dual Bible. In much the same way, he still probably rates John Lennon's 'Working Class Hero' as the only great song ever written — apart from his own work of course.

God knows he has his fair share of denigrators, to whom he appears either as a dangerously naive buffoon both propagating and exploiting tired old British working class cliches or, worse still, an out and out opportunist and egocentric pumping said cliches in a manner that they consider calculating and downright condescending. Johnny Rotten for one has stated words to that effect, whilst others will point out that Pursey is no "Cockney cowboy", but was born in Surrey, a flat old distance from the chimes of Bow Bells.

On the other side of the fence, Pursey can do no wrong. His supporters consider him to be "for real", the "only honest punk singer left" and (Pursey's favourite) "a modern day Robin Hood".

And in the middle stand a mixed bunch, those who find him a likable rogue — honest but naive, a straight enough bloke, but with a badly focussed view on the issues he's dealing with. You can count me amongst the latter crew of side-liners.

SO TO THE interview — the reason for which was basically to clear up the whole Sex Pistols mess and to declare Sham 69 once more fully operative with only drummer Dodie Cain absent from the original line-up (he left to be replaced by ex-Automatics Rick Goldstein). Dave "Kermit" Treganna was also present but was unable to issue forth anything more than the odd mumble or nod in agreement with Pursey's machine-gun bursts of rhetoric.

The Pistols episode was dealt with for starters. Pursey pumps up his gruff voice and lets fly.

"Very honest and truthfully, right. I met 'em and really felt a kinship in the beginning. I wanted to be with 'em 'cos of what was happening with Sham at the time and because I felt that they were the only other group that I could work with and get across what I wanted to get across. I also — and this might sound like bullshit, but it's the truth — wanted to help them prove what amazing musicians they are, 'cos for me the Pistols are probably one of the best rock 'n' roll groups in the world.

"In fact, they were *the* greatest rebel rock band of all times. No sweat. Not 'cos of Malcolm fucking McLaren, but — like, take Johnny Rotten. Now when I slag the man, it's not 'cos I 'ate him. I slag 'im so's to get him off his arse 'cos I believe the kid got so deep into what he believed in that it destroyed 'im. Just thinking you're two different people can destroy you. Plus his mother dying, which is a shock for any kid to go through. I mean, Christ, *I love my mother*.

"Same thing with John Lennon. Look how it did 'im in.

"Now, I never wanted to be in the Pistols as another Johnny Rotten. See, what annoys me about Rotten or Lyndon (sic) is — 'ow can I explain it? I can see that there were all these things going on in his head, but I did not want to be a bleeding puppet, which he was up until towards the end when he suddenly realised and started slashing at the strings, saying 'I wanna be me, not Pinocchio.'

"But when he cut the strings off he was struck by this huge fear of what do I do now? It's ironic, I think, that he's the opposite of me there. See, Johnny Rotten and the Pistols were totally fucked up by the *outside* world. So when both came together — that being me, Paul and Steve — the fact that we both came from bands, both fucked up in totally different opposite ways, made it totally unworkable.

"It was absurd, the difference between us, when we got into the studio. Then I knew it could never work out."

Pursey's observations on this inevitable communications breakdown make for some of his more sharp-witted comments, as the Pistols' insularity — playing only a handful of gigs, plus the looming spectre of Malcolm McLaren — *was* their undoing, just as Pursey and Sham gave too much of themselves. Fortunately, his thought processes stay sharp when he discusses further his reasons for first considering a Pistols coalition.

"I know people are going to take this the wrong way, but I'll say it just the same 'cos it's true. I wanted to join the Pistols to reach a wider audience. Not the money!

"And you can check the Sham's past record for giving the punters their money's worth to verify that. Like, who else has given away 23,000 records? Who else has stuck in a free record in their last album? It don't matter if people think the record's crap. The fact that we're giving it away is what counts, right!

"And the other thing. I said I'd form a record label. I formed one. I said I'd sign bands that had never been signed before. I've signed these bands. So nobody can put me down for that!

"'Cos the business as it currently stands and has always stood, stinks. It always comes down to one thing in this business and it's simply this. You've got to lick people's arseholes to get anywhere, in order to benefit others.

"And that's exactly what I've bin doing all the time! I have been humiliating myself 'Record company, you're fantastic', just to get money for groups I believe in, to give it all back to the kids.

"Not like Johnny Rotten, who's 'Fuck you I am an artist, buy my record for eight quid and lick my arse.' He's as bad as Richard 'Tosspot' Branson — and that's the pits, mate!

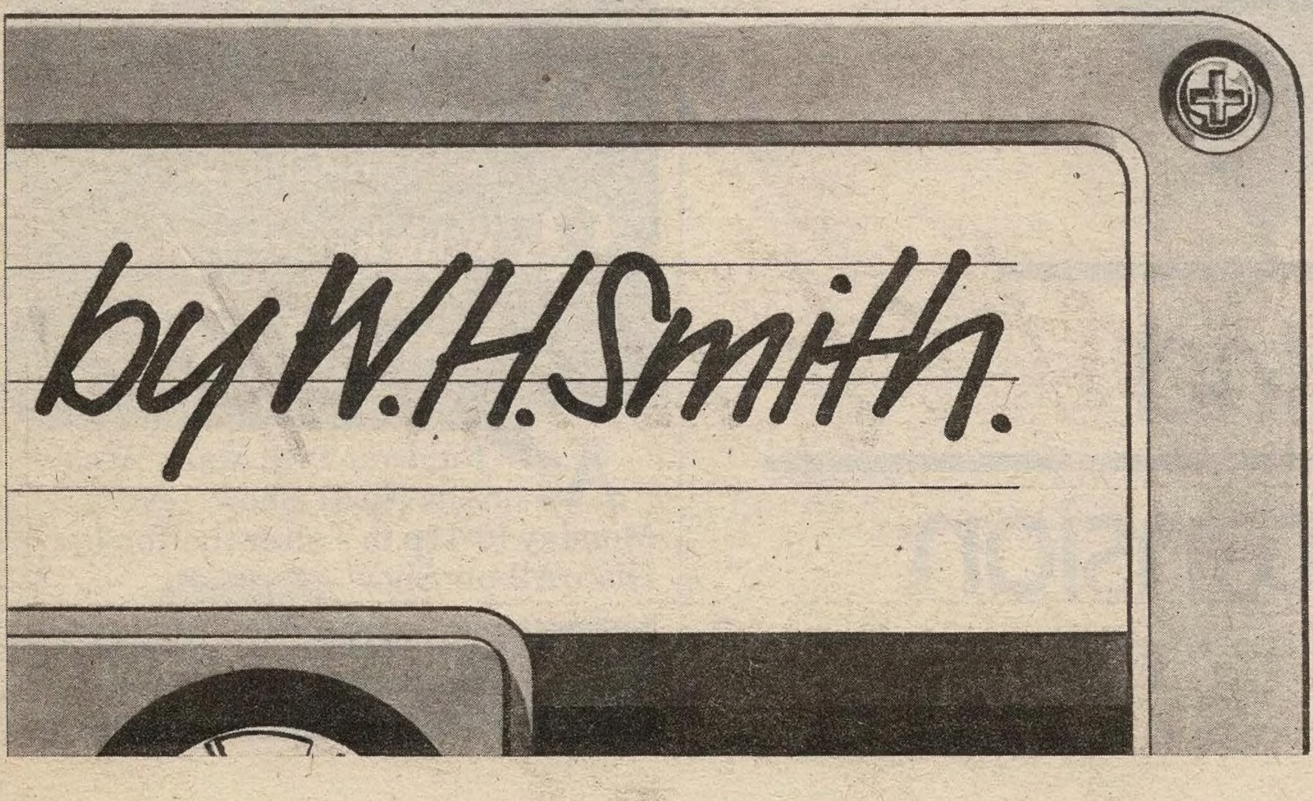
"Like, I went there and I saw Virgin Records. And I saw the cotton wool. And I saw a load of greedy bastards and I thought 'There is no way, Jim, that you are gonna get money out of this company to help benefit the kids. These people are just gonna suck me in and blow me out like a fart from their corporate arsehole. And I'm not havin' any part of that.'

"Like, look at the way they exploited poor old Sid Vicious! People reckon I'm a bleeding Wally and that the Pistols are so cool, but Christ I'd rather be a Wally, who's alive and healthy instead of some so-called Rock'n'roll hero who's dead! Or some basketcase casualty with all his brain cells and blood spurting all over the walls and ceiling.

"But that's what they call fashionable. That's bleedin' fashion for yer!

"One thing Sham 69 are absolutely not about is fashion."

■ *Continues over*



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JIM PARSLEY

■ *From previous page*

THE PRECEDING verbals have been delivered by Pursey in a tone which zig zags wildly from gruff voiced reason to sudden crescendoes of unbridled rage, punctuated by a fist punched into a palm or else hammered down on an adjacent table.

"With Sham, it's really as simple as this. If you go back to the '60s — which, by the way, everyone keeps doing these days, *so much* so it's gettin' really boring — but we want to be like The Yardbirds or Georgie Fame and the Blue Notes (Flames, actually, Jim, but continue) or like Chris Farlowe or The Animals . . .

"Those are the bands we respect 'cos they didn't fuck around with yer trends and yer ego-trips." (Tell that to anyone who has worked with Jeff Beck or Eric Burdon, Jim, and you may well have an argument on your hands. But, again, continue . . .)

"They just got down to the business of pumping it out. See, *that* is why I wanted to come back as *Sham 69.* People ask me 'Are you going to change the name?' I said, 'No, no, no, it's going to be Sham 69 or nothing at all.'

"We don't make records for people to sit around and analyse and discuss the merits of — you know, all that pseudy bollocks! With us, it is simple, straight forwards, rough and ready.

"I believe in instant rock. You go in, bash out the A and B sides — two tracks — in no more than seven hours and that's that. It's what my label was based upon, Just picking a young band who know what they want to sound like and who go in and just knock it down straight off.

"Sometimes, certain groups haven't like the way I work. They come in and want to do it again. And again. I just say no, it has to be instant.

"That's why I lost both The Chords and The Purple Hearts, 'cos they couldn't see eye to eye with my methods. Fair enough, it's their choice."

Again there's a fair quota of good sense, particularly in regard to the matter of wasting studio-time. The only problem — in practice — has been the fact that most of the new bands Pursey has produced — The Angelic Upstarts and Cockney Rejects are fair examples — have ended up sounding one-dimensional with no distinctive sound of their own. In fact more often than not, his outside work has created only even more abrupt-sounding Sham 69 clones with no originality or ingenuity. Just rampant guitars doling out riffs at maximum speed with the singer bellowing out some puerile mock-anthem.

Pursey of course doesn't see it that way.

"I believe in getting the full bottle of a new band when they are young and fresh.

Freshness comes over on the record, if there's freshness in the band. That's how the Stones did it originally, that's how . . . fuck, the '50s . . . you listen to a '50s rock record and it sounds so naive. The geezer on that '50s record probably didn't know shit, but he just wants to fuckin rock out, let rip and make that record so bad that you can feel the frenzy of him just letting it all pour out. And that's rock and roll, mate!"

Pursey is now marching up and down the room, arms waving, voice braking out his contentions like a drill sergeant giving wake-up call orders. The word naivete prompts me to force in a word and ask him whether he considers being regarded naive a blessing or a curse, particularly in such a cut-throat business.

"Fuckin' right I think it's a blessing. Sham 69 is still naive and thank God for that I tell yer, I really consciously try to retain some remnants of my innocence.

"'Cos if I lose that, I'll be just like Johnny Golden Bollocks Rotten or the kind of prat John Lennon turned out to be.

"On one level, I really admire them, but when it gets down to that level where a geezer either sells out or keeps his dignity, both of them — and Rotten in particular — just sold out. And I can't forgive that. It's just not on."

John Lydon is one matter but I can't truly understand why or when Pursey thinks John Lennon "sold out." If Lennon has chosen to retire from making rock'n'roll records it's for the simple reason that he feels he has nothing to say — and I'd far prefer the man to remain in dignified silence than to hack out redundant 'pap' that would only impair the volume of powerful work he's created. Certainly, he's not "died for rock'n'roll" like the characters Pursey finds so disdainfully trendy. From all accounts he's very much alive and well. A 'Wally' with dignity, no less.

But it's impossible to get into a rap about John Lennon because less than a second after his name has cropped up so, surprisingly, has Tom Robinson's. Pursey is firing up for one of his favourite topics: Jimmy, the working class punk saviour.

"It's one thing yer Tom Robinson preaching to the converted, shouting 'We love the blacks' to a bunch of middle-class students who live in some nice suburban estate. 'Course they'll say 'Right on, Tom' 'cos they don't live right next door to a black family.

"It's quite another matter gettin' up and saying that to a bunch of bruisers down the East End of London or Southall or 'Ounslow. They'd tell 'im bollocks! Piss off!

"But I did! I just got up and said 'Listen, we've got to. 'Cos if *we* start doin' it, it'll work. And people ask me, why do you have these skinheads hangin' around at your gigs? *Because those are the working-class* kids who you've got to try and turn on and say *'This is music. This is the message. Try and get into it!'"*

IT'S HERE that Pursey and myself probably really start to check out situations differently. His slag of Tom Robinson is simply incorrect for starters, seeing that Robinson's main platform has been not a class or race issue at all but more an attempt to break through the far more inbred prejudices that exist in this country. The fact that Pursey appears unable to comprehend this and berates Robinson for attempting to purge prejudice, whatever his shortcomings, displays an egotism unpleasantly at odds with his previous statements regarding a community spirit, etc. More specious still is Pursey's belittling of Robinson simply because he is middle-class, thus pinpointing one of punk's most wretched facets — its virtual elitist determination to be a working-class movement.

Pursey still seems to view the British working class en masse as the bully-boys who went over the trenches at Dunkirk over 30

■ *Continues page 69*

OCTOBER
21 Top Rank SHEFFIELD
22 Assembly Halls DERBY
23 King George's Hall BLACKBURN
24 Odeon BIRMINGHAM
25 St. George's Hall BRADFORD
27 Apollo MANCHESTER
28 Apollo MANCHESTER
29 De Montford Hall LEICESTER
30 New Theatre OXFORD
NOVEMBER
1 Civic Hall GUILDFORD
2 Winter Gardens BOURNEMOUTH
3 Sophia Gardens CARDIFF
4 Coulston Hall BRISTOL
5 Pavilion HEMEL HEMPSTEAD
7 Pavilion WEST RUNTON
9 Rainbow LONDON
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OUR PRICE TOP 60

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1	1	THE POLICE — REGATTA DE BLANC	4.99	3.74
2	2	FLEETWOOD MAC — TUSK	8.00	5.99
3	8	MICHAEL JACKSON — OFF THE WALL	4.99	3.74
4	3	BLONDIE — EAT TO THE BEAT	4.99	3.74
5	4	THE EAGLES — THE LONG RUN	5.00	3.75
6	5	THE POLICE — OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	4.99	3.74
7	40	TONY BANKS — A CURIOUS FEELING	4.65	3.40
8	NEW ENTRY	SANTANA — MARATHON	5.29	4.04
9	6	JOE JACKSON — I'M THE MAN	4.99	3.74
10	26	STATUS QUO — WHATEVER YOU WANT	5.30	4.05
11	11	SUPERTRAMP — BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	4.99	3.49
12	7	BOB MARLEY — SURVIVAL	5.69	4.44
13	21	ELTON JOHN — VICTIM OF LOVE	5.30	4.05
14	NEW ENTRY	THE THREE DEGREES — 3D	4.99	3.74
15	10	GARY NUMAN — THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE	5.00	3.75
16	31	RY COODER — BOP 'TILL YOU DROP	5.00	3.75
17	51	U.K. SUBS — ANOTHER KIND OF BLUES	4.49	3.24
18	29	ELKIE BROOKS — LIVE AND LEARN	4.99	3.74
19	NEW ENTRY	CAMEL — I CAN SEE YOUR HOUSE FROM HERE	5.26	4.01
20	12	BOB DYLAN — SLOW TRAIN COMING	5.29	4.04
21	27	RAINBOW — DOWN TO EARTH	5.06	3.81
22	14	EARTH, WIND AND FIRE — I AM	5.29	4.04
23	9	THE STRANGLERS — THE RAVEN	4.99	3.74
24	NEW ENTRY	MERTON PARKAS — FACE IN THE CROWD	5.00	3.75
25	13	VAN MORRISON — INTO THE MUSIC	4.65	3.40
26	16	THE CRUSADERS — STREET LIFE	4.69	3.44
27	15	BONEY M — OCEANS OF FANTASY	5.00	3.75
28	NEW ENTRY	MOTORHEAD — BOMBER	5.29	4.04
29	20	10C.C. — GREATEST HITS	4.99	4.19
30	30	FRANK ZAPPA — JOE'S GARAGE	5.29	4.04
31	37	DAVE EDMUNDS — REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY	5.00	3.75
32	17	LED ZEPPELIN — IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR	5.00	3.75
33	19	E.L.O. — DISCOVERY	5.49	4.24
34	33	SPYRO GYRA — MORNING DANCE	4.69	3.44
35	23	BARRY MANILOW — ONE VOICE	5.00	3.75
36	34	BLONDIE — PARALLEL LINES	4.99	3.74
37	32	THE COMMODORES — MIDNIGHT MAGIC	5.69	4.45
38	48	GANG OF FOUR — ENTERTAINMENT	5.29	4.04
39	52	BRAND X — PRODUCT	4.65	3.40
40	22	JUDY TZUKE — WELCOME TO THE CRUISE	4.65	3.40
41	38	SPYRO GYRA — 1st L.P.	4.69	3.44
42	28	RICKI LEE JONES	5.00	3.75
43	25	QUADROPHENIA — O.S.T.	7.50	5.75
44	43	TALKING HEADS — FEAR OF MUSIC	5.00	3.75
45	49	J.J.CALE — 5	5.69	4.44
46	45	DONNA SUMMER — BAD GIRLS	6.50	4.75
47	24	JETHRO TULL — STORMWATCH	4.99	3.74
48	36	RANDY CRAWFORD — RAW SILK	5.00	3.75
49	35	TUBEWAY ARMY — REPLICAS	5.00	3.75
50	47	CHEAP TRICK — DREAM POLICE	4.99	3.74
51	53	SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES — JOIN HANDS	5.06	3.81
52	39	CLIFF RICHARD — ROCK'N'ROLL JUVENILE	5.29	4.04
53	44	WHITESNAKE — LOVE HUNTER	4.99	3.74
54	NEW ENTRY	THE MOTELS	5.29	4.04
55	18	JUDAS PRIEST — UNLEASHED IN THE EAST	4.99	3.74
56	42	WIRE — 154	5.29	4.04
57	50	JOAN ARMATRADING — STEPPIN' OUT	4.99	3.74
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THRILLS

Nashville To Close?

Pic: Alain De La Mata.

Chrissie Hynde plus support.

Police Jam With Pretenders

FIGHTING erupted at London's Nashville last Friday at the climax of The Angelic Upstarts tour, resulting in 15 people being charged with offences ranging from being drunk and disorderly to threatening behaviour.

The Upstarts hadn't even arrived when the brawling, which started over a game of pool, began. They arrived just before they were due to go on stage and were surprised to find the place closed.

Three of the fifteen people arrested were still in hospital on Monday, their conditions not said to be serious. A policeman who was on the scene at the start of the trouble had a bottle pushed in his face, but the bottle didn't break.

The following night a Pretenders gig at the same venue was halted by a large number of police.

No reason can be ascertained for this turn-out but reports indicate it served to liven up an otherwise average evening.

The Pretenders were playing a warm up gig under the name of Martin Chambers' Big Stick when they were stopped just after 11 o'clock, despite the Nashville having a licence extension till midnight at weekends. People's ages were checked and slips of paper were handed out that had to be signed and handed in on leaving. Pretenders' manager Dave Hill was watching from the wings and wasn't given any reason for this action.

"I only hope they all paid to get in," he shrugged.

The management of the Nashville declined to comment about the reasons for the police presence on Saturday, and were also surprised that there should have been trouble on the Friday as the Upstarts previous gigs had gone off peacably.

The Nashville management also declined to say whether this incident, which may well have prompted the visit the following night, might possibly jeopardize their music licence.

When it was pointed out that *NME* would be sympathetic to their case, they replied: "We need more than sympathy."

As it seems they do, for magistrate Mr Eric Crowther who on Saturday dealt with many people arrested the previous day later called for an explanation from the Nashville management.

"This is intolerable," he said. "I am not happy with having a large pt of my list taken up with the activities of one pub. I propose to make a report to the licensing justices recommending that the license be withdrawn because of the great deal of underage drinking that goes on there."

Chief Ispector AJ Burns-Howell added that following the police visit on Saturday proceedings against the parent company were also being considerr.

The future of what has long been one of London's premier small venues hangs uneasily in the balance.

ARTHUR FULLERS

THRILLS

Stevie Wonder, In The Conservatory, With The Lead Piping.

WE'RE IN a chartered bus, in Manhattan filled with a large selection of liggers and hanger-outers.

Stevie Wonder has a new album and we are being driven out to a party to give it a listen. It's called 'Journey Through The Secret Life of Plants', and we're off to a location with lots of plants around — the New York Botanical Garden out in the far reaches of the Bronx.

Set the right atmosphere, give us something to write home about. Well, the industry may claim to be in a slump but someone round here has never heard of that. Even before the busses are rolling lovely hostesses are handing out hors d'oeuvres and pouring champagne.

The Botanical Garden was found in 1891 by Nathaniel Lord Britton and was modelled after the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew. The conservatory is an elaborate design of connecting rooms, each with a different theme, there's an old world desert room, a fern forest room, a palm grove room, and even a lilies of the field room. There's also — tonight only — a food and booze room — and that's where the action is. Hundreds of press, photographers, promotion people and dodgy looking heavies mill about. But what about the album? Someone tells me the sound system isn't working.

Soon it's into a large tent for a buffet dinner and finally the album wafts out of a few blown out sounding speakers, not at all audible above the din of conversation and rattling silverware. *(Stroke of luck, eh? Thrills Ed.)*

Three years in the making, recorded on state-of-the-art digital equipment, debuted with a lavish party, and you can hardly hear a thing!

First then a short introduction from the artist, Stevie Wonder in person. He speaks in a halting, self-consciously mellow voice about the album's inspiration. Couldn't hear him much either but a reference to the programme notes shows the album to be a highly thematic affair, a concept album carried to extremes.

Side one is said to be "a majestic look at the very beginning of the earth as we know it from the volcanic explosive start". It opens with three synthesiser based instrumentals, plodding and unobtrusive. The songs that followed seem like usual Wonder chords coupled with lyrical profundities worthy of Kahlil Gibran. Sample this: "There is a garden where every heart can share in the joy of giving". Get the picture?

Side two is said to contain a "serenade by Pan, mythological god of flowers to the plant world" *(Flowers! Small furry animals, moonshine and frolicsome nymphets but not flowers! Thrills Ed.) Thrills* suspects the authorship of this piece to be in doubt but Pan was unavailable for comment.

Side three has a lyric in the Bambera language of the Dogon tribe, and another on the subject of being reincarnated as a flower. No expense spared in the search for the exotic.

Side four has a tree instrumental, a song called 'The Secret Life of Plants' and an instrumental finale. I'm not sure how much of this I heard because the dinner revelries were now in full swing. *(Look, what's happened to this lead piping? Non-Cluedo playing Ed.).*

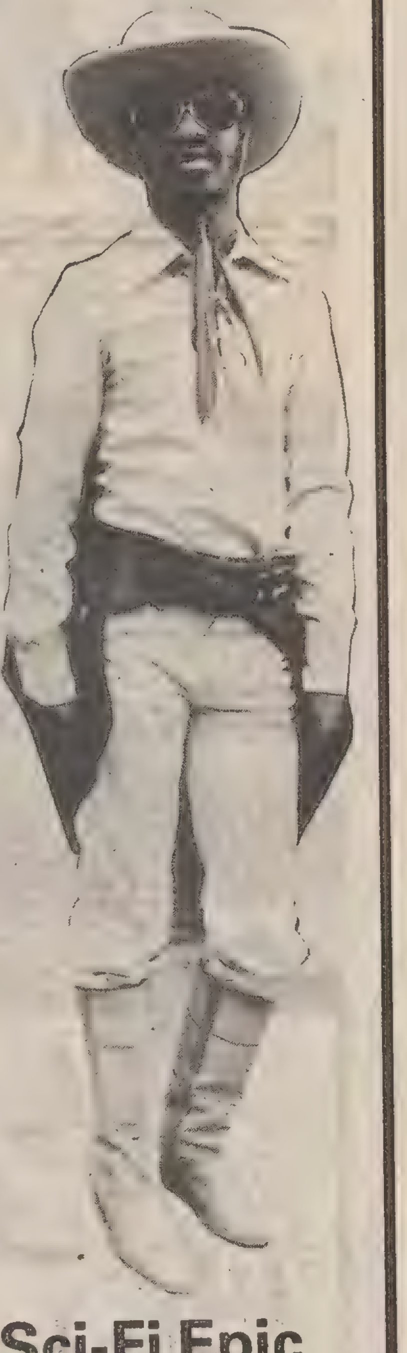
After dinner Wonder moves in the crowd led by an assistant, shaking hands and being photographed with everyone. A flunky with two parrots pursues him and Wonder does a lot of posing with the parrots (he has a TV commercial for TDK tapes in which he poses with parrots).

Wonder has dressed like a slick urban Roy Rogers, duded up in a cowboy shirt; when the reviews are in on this he'll be screaming for Trigger. One suspects he's getting some dubious advice from those close to him.

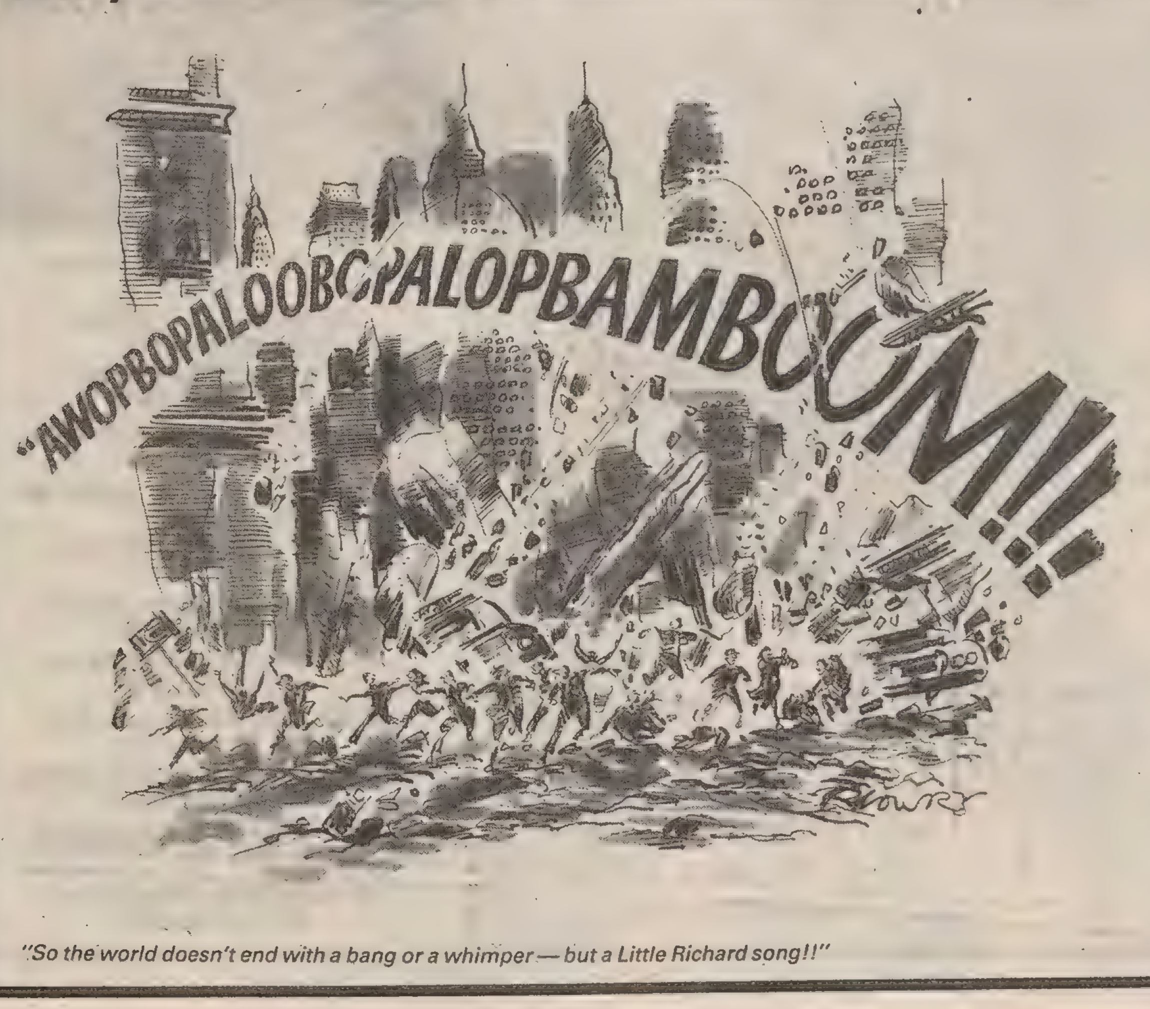
Views that the plants in their conservatory wouldn't like the album and would exercise their critical judgment by withering up proved to be unfounded. But as to how the plants felt about having their secrets revealed — they weren't saying.

RICHARD GRABEL

THRILLS



Lowry



"So the world doesn't end with a bang or a whimper — but a Little Richard song!!"

Scientology: Sci-Fi Epic.

L. RON HUBBARD, the leader of the hard sell religious cult, the Church of Scientology, has launched himself into the motion picture business. Working through an organisation called Brilliant Films, founded for the purpose, Hubbard has sunk some $49 million into a proposed science fiction epic of the *Star Wars* kind with the working title *Revolt of the Stars*.

Hubbard, a one time science-fiction novelist, has written the screenplay and will supervise the production from his diesel yacht Apollo. He has lived in semi-seclusion on the yacht since hé wrote the best selling scientology "bible", *"Dianetics"* and founded the hierarchal, stratified and highly lucrative religion.

As yet no director and no stars have been signed for the picture, but obviously Hollywood speculation centres on scientology creed.

Brilliant Films insist that they are only affiliated to the church "as a business" but since scientology has never exactly been tardy in seizing the chance to make new converts, it's unlikely that Hubbard will completely pass up the chance to push his philosophy.

MICK FARREN

THRILLS

Sexism Special : 1

Debbie Harry in sexploitation shock!

LOVE SEX, hate sexism? Love play, hate *Playboy?* Yep, Debbie Harry used to be a Bunny, and since the ageing swingers at *Playboy* have only just heard of her, they dug out this picture from their files and published it in their November issue in order to titillate decadent members of the bourgeoisie *(we're* reprinting it purely in the interests of science, of course). In the interview that accompanies said pic, our Deb goes on to describe at great length the wonderful time she had while wearing the ears and tail.

"It's a great job for a girl who wants to make a lot of money," purrs Deb, "if she doesn't know what else to do. I think it's a great company for a woman. I had to work hard and really hustle, but if you stick it out, it's probably one of the few corporations in America where a woman can work her way up."

ADVANCED STUDENTS ONLY: (a) Suggest no less than ten really crappy double entendre jokes which could be extracted from the above quotation and (b) speculate as to whether *Playboy* would have run the interview if Debbie had in fact said, "Working as a bunny was the most humiliating, disgusting and generally depressing time in my entire life."

BUNNY CARLOS

T H R I L L S

Sexism Special : 2

Abortion: If you don't play the game, don't make the rules.

AT THIS present session of Parliament a motley group of predominantly male moralists led by John Corrie MP will be attempting to force through a bill which would effectively cut by two-thirds the number of abortions available on the National Health.

And if you think that isn't a cause for concern for everyone, remember that an estimated one woman in six in this country has had an abortion, that 75 per cent of abortions occur as a result of contraceptive failure and that the number of deaths from abortion, both legal and illegal, has fallen since the 1967 Abortion Act made them more freely available.

Making abortion illegal does not make it go away and if the now notorious Corrie Bill becomes law, the consequences are inevitable — more back-street abortions, more deaths and more unwanted children.

Campaigning against this retrogressive legislation are the TUC, the National Abortion Campaign and the Campaign Against The Corrie Bill. This Friday and Saturday (26 and 27) Rock Against Sexism are holding two benefit gigs at Goldsmith's College and the University of London Union (see *Gig Guide* for details) and on Sunday a massive turn-out is expected at a demonstration called by the TUC and NAC against the bill. The demo starts at 12 noon at Speakers Corner and will march to Trafalgar Square.

If you believe that each individual woman, rather than a male MP, has the right to decide what to do with her own body, why not go along?

STUART JOHNSTON

T H R I L L S

ESKIMO, The Residents' sixth LP represents their most challenging musical concepts to date. The album evokes an ageless Eskimo culture primitively struggling to exsist in a cold and unforgiving reality. The various tracks on the disc are in the form of stories since spoken legends and adventures are a basic element of Eskimo life. The tales are told by the sounds of the Eskimos, their music, and their environment. There is no narration, although the narratives are printed on the jacket to encourage the listener to project himself into this cold barren world of whiteness.

Ignoring the stories, the album is a moody piece of highly abstract music punctuated by primitive rhythms and vocals. Without doubt, **ESKIMO** is one of the strangest, most original concepts available on record today.

The Residents' ESKIMO

**For FREE catalog of the Residents records, write to:
RALPH RECORDS, 444 Grove St., San Francisco 94102.**

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THE VERY DAB
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OCTOBER
18 CLEETHORPES – WINTER GARDENS
19 LIVERPOOL – MOUNTFORD HALL
20 ST AUSTELL – NEW CORNISH RIVIERA
22 GREAT YARMOUTH – TIFFANYS
23 MANCHESTER – APOLLO
24 SHEFFIELD – TOP RANK
25 BIRMINGHAM – ODEON
26 CAMBRIDGE – CORN EXCHANGE
27 NORTHAMPTON – CRICKET CLUB
28 BLACKBURN – KING GEORGE'S HALL
29 NEWCASTLE – CITY HALL
30 WOLVERHAMPTON – CIVIC HALL
31 BRIGHTON – TOP RANK
NOVEMBER
2 LONDON – RAINBOW
4 CARDIFF – TOP RANK
5 BOURNEMOUTH – WINTER GARDENS
7 HANLEY – VICTORIA HALL
8 PERTH – CITY HALL
9 GLASGOW – APOLLO
10 ABERDEEN – CAPITOL

YOU MAY TELEPHONE FROM HERE

Beatles Non-Reunion Shock

THE LATEST in the long line of Beatle Reunion stories is lifted from this month's issue of *Rolling Stone* (it does have its uses) which in turn lifted it from the *New York Post.* (Hmmm, Thrills scoops the world again: Ed.)

The story which no-one really believes, did, they tell us, nearly happen. LA-based writer and filmaker, Dirk Summers, with the help of UN Secretary General Kurt Waldheim did schedule a concert in aid of the boat people for between September 15th and October 7th, in the 4000-seat Grand Opera Theatre in Geneva, Switzerland.

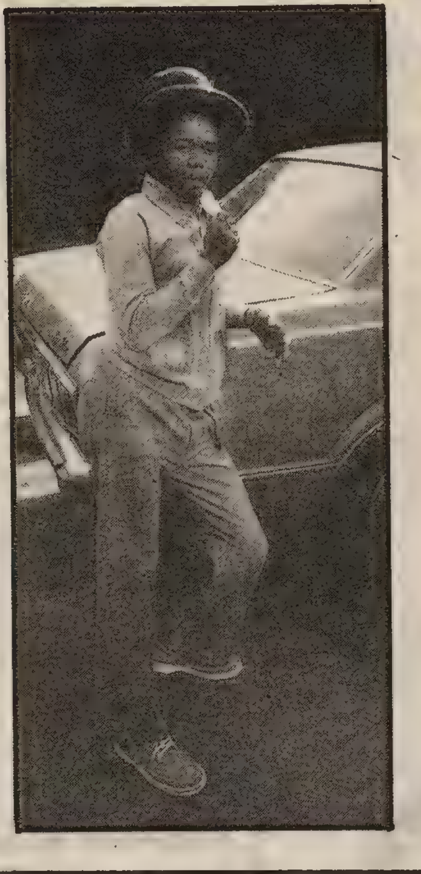
George reputedly committed himself, and said he'd bring Paul and Ringo, but Waldheim and Summers would have to persuade John. John, however, had just left New York for Tokyo, and it took three weeks to track him down by which time it was too late for the original date.

Summers, however, is reported still optimistic, although he admits that after the Lennons saw New York promoter Sid Berstein's recent full-page ad in the New York Times, they said they "would have nothing to do with it (the concert) if Bernstein was involved".

Apparently Summers is now striving for an early November date and hopes to have the concert albums on sale by Christmas.

DEANNE PEARSON

THRILLS



O.K. Errol Dunkley

SWITCHING on *TOTP* halfway through and seeing Errol Dunkley steppin' his stuff to 'O.K. Fred' came like a musical shock attack — that after fourteen anonymous years on the Jamaican recording scene he was getting some of the recognition due to him.

"Originally, 'OK Fred' wasn't gonna release here," Errol told us as we sat within the plush confines of WEA in Soho." But it come over here on import, the people like it and start asking for it. Well, we couldn't get enough copies on import so we decided to release it . . . and look at it now."

A youthful 28 year old, Dunkley is soft spoken with more than a touch of melancholy in his voice. He is a sufferer and appears resigned to the fact, though his newly found success provides a glimmer of hope for the future.

During his musical career he has worked with most of Jamaica's top producers. "You name them, I've been through them," he says. "Prince Buster was my first in 63/64, then Joe Gibbs, Coxsone Dodd, Jimmy El Rodway, Bunny Lee, Randys, Sonia Pottinger, Rupie Edwards . . . a whole heap of them."

In 1970 as a response to continual exploitation Errol along with Gregory Isaacs launched their 'African Museum' label and inspired a lot of other young artists, tired of being ripped off, to follow in their footsteps. It was a move which simultaneously brought about a change in attitude from the producers as the growth of independents, threatened their control.

African Musuem provided Errol with one of his biggest sellers 'Movie Star' but the Dunkley-Isaacs partnership was relatively short lived and though they separated financially they continued to work together musically.

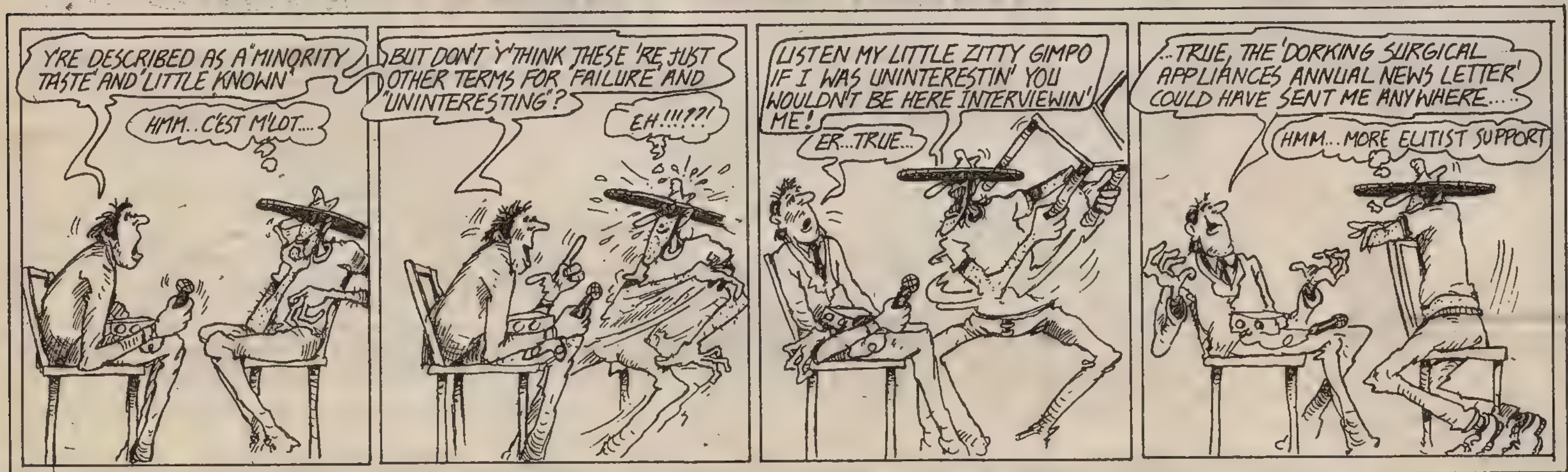
It's been a struggle but as he says, "I've always been on the scene with a little one record way down in the background" and over the years he's built a name amongst the reggae buying public. Both his most recent offerings 'Come Natural' and 'Rush Me No Badness' were self produced and sold enough to 'cover', as did last year's Dennis Bovelle produced disco 45 'A Little Way Different' which was one of the most inspired discos to be produced here in England.

Reggae is the music of "the small people, the ghetto people", says Errol and experience has taught that he can't get the sound he wants in England and so it neccessitates regular trips to JA. On the other hand he's emphatic that whether or not he should meet with success there's no way he'll go back to the living in the ghetto conditions in which he grew. Errol Dunkley is no romantic and as a ghetto youth his whole perspective is conditioned by his experiences. The question of shutting off or erasing memories of the past doesn't arise 'cause he knows where he's coming from.

PAUL BRADSHAW

THRILLS

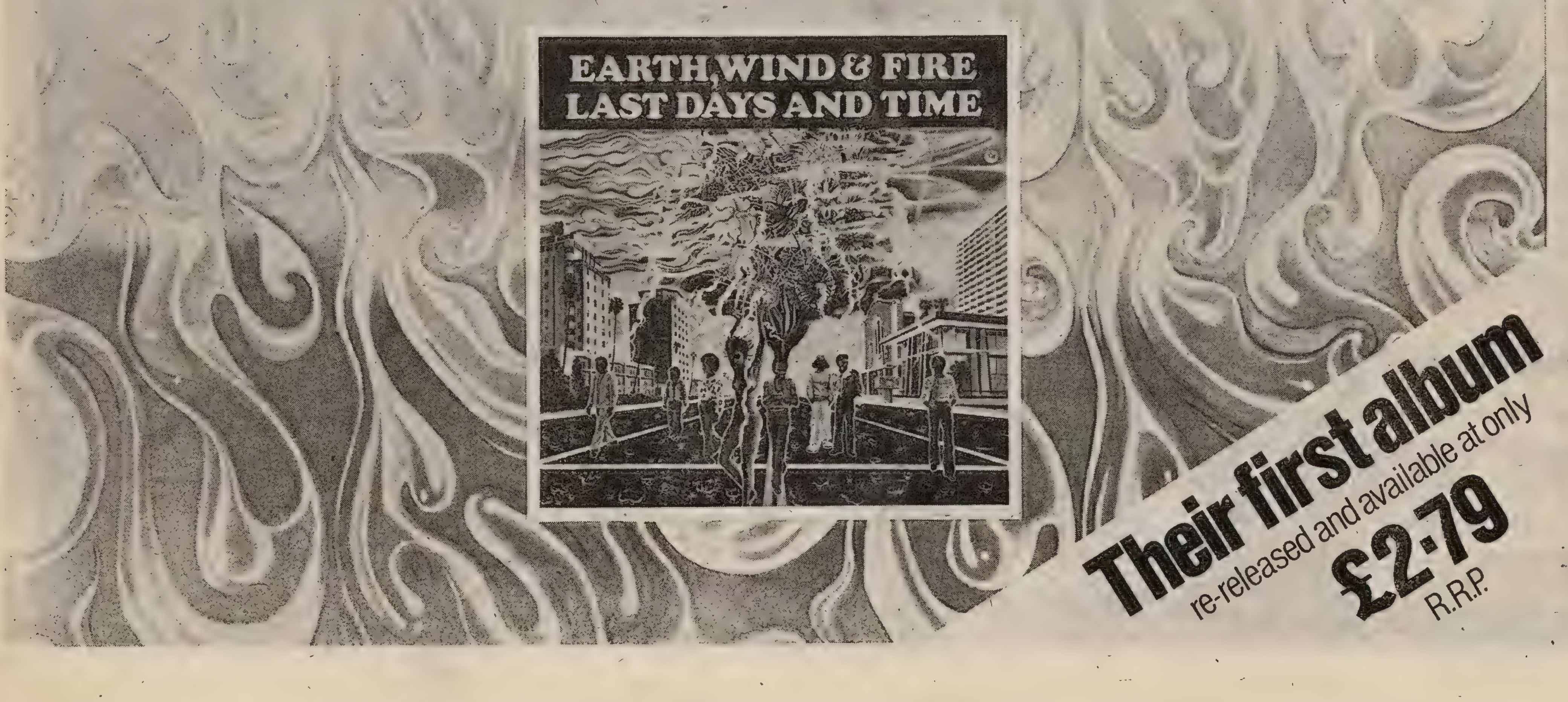
The Lone Groover—Benyon


Y'RE DESCRIBED AS A "MINORITY TASTE" AND "LITTLE KNOWN"
HMM..C'EST M'LOT....
BUT DON'T Y'THINK THESE 'RE JUST OTHER TERMS FOR "FAILURE" AND "UNINTERESTING"?
EH!!!??!
LISTEN MY LITTLE ZITTY GIMPO IF I WAS UNINTERESTIN' YOU WOULDN'T BE HERE INTERVIEWIN' ME!
ER...TRUE...
..TRUE, THE 'DORKING SURGICAL APPLIANCES ANNUAL NEWS LETTER' COULD HAVE SENT ME ANYWHERE....
HMM...MORE ELITIST SUPPORT

EARTH, WIND & FIRE

In the beginning there was 'LAST DAYS AND TIME'

31761


EARTH, WIND & FIRE
LAST DAYS AND TIME
Their first album
re-released and available at only
£2·79
R.R.P.

THRILLS ECCENTRICS SPECIAL

Billy Brown: "Enormous In Ballyshannon."

"This is how I get the authentic Celtic nasal twang." Pic: Liam O'Connor

"THE MAN'S a fool," says Billy Brown, "thank God," nibbling at the hand that might help keep him fed with large brandies and bounty bars for the limited rest of his natural. "Are you sure he wasn't taking a hand at me?"

Billy, it might be useful to explain, is half-owner, song-writer, arranger, keyboards plonker and vocalist with the Freshmen, whose latest release, 'Never Heard Anything Like It', (on Release) was reviewed by Danny Baker a while ago and given the sort of reception Il Papa received at Knock. Like, enthusiastic.

Single of the Week, no less, "Oh get out and buy it! . . . Will chiv (chiv?) strips off the most snotty of hearts . . ." And much more along the same neatly-hyped lines.

"That wee fellow's very perceptive," says Billy. "I like his bit about us not sounding like beginners."

Billy has been on the road with the Freshmen for the last 20 years. He'd rather it wasn't mentioned he's 36 years old.

In the pub in Terenure, a non-salubrious Dublin suburb, Paddy-the-Roadie is tight-faced and ashen-lipped with agitation on account of there's a gig tonight in Ballyshannon which is about 200 miles away in the wild North West along bouncy boreens which would break the heart of St Brigid herself, never mind the springs of a 1968 Vauxhall Victor. Also, Billy's drinking brandy and eating bounty bars again which Paddy reckons is no diet for a sick man.

"Balls to Ballyshannon", explains Billy. "This isn't the *Evening Herald,* baby-doll. This is the *New* fucking *Musical Express.* This could be a great plug. Look, try and get in a bit about I regard the *NME* as the bible . . . How about a picture of me *reading* it, eh? Suit yourself. When I started reading the *NME* Keith Fordyce was doing the singles."

On his thin days Billy looks almost ethereal, in a ravaged sort of way, a pock-marked pre-Raphaelite, an aesthete on the morning after a thousand nights before, with languic hair daintily dishevelled and finely-chiselled cheek-knarls balancing baby-blue eyes. That's his thin days. Then he puts the brandy-and-bountiful beef on again. The diet is by way of a medical experiment designed to disprove what the doctors say about diabetes.

For more years than Feargal Sharkey has strutted this green earth, everybody in the music business in Ireland has been saying that Billy's nothing short of a genius and should have cut out long ago from the endless concentric circuits of parish halls, borderland ballrooms and Gaelic Athletic Association Summer Festival marquees for London or LA or somewhere canny cognoscenti would surely recognise him as a suitable case for culting.

He comes from a very musical background. His uncle Willie played flute in a Kick-the-Pope band in Larne, Co. Antrim, a tight wee Protestant town. Billy turned pro at 14, was the centre-piece in a three-child country-and-western outfit.

"Goldmine In The Sky at Twelfth socials in Orange Halls. Went down a bomb."

Two years on, in 1959, he formed the Freshmen with his altar-id Derek Dean, a bawdily boisterous bulk with a face like the side of a mountain from Strabane in Co. Tyrone where everybody is a Catholic and unemployed except the policemen. They have played, Billy reckons, more than 4,000 gigs, which helps them not to sound like sloppy beginners. They have released seven LPs and maybe 25 singles onto Ireland's tiny market, they even once reached no. 1 in or around '65.

They've changed styles as often as was apt, onstage they still do the best version of 'Barbara Ann' to be heard outside Brian Wilson's flipped lid.

Billy and Big Derek are the two survivors of the early line-up and, having discarded a minibus of managers, jointly own the band. They have had their ups and downers, sometimes going downhill so fast they needed air-brakes.

Along the road Billy has acquired what might be accounted versatility. In spare moments he plays Chopin (he's even given recitals!), he's available as session man for symphony orchestras, MD for music progs on *Telefis Eireann,* writes advertising jingles for Guinness, jams on tenor sax with a not-bad modern jazz mob on Sunday mornings.

"I knew if I kept at it I'd eventually be noticed."

He wrote the new single 'Never Heard Anything Like It' in an hour after deciding "to try myself out as a punk. Maybe I've always been a punk. Mozart's a punk if you listen to him right.

"Are you certain they're going to print this shit? I wouldn't mind selling a few records, everything helps. And your man was right, you know. It's a bloody lovely record.

"And I'm a bloody lovely fella. I'm enormous in Ballyshannon".

EAMONN McCANN

THRILLS

PROTEX

I CAN ONLY DREAM

NEW SINGLE

ON TOUR WITH
THE BOOMTOWN RATS
Hammersmith Odeon 25,26 and 27 Oct
Brighton Centre 28 Oct
Cardiff Pavilion 30 and 31 Oct
London Rainbow 4,5 and 6 Nov

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PROTEX
I CAN ONLY DREAM
PROTEX
British airways

From the stars

'Boston' Epic EPC 81611

Boston On Tour

The Royal Highland
Exhibition Centre
Ingliston, Edinburgh
October 26th.
plus support 'TRICKSTER'

'Don't Look Back' Epic EPC 86057

ARCHIVE FUN

TIME WAS when all the most fab entertainers had what Sub-Editors once affectionally referred to as 'Lifelines'. Y'know; fax, info, name of pet, colour of eyes, favourite method of self-abuse . . .

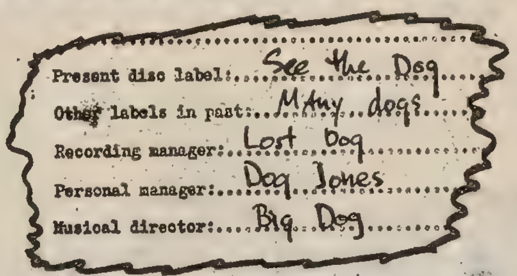
Even a recalcitrant protest singer like Bob Dylan had 'em. And in a rare moment of introspection he sat down in the spring of '65 and penned them at the behest of NME.

Those at the vanguard of social behaviour at the time were widely believed to have already felt the effects of the impending Kool-Aid conspiracy. As our picture shows.

A. J. WEBERMAN

THRILLS

DYLAN WROTE THIS



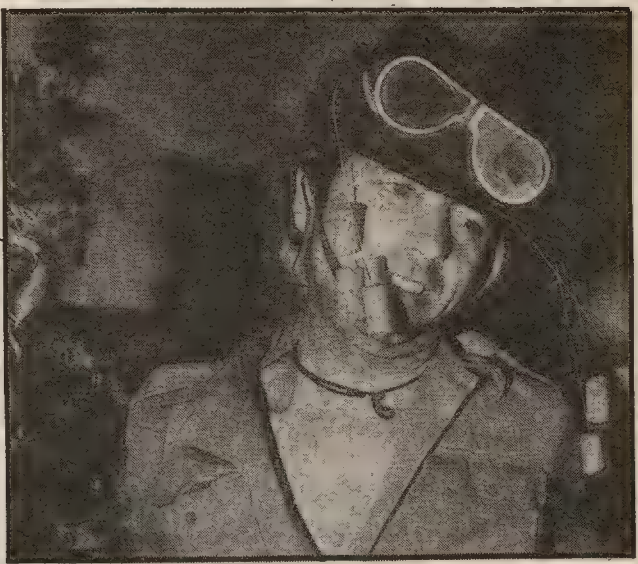
Present disc label:....See the Dog....
Other labels in past:....MAny dogs....
Recording manager:....Lost Dog....
Personal manager:....Dog Jones....
Musical director:....Big Dog....

ON OUR LIFE-LINE PRO FORMA

IT was probably idiotic of us to ask a poet like Bob Dylan to contribute to our Life-Lines feature. You can't expect an idyllic dreamer to do it—as you or I might do it.

However, back came the form, with two of the four pages of questions answered, five of which are on the left and others printed below:

First important public appearance: Closet at O'Henry's Squire Shop
Other discs in best-sellers: "I Lost My Love In San Francisco But She Appeared Again In Honduras And We Took A Trip To Hong Kong And Stayed Awhile In Reno But I Lost Her Again In Oklahoma."
Current hit: None I know of
Latest release: The Queens Are Coming
Albums: Yes
EPs: None
Favourite food: Turkish Mervin (a form of egg-plant coming from Nebraska)
Favourite clothes: Nose-guards
Favourite drink: Frozen tabbacco
Favourite bands/instrumentalists: Corky the Kid (Sombreros)
Favourite composers: Brown Bumpkin and Sidney Ciggy
Favourite groups: The Fab Clocks
Miscellaneous likes: Trucks with no wheels, French telephones, anything with a stewed prune in the middle
Miscellaneous dislikes: Hairy firemen, toe-nails, glass Mober forks, birds with ears
Best friend: Porky the Wild Elephant Shooter
Most thrilling experience: Getting my birthday cake stomped on by Norman Mailer
Tastes in music: Sort of peanut butter
Pets: My friend Lampa
Personal ambition: To be a waitress
Professional ambition: To be a stewardess



Pic: Richard Young

Stranglers Film Bore

DON'T BE surprised when you see The Stranglers' 'Nuclear Device' TV film, filmed in Portugal two weeks ago. The scene (described in NME last week), where the Stranglers hurl bottles and abuse at an aborigine has now been cut, as the producers felt that it might be construed by the BBC as racist.

Considering The Stranglers already precarious relationship with the BBC — in the past the group have walked off a 'Rock Goes To College' programme and smashed in a BBC studio door, the producers have obviously decided to try at all costs to avoid jeopardising their situation.

The promotional film for the single, 'Duchess', which featured The Stranglers singing in church, also offended the Beep banned by the Corporation.

Hugh Cornwell, however, is playing it safe with his promotional film for his solo single, taken from the 'Nosferatu' album, Cream's 'White Room' (released on October 26). The film contains nothing remotely controversial — except Hugh Cornwell — and features Hugh and drummer Robert Williams playing the song in an otherwise empty white room.

The pair are dressed in traditional black, and the film, made in black and white hand flushed with a fluorsecent mauve hue, is shot mostly through the windows of 'the white room', showing Williams playing real and imaginary drumkit, and Hugh plucking his guitar strings like a bow singing and swaying in a trance-like state.

DEANNE PEARSON

THRILLS

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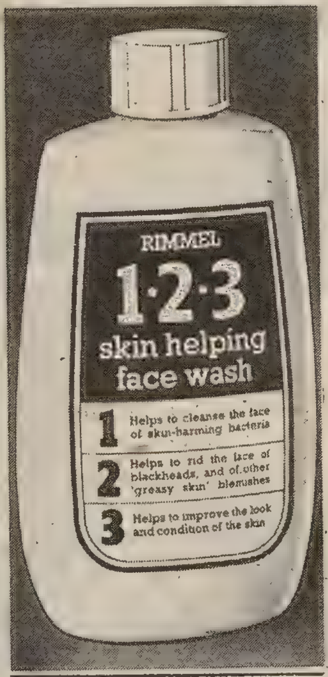
October 30 London Dingwalls
November 1 London Kings College
November 2 Stafford North Staffs. Poly
November 3 Manchester Polytechnic
November 5 Coventry Warwick University
November 7 Plymouth Clones
November 9 Stoke North Staffs. Poly
November 10 East Retford Porterhouse
November 13 Nottingham Trent Poly
November 14 Shrewsbury Cascade
November 15 Sheffield Limit Club
November 16 London Marquee
November 17 Barnsley Civic Hall
November 20 Farnborough Tumbledown Dick's
November 23 Birmingham Underworld

Skin trouble?

NOW - RIMMEL ANSWERS YOUR CALL FOR HELP


RIMMEL
1·2·3
skin helping face wash
1 Helps to cleanse the face of skin-harming bacteria
2 Helps to rid the face of blackheads, and of other 'greasy skin' blemishes
3 Helps to improve the look and condition of the skin

Here is the answer to the call for help made by the people with skin problems – from the adolescent boy or girl with 'spots', to the woman (or the man) with blackheads and other types of 'greasy skin' trouble.

HOW RIMMEL 1·2·3 HELPS

(1) It helps to cleanse the face of the bacteria which are harming the skin.

(2) It helps to rid the face of 'spots' and other 'greasy skin' blemishes.

(3) It helps to improve the condition and also the appearance of the skin.

Ask for Rimmel 1·2·3 Skin Helping Face Wash. At chemists and stores.

SIMPLY USE INSTEAD OF SOAP

Normal(Fe) Bias 120 μs EQ.
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Snortergate: Jet Set Hangout In Jeopardy

ANYONE who follows the grubby ups and downs of American political gossip will be well aware that President Carter's White House chief of staff Hamilton Jordan has been getting a hard time from the media since it was alleged that Jordan had been snorting cocaine at Hollywood parties and at New York's flashiest disco, Studio 54.

All through the scandal, the White House has denied the allegations and, although ordering an FBI investigation, has made the tacit suggestion that the charges were the creation of Studio 54 owner Steve Rubell (the man who vets the disco's would-be customers at the door to see if they are cute enough to be allowed inside) to lighten the load of a tax evasion rap under which he is currently sweating.

The rumour mill went into high gear a couple of weeks ago when, on October 4th, John (Johnny C) Conaghan, a self-confessed coke dealer to the Studio 54 inner circle, went on the ABC-TV news show 20-20, along with Steve Rubell and publicist Barry Landau, and stated categorically that he had supplied coke to Hamilton Jordan.

Two days later, while the beautiful people were inside shaking their booties, Drug Enforcement Agency officers grabbed Johnny C off the sidewalk outside Studio 54 and busted him for selling 100 quaaludes to a DEA informer.

Nothing so strange in that, you might say. Why shouldn't the DEA bust a known dealer, particularly one who is rash enough to sell pills to a narc.

The problems started when it came to light that the sale in question had taken place in April, 1978, and that it had taken the DEA eighteen months to apply for a warrant to arrest Conaghan. To further muddy the picture, this had been done only after the advance promotion for the 20-20 show had gone out to the media.

Revenge? A warning to Johnny C to keep his mouth shut in the future? Not so, say the DEA and Assistant U.S. Attorney Dominic Amorosa. Other people, however, including influential New York Daily Post columnist Jimmy Breslin, are not so sure.

The following week another blow fell on Studio 54 when Mayor Edward Koch ordered the New York liquor licensing authorities to conduct a full scale inquiry into the running of the disco, with particular reference to whether drugs were being used or sold on the premises. If the result of this proves to be unfavourable, Studio 54 could be closed down and the chicest of chic forced to find a new venue for their showing off.

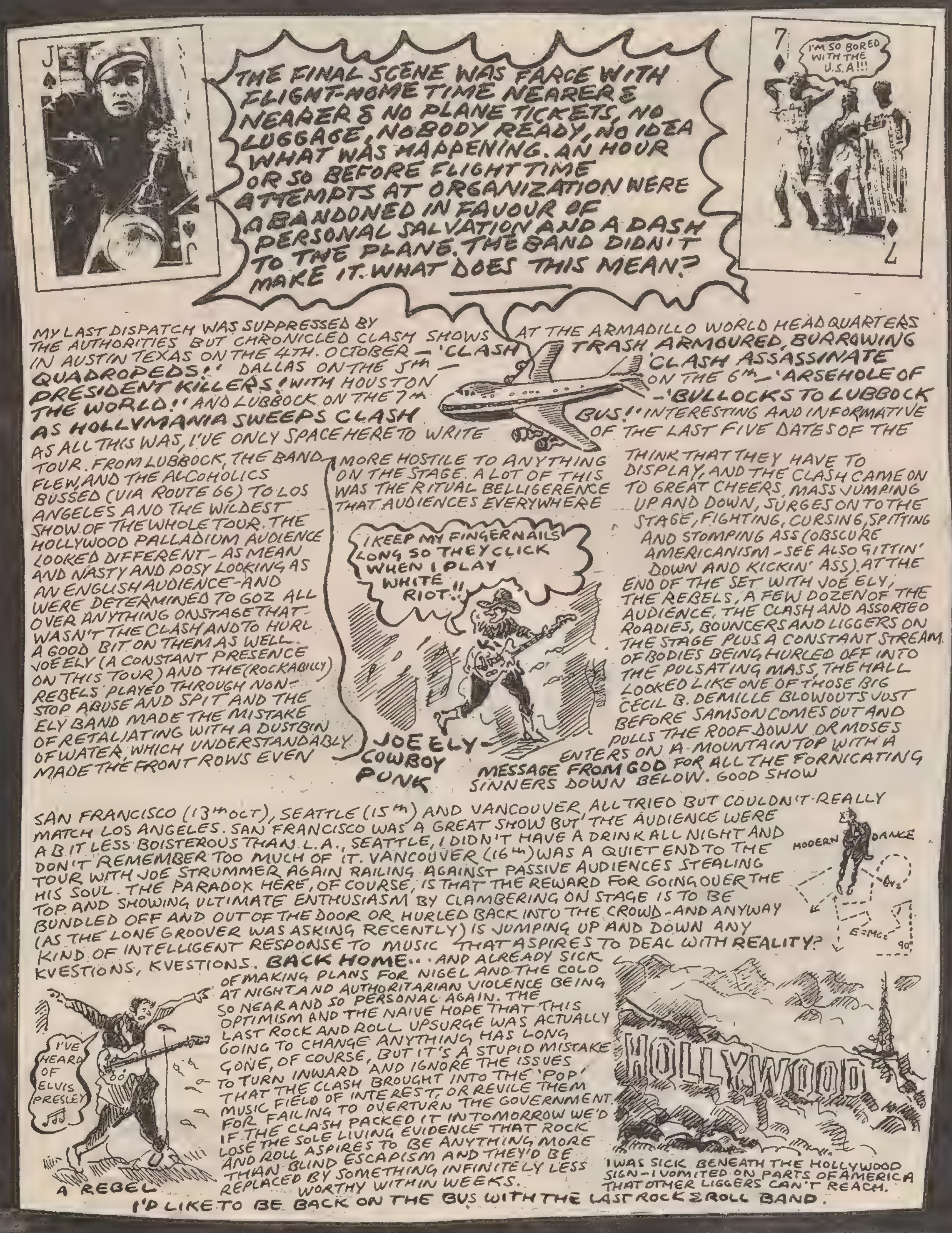
With closure staring them in the face, Rubell and his partner seem to be doing all that they can do to cash in on the club's rapidly tarnishing reputation. A disco compilation album titled "A Night At Studio 54" is receiving saturation TV advertising, while a line of Studio 54 jeans are being promoted with the slogan "you can always get into Studio 54 . . . jeans."

Johnny C appears in court on October 25th and meanwhile, as the cliche goes, the plot sickens.

MICK FARREN

THRILLS

Clash USA '79
Final curtain


I'M SO BORED WITH THE U.S.A!!!
I KEEP MY FINGERNAILS LONG SO THEY CLICK WHEN I PLAY WHITE RIOT!!
JOE ELY- COWBOY PUNK
MODERN DANCE
E=MC2
90°
I'VE HEARD OF ELVIS PRESLEY
A REBEL
HOLLYWOOD

THE FINAL SCENE WAS FARCE WITH FLIGHT-HOME TIME NEARER & NEARER & NO PLANE TICKETS, NO LUGGAGE, NOBODY READY, NO IDEA WHAT WAS HAPPENING. AN HOUR OR SO BEFORE FLIGHT TIME ATTEMPTS AT ORGANIZATION WERE ABANDONED IN FAVOUR OF PERSONAL SALVATION AND A DASH TO THE PLANE. THE BAND DIDN'T MAKE IT. WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

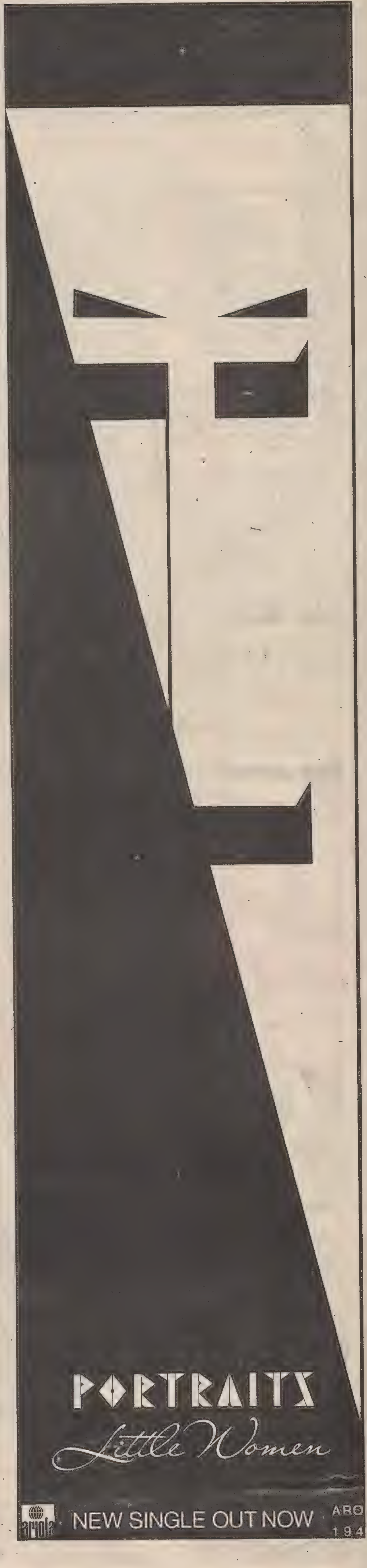
MY LAST DISPATCH WAS SUPPRESSED BY THE AUTHORITIES BUT CHRONICLED CLASH SHOWS IN AUSTIN TEXAS ON THE 4TH. OCTOBER AT THE ARMADILLO WORLD HEADQUARTERS — 'CLASH TRASH ARMOURED, BURROWING QUADROPEDS!' DALLAS ON THE 5TH — 'CLASH ASSASSINATE PRESIDENT KILLERS!' WITH HOUSTON ON THE 6TH — 'ARSEHOLE OF THE WORLD!' AND LUBBOCK ON THE 7TH — 'BULLOCKS TO LUBBOCK AS HOLLYMANIA SWEEPS CLASH BUS!' INTERESTING AND INFORMATIVE AS ALL THIS WAS, I'VE ONLY SPACE HERE TO WRITE OF THE LAST FIVE DATES OF THE TOUR. FROM LUBBOCK, THE BAND FLEW, AND THE ALCOHOLICS BUSSED (VIA ROUTE 66) TO LOS ANGELES AND THE WILDEST SHOW OF THE WHOLE TOUR. THE HOLLYWOOD PALLADIUM AUDIENCE LOOKED DIFFERENT — AS MEAN AND NASTY AND POSY LOOKING AS AN ENGLISH AUDIENCE — AND WERE DETERMINED TO GOZ ALL OVER ANYTHING ONSTAGE THAT WASN'T THE CLASH AND TO HURL A GOOD BIT ON THEM AS WELL. JOE ELY (A CONSTANT PRESENCE ON THIS TOUR) AND THE (ROCKABILLY) REBELS PLAYED THROUGH NON-STOP ABUSE AND SPIT AND THE ELY BAND MADE THE MISTAKE OF RETALIATING WITH A DUSTBIN OF WATER, WHICH UNDERSTANDABLY MADE THE FRONT ROWS EVEN MORE HOSTILE TO ANYTHING ON THE STAGE. A LOT OF THIS WAS THE RITUAL BELLIGERENCE THAT AUDIENCES EVERYWHERE THINK THAT THEY HAVE TO DISPLAY, AND THE CLASH CAME ON TO GREAT CHEERS, MASS JUMPING UP AND DOWN, SURGES ON TO THE STAGE, FIGHTING, CURSING, SPITTING AND STOMPING ASS (OBSCURE AMERICANISM - SEE ALSO SITTIN' DOWN AND KICKIN' ASS). AT THE END OF THE SET WITH JOE ELY, THE REBELS, A FEW DOZEN OF THE AUDIENCE, THE CLASH AND ASSORTED ROADIES, BOUNCERS AND LIGGERS ON THE STAGE PLUS A CONSTANT STREAM OF BODIES BEING HURLED OFF INTO THE PULSATING MASS, THE HALL LOOKED LIKE ONE OF THOSE BIG CECIL B. DEMILLE BLOWOUTS JUST BEFORE SAMSON COMES OUT AND PULLS THE ROOF DOWN OR MOSES ENTERS ON A MOUNTAINTOP WITH A MESSAGE **FROM GOD** FOR ALL THE FORNICATING SINNERS DOWN BELOW. GOOD SHOW

SAN FRANCISCO (13TH OCT), SEATTLE (15TH) AND VANCOUVER ALL TRIED BUT COULDN'T REALLY MATCH LOS ANGELES. SAN FRANCISCO WAS A GREAT SHOW BUT THE AUDIENCE WERE A BIT LESS BOISTEROUS THAN L.A., SEATTLE, I DIDN'T HAVE A DRINK ALL NIGHT AND DON'T REMEMBER TOO MUCH OF IT. VANCOUVER (16TH) WAS A QUIET END TO THE TOUR WITH JOE STRUMMER AGAIN RAILING AGAINST PASSIVE AUDIENCES STEALING HIS SOUL. THE PARADOX HERE, OF COURSE, IS THAT THE REWARD FOR GOING OVER THE TOP AND SHOWING ULTIMATE ENTHUSIASM BY CLAMBERING ON STAGE IS TO BE BUNDLED OFF AND OUT OF THE DOOR OR HURLED BACK INTO THE CROWD - AND ANYWAY (AS THE LONE GROOVER WAS ASKING RECENTLY) IS JUMPING UP AND DOWN ANY KIND OF INTELLIGENT RESPONSE TO MUSIC THAT ASPIRES TO DEAL WITH REALITY? KVESTIONS, KVESTIONS. **BACK HOME**... AND ALREADY SICK OF MAKING PLANS FOR NIGEL AND THE COLD AT NIGHT AND AUTHORITARIAN VIOLENCE BEING SO NEAR AND SO PERSONAL AGAIN. THE OPTIMISM AND THE NAIVE HOPE THAT THIS LAST ROCK AND ROLL UPSURGE WAS ACTUALLY GOING TO CHANGE ANYTHING HAS LONG GONE, OF COURSE, BUT IT'S A STUPID MISTAKE TO TURN INWARD AND IGNORE THE ISSUES THAT THE CLASH BROUGHT INTO THE 'POP' MUSIC FIELD OF INTEREST, OR REVILE THEM FOR FAILING TO OVERTURN THE GOVERNMENT. IF THE CLASH PACKED IT IN TOMORROW WE'D LOSE THE SOLE LIVING EVIDENCE THAT ROCK AND ROLL ASPIRES TO BE ANYTHING MORE THAN BLIND ESCAPISM AND THEY'D BE REPLACED BY SOMETHING INFINITELY LESS WORTHY WITHIN WEEKS.

I WAS SICK BENEATH THE HOLLYWOOD SIGN - I VOMITED ON PARTS OF AMERICA THAT OTHER LIGGERS CAN'T REACH.

I'D LIKE TO BE BACK ON THE BUS WITH THE LAST ROCK & ROLL BAND.

By Ray Lowry



THRILLS ECCENTRICS SPECIAL

Johnny G: One Man And His Bass Drum, Hi-Hat, Telecaster And Mouth-Harp.

ONE-MAN bands are a bit thin on the ground these days. In fact Johnny G. Gotting seems to have cornered the market.

"I'm never happier than when I'm on stage — alone — in the middle of a twelve-bar. You can't get any further into bliss, now can you?"

It's not exactly Cloud 9 by my reckoning, but the intrepid Mr. G — bass drum (right foot), hi-hat (left), telecaster, mouth-harp, vocals — clearly runs this kind of gauntlet with compulsive commitment. He even played support on Parker And The Rumour's European Tour — 5000-seaters choc-full of rowdy, beer-fuelled Krauts and one spotlight, one speck on stage, talking, strumming, singing. I'd be petrified.

"If you weren't nervous, you wouldn't do it," comes the logical reply. "I'm convinced of that. Shy people are attracted to stages. Being on stage gets to be like your drug, and it's like your life's work to deal with it."

Nine years on the circuit hasn't left Johnny G short of experience, a career that's roller-coasted between Feelgood R & B bands and solo club acts, self-management and promotion by "showbiz creeps", recognition and misconception. Some of his more courageous projects — such as initiating self-produced singles and pioneering white reggae — were largely dismissed by the more pedantic musical climate of the early '70s.

He cut a five-track live EP in '72, a good six years before those near-legendary independents, The Desperate Bicyles.

"I do believe I was the first to do it. I was a bit phobic about the business, it was slightly more closed than it is now. It was just pure fear really, and so I decided to make my own record. I borrowed a tape-recorder, taped it, took it up to Lintune and said, 'Could you make this into a record, please?' They were really insulting and said, 'It's not leaded up correctly' — that kind of thing."

They pressed up 1000 for £200, but he stopped selling any after breaking even at 600. "a horrible record, it just sounded so wrong", he adds, aiming a disparaging glance at the trunk collecting dust in the corner. "The other 400's in there."

The second project was a widely misunderstood, short-lived show performed in The 100 Club under the slightly misleading banner of 'I Wish I Was Born A Darkie'. It lasted twenty-five minutes.

"It wasn't meant to be provocative", he explains, "but — obviously — it wasn't offensive. I'm half-Indian, so not only was it about being ex-Empire but also about the problems of being 'relatively white' and trying to play 'black' music. It sounds absurd now — remember this was '72 — but I did have a lot of problems playing reggae music. People kept coming up to me and saying 'You're not black — you shouldn't be playing it'. That's why the words are deliberately provocative.

"I wanted to use the whole set for a first LP called 'I Think I'm Going Black', but record companies wanted something direct, something that couldn't possibly be interpreted as offensive, and nobody was content with the one-man band. It wasn't going to make me a rock star so they didn't like it.

"But a band's so constricting when you like so many types of music. That's why I get so frustrated in bands. When I've tried to do a straight rock thing it's always fallen to pieces. I tried last year and people thought it was great — 'cos they were used to seeing me clumping around on my own — and when they actually saw me playing the guitar and arrangements they were knocked out. But then they'd come again and it'd be exactly the same set, you know, 'cos you've got your little list pasted on the monitor and all that shit. I want to leave all that behind. For ever."

Cut to '77. Johnny G was supporting anyone who'd give him a gig, from John Miles to FBI. He was even billed for a Pistols slot but his manager hauled him out in case his gear got remodelled. Finally, after playing warm-up for Can — a more ludicrous coupling would tax the imagination — Beggars Banquet took him under their contractual wing and released 'Call Me Bwana', the single he'd been touting around record companies for nearly five years.

Since then his colourful debut album for Beggars, 'G Sharp/G Natural', has come the closest to painting a sympathetic portrait of his varied talents, a rich amalgam of styles embracing reggae, latin, dustbowl, jig-shuffle and honky-tonk, with a strong blues undercurrent. The backline features Brett Marvin And The Thunderbolts — who, along with Jonah Lewie, he rates as "a major influence" — using Aswad's drummer, Angus Gaye, to keep a snap-tight reggae rhythm. Strung somewhere between a sly wit and pure pathos, it's an intriguing, intoxicating mixture.

Perfectionist almost to a fault, Johnny G is a touch more critical. He hasn't even got a copy of the album.

"It's main fault was its lack of unity, so I want to maintain the variety and acquire a unity. As an album, it doesn't quite come off. It was a cheap album glossed-up rather than an explosive one presented plainly, and that's exactly what I want to do next."

Next being February, now being the pub gig circuit. Keep an ear to the ground, that's an order.

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

"One day I'm gonna be this big!"

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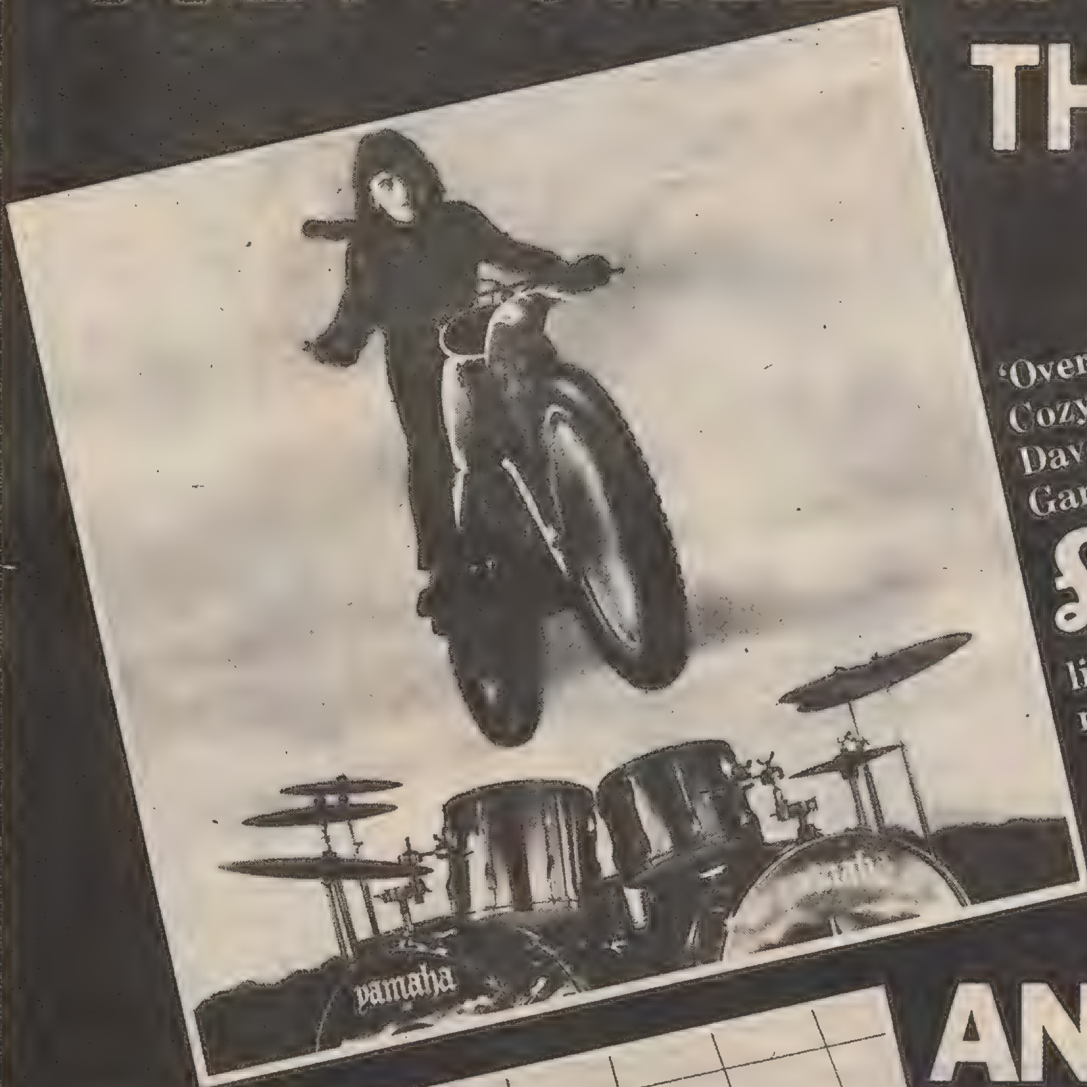

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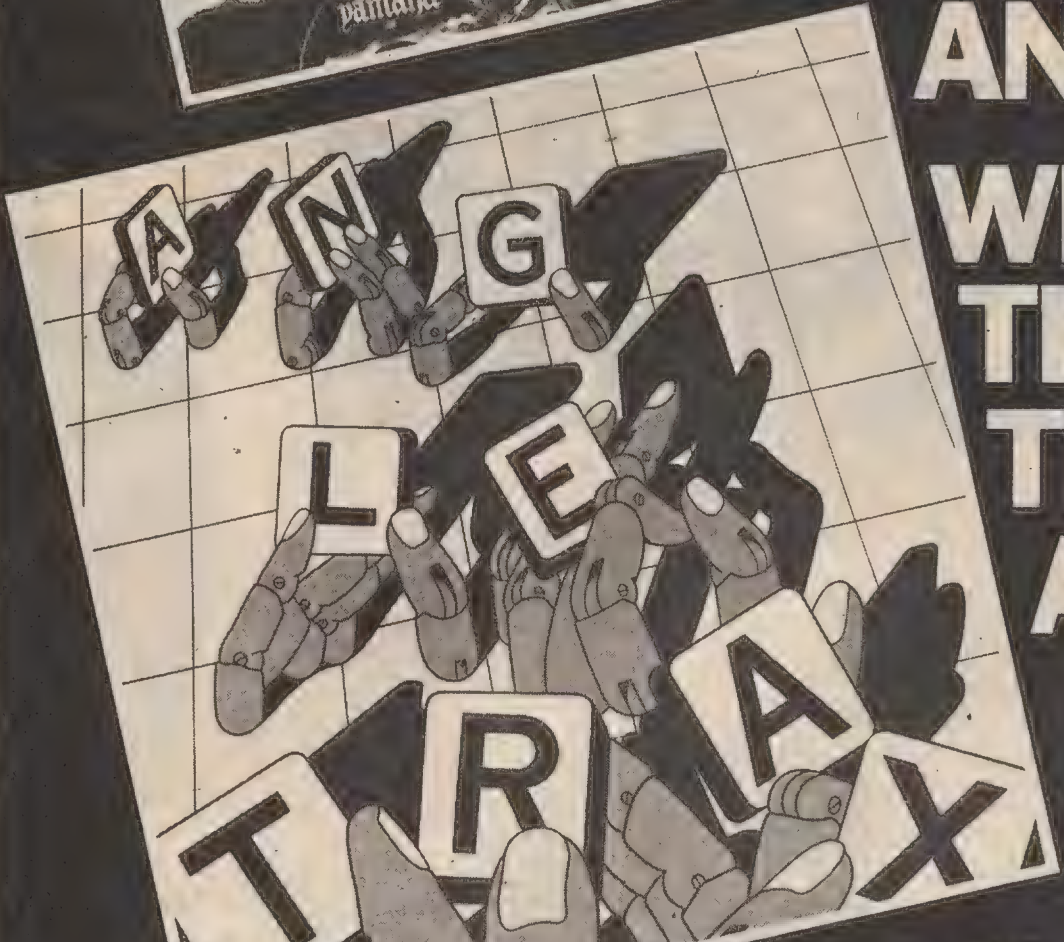

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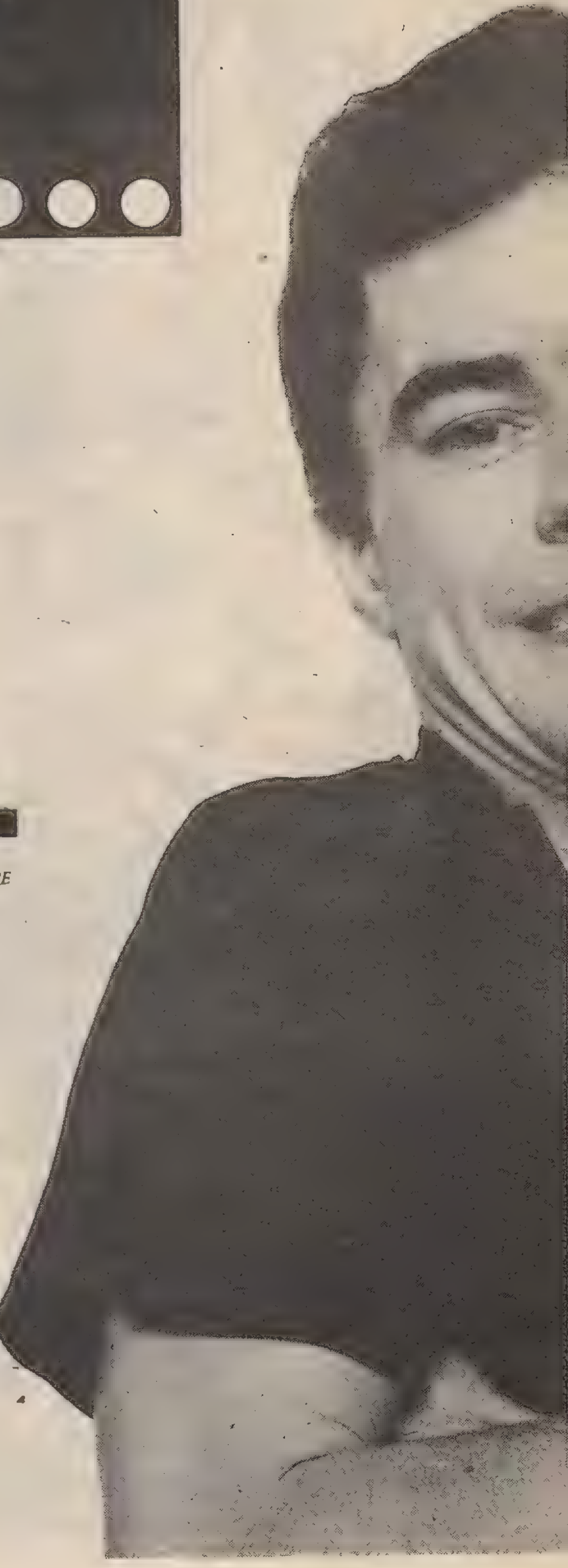

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16	SOUTHAMPTON	Gaumont
17	LONDON	Hammersmith Odeon

Ears Of A Clown

SHANE McGOWAN — a legend in his own lunch-time — the man with the biggest ears since Prince Charles! ADRIAN THRILLS lends his own ear to THE NIPS and discovers you don't have to be pretty to be hip.

The Nips:
l to r: Ringo Watts, Blondie Douglas, Shanne Bradley, Shane McGowan.
Pic: Andy Calvert

PAUL WELLER once referred to him as "the only real star to come out of the new wave". To Nick Kent he was 'Monsieur Vole', the delinquent who exquisitely squirted globules of lacquer into the hair of his mates at an early Clash gig, while Tony Parsons once saw fit to dub him 'the original kamikaze punk' no less.

The individual in question is Shane McGowan — or Shane O'Hooligan as he now terms himself. The oddest thing about the various compliments and insults paid to him above is that they were all delivered long before Shane actually started to make a name for himself by sole virtue of his not inconsiderable musical talents as singer, occasional rhythm guitarist and songwriter in his band The Nips.

Shane, y'see, has been a personality of sorts ever since — as punk legend would have it — he chanced to have his earlobe bitten off at yet another of those primal Clash bashes.

Actually, the tales of the said incident are a trifle exaggerated, the earlobe remaining in what looks suspiciously like one piece to me, but the escapade served nonetheless to establish Shane as one of the more unlikely fifteen-minute heroes of the sub-culture as it was then.

Modesty not being one of his biggest virtues, Shane accepts the mantle of The Celebrity with an obvious relish. And this, it transpires, is only the beginning:

"The way I see it is that we're coming up to the 80's and somebody's got to save rock'n'roll from all those prats with synthesisers and a university education. And it might as well be me!

"You've got to have someone to deal with all those people who are into Gary Numan and the Gang Of Four. You've got to get them where it hurts!

SHANE and I are talking in the early hours of a Friday morning in a squat just off London's Euston Road. The humble hovel is the abode of Shanne Bradley, the Nips bass player since their formation nearly two years ago. Shanne was here a minute ago only to mysteriously bugger off, while drummer Ringo Watts ('fraid so, popkids) has gone home leaving just Shane and guitarist Blondie Douglas to partake in a severely inebriated interview.

Blondie struggles to get the odd word in edgeways.

In addition to being very much the driving force behind the group, Shane is under no illusions as to where The Nips are headed musically:

"We're loud, raw, leering pop. Know what I mean?" he asserts aggressively.

"It is bands like The Undertones that have the right idea. You play songs and you play them loud and fast so that you can dance to them. That's what Punk was all about. That's what everybody was rebelling against . . . all that progressive shit."

Shane is a pop traditionalist at heart. He'll even admit to admiring and trying to sing like Van Morrison at times. And though I find his aversion to the Gang Of Four a misguided one, there's usually plenty of truth in most of what he says.

The Nips — or the Nipple Erectors as they were then known — played ther first gig at a Roxy Club audition night towards the end of 1977. By then, Shane, like so many of the 'original' London punks was sufficiently disillusioned with the 'scene' as it stood to turn to other areas for his musical excitement.

In his case a reversion to Rockabilly provided the stopgap.

"Punk just seemed to be such a load of shit at the time. When it started it was great, but then you get so many wanky bands coming along. It was getting really bad around the middle of 1977 with all those talentless Vortex groups like The Ants and 999. It was just a load of speeded-up heavy metal calling itself punk.

"Rockabilly was simpler. You could dance to it. I'm not into it as much now as I was then. Good rockabilly is great but bad rockabilly is awful and there's a lot of that about.

"But I was younger then," he chuckles, "I've got things sussed out a lot more now."

The Rockabilly-Punk hybrid that the Nips were pushing in their early days seemed a pretty contrived image-making publicity gambit.

"No, it wasn't really contrived," retorts Shane. "It was just that I was obsessed with Rock and Roll at the time. I just got so sick of punk and started listening to rock 'n' roll again. It was just that I'd been missing out on it all the time.

"I could dance to that but I couldn't dance to 999."

FROM their confused beginnings, The Nips went on to lose firstly their original drummer, the legendary *Gasbag* contributor Arcane Vendetta of Ilford, and, secondly, their godawful original name.

As Shane would tell you: "We were always one of the biggest jokes on the scene when we were the Nipple Erectors. Everyone says that we changed the name to get wider acceptance and radio play, which is partly true, but the main reason was just that we got sick of the name. It was sort of like 'What band are you? . . . Whaaaatttt??? . . . The Nipple Erectors??!! . . . well, I'm not going to talk to you."

"Anyway it was Shanne who thought up the name, which was pretty typical of her. You get pretty tired of a name like that pretty quickly."

Although he was also quick to tire of the rhetoric of the original punk figureheads, Shane does cite a couple of the unlikelier faces of '76 as the ones who have actually gone on to achieve what they set out to do.

He is particularly generous in his praise — and this is strictly a mutual thing — of Paul Weller.

"He's the only fucker out of all that lot who's actually come through. The only one who's done what he set out to do. And at least he still fuckin' talks to me!

"The two bands who got most of the criticism were The Jam and The Damned. The Jam used to get slagged off as being just a revivalist band and The Damned were supposedly not a punk band, just a heavy metal band or whatever.

"The Pistols and The Clash were always the two big cool bands to watch. But they just became like fuckin' companies! It was like going to watch ICI on stage! Fuck all that lot!"

The Nips' third single on Soho Records is due out shortly. It is a song called 'Gabrielle'. While the previous two, the Rockabilly-tinged 'King Of The Bop' and the superior R&B of 'All The Time In The World' were attractive but erratic singles, 'Gabrielle' is a redoubtable classic. It is also quite easily the best regeneration of the hoary old 'Louie Louie' riff since . . . since, oh, at least The Undertones' 'Jump Boys'.

"Gabrielle was this girl who used to go down to that punk club Louise's," explains Shane.

"She used to have blonde hair and tight leather-look plastic trousers and she used to model for Strawberry Studios. She was my first real love, but she wouldn't ever go to bed with me. She just used to take me back to her bedsit in Streatham and jerk me off! She had a bit of a hangup about sex."

Shane puts his 'girl trouble' down to what he'd call his 'physical handicaps' — big ears and what *were* the worst set of front teeth this side of Jerry Dammers until a couple of weeks ago when he had them capped.

"You can't really let that sort of thing handicap you. I mean if you have the sort of handicaps that I had then you're always going to be the sort of kid who gets pushed around at school by the big blokes.

"I never always had bad teeth, but I got pissed down the Red Cow one night seeing the 101'ers with a mate. We came out really drunk and he said that he'd give me a lift home on the back of his bike, but I tried to get off while he was still moving and I broke all my teeth on Hammersmith Road!

"I suppose I was always made to feel like a bit of a wanker at school and I always found it hard to pick up girls at discos 'cause I was so ugly.

"I mean, the punk thing fuckin' changed my life. It didn't matter that I was ugly. Know what I mean? Nothing mattered. It was good.

"But I still hate all that shit about whether or not you're short or tall or ugly or you look like something from Austin Reid!"

The interview over, Shane and I were to make our way out of Shanne's flat for the short journey across a couple of backstreets back to his place.

That was the original plan, until we ran into a spot of trouble courtesy of a gang of last year's mondo-bondage punk crew, seemingly intent on smashing Guinness bottles over our heads.

But then Shane — the original punk-turned-ted-cum-punk — had the indecency to ask why he got the reply "You two look like Mods to us!"

Sometimes you just can't win.

Distractions (L-R): Adrian Wright, Alex Sidebottom, Pip Nichollls, Steve Perrin, Mike Finney. Pic: Kevin Cummins.

A missive from The Great Pop Wars

by PAUL MORLEY

HAPPINESS IS JUST A DISTRACTION

IN THE basement of a small recording studio in Manchester pop's newest darlings are rehearsing.

Instruments and speakers are squashed into the dark cellar leaving just enough room for five Distractions to stand or sit, and for me to squat and listen. Listen to a series of songs *so* succinct and suggestive: pure pop songs. It's not quite fair to describe The Undertones as 'perfect pop' without becoming fully acquainted with The Distractions' mature and endless repertoire. The spirit is the same. It confuses the cynics, and wins the hearts of those who *know* and will not be swayed.

The Distractions sound is distinguished by the needly, jangly guitar quarrelling of Steve Perrin and Adrian Wright: "I just wanted to find a sound as far away as possible from the usual heavy riffing," explains Perrin, "and this is what I ended up with."

Distinguished by the subtle, seductive soul singing of the unlikely looking Mike Finney; "I like Otis Redding," Finney says, "but I can't sing like him! I tell you, if Wilson Pickett said tomorrow that our new single was great I'd be over the moon."

Distinguished by the fluid orchestrated passion of the five instrumentalists . . . "That's work innit?" dismisses Perrin, "we work hard on the guitar parts and the vocal parts . . . at the moment the five people are working really well. I'm not going to kid myself that it's going to last forever but while it is I'm going to make the most of it."

The group rehearses into the night. Organising still further the devastating detail of songs already recored, 'It Doesn't Bother Me', 'Maybe It's Love' from their four track EP 'You're Not Going Out Dressed Like That', the new single 'Time Goes By So Slow' and its B side 'Pillow Fight' and classics known and loved by their considerable home following, 'Waiting For The Rain', 'One Way Love', and the legendary 'Valerie'.

A MANCHESTER pub, a table, The Distractions sat around the table.

"I hate corny dancers," Finney says, utterly uncaring about his uncool double chin and wiry spectacles, "If there's one thing I can't stand it's corny dancers! They're even worse than lousy comics!"

The Distractions are in a good mood. After all, this very day they've received free passes for Manchester's respectable nightclub The Factory. A sign of success. And that's not all. "Howard Devoto likes to stand around in clubs and let everyone see him," Finney whispers in my ear, "and he usually doesn't let on to me. The other day he waved at me! Like this," he raises his arm, "I thought, waving! What's this!?"

"That's when he decided he'd arrived," explains Perrin, "when Howard Devoto waved to him!"

Now, of course, The Factory has closed. And The Distractions are probably hipper than Howard Devoto.

In the Manchester pub, we're wondering about The Distractions sound. "I don't know what to call it," shrugs Perrin, "think of a name and I shall reject it!"

He gets very earnest when any sort of label is mentioned.

"I do! It's terrible innit? I hate living up to labels . . . we are a whatever group . . . Kelloggs! . . . we are a Kelloggs group! . . . people ask us what sort of music do you play. It's the most stupid question! What can you say?"

"The nearest I get," offers Finney, "when people ask me what we play is well do you know the Buzzcocks, it's a bit like that only not. What *can* you say?"

You could try Starry Eyed And Laughing. The Distractions guitar sound perversely resembles the old *Zigzag* favourites energetic interpretation of Byrd patterns.

"Well I will from now on," humours Finney.

THE GROUP are rehearsing in the studio cellar for a strange date on the Norway cabaret circuit.

Seriously!? The ghost of Les Dawson lurks in the back ground. It's desperation, really. They've been playing through necessity the incestuous, limited Manchester rounds for approaching two years, and feeling frustrated. "We played Sheffield once," cracks Perrin, "and we got travel sick."

But Norway? Cabaret? The group shrug their shoulders. It'll be experience.

On stage, the group look the part. Their presence is lovable verging on the Opportunity Knocks; there is a huge disruptive gap between the way they look and the searing sensitivity of their songs. A deceptiveness comparable with The Undertones.

But Norway? Cabaret? Perrin particularly hated the idea, but the vision of months with no gigs carried them through to the audition. Their true feelings have them getting drunk, insulting the panel of judges and playing what they felt was terrible. They hoped in a way they'd blown it. They learnt next day that they'd been booked for a month of Norway nightclubs.

They never went. A few days after painfully deciding that, no matter what, they couldn't face the degradation, Island Records moved in with the pen, the paper and the promises.

A MANCHESTER pub, a table, The Distractions getting drunk. Four boys and a girl who likes girls. Singer Mike Finney, guitarist Steve Perrin, guitarist Adrian Wright, drummer Alex Sidebottom and bassist Pip Nicholls. A chubby one, a small one, a serious one, a scruffy one and a girl who likes girls. "I tried to pretend I was bisexual," Pip says, "but I just couldn't con myself." Pip's presence, which is treated as no big deal, emphasises the ambiguity in Distractions songs of relationship and reasoning.

They entered the year having been around since the time Buzzcocks were just breaking out of Manchester, and seemed to be going nowhere. They had established a sound and were confident about it.

They could have gone two ways; 'noise' ('Sister Ray') or arranged songs ("I'd always wanted to play the guitar solo in 'I Heard Her Call My Name'.") Determined to reject rather than passively absorb influences, they went for arranged songs.

Tony Davidson, a local businessman who runs a rehearsal studio and record label and fancies himself as a whizz kid pop entrepreneur, charged up to the group; "Hey, you got a good review in *Sounds*, how do you fancy me putting out a record for you.?" He didn't like the group much, but somehow, out of a multitude of disagreements and misunderstandings, a four track EP came out on Davidson's flash TJM label. I could do nothing but make 'You're Not Going Out Dressed Like That' single of the week. It's still a favourite.

It wasn't a very good business deal, but at least The Distractions had a record out and a few more people picked them out of the crowd. Tony Wilson of Factory Records asked them if they'd like to put a record out on his label.

They in turn asked if he'd be their manager. He had to decline. He likes to think of the people he manages as 'his children.' He calls A Certain Ratio, a group he does manage, 'my boys.' He admitted he couldn't feel that way about The Distractions, despite loving their music. Drummer Alex, after all, is older than Wilson, with a history with local groups stretching way back into the '60s.

Local studio man Brandon Leon became their manager, and produced their records. "I went along to see them for the first time at TJ Davidson's rehearsal studio. He'd asked me to see this group," he recalls, "and they were playing, with no PA, and it was awful. Oh god, I thought, what have I let myself in for. I turned to the guy who was stood next to me, he looked like one of the band's father, and I asked him what he did. I'm the lead singer, he said."

After much humming and haaing, the Factory single was Finney-Perrin's 'Time Goes By So Slow' backed with Wright's 'Pillowfight'. I could do nothing but make Factory 12 single of the week.

Ripples reached Island Records.

ON A quiet grey Sunday afternoon a few weeks later, sat all alone in my London flat I phone Steve Perrin. Hey, I say, I go to America for a couple of weeks and when I get back you've signed with bloody Island Records. No longer on the outside looking in!

"Yeah, it happened quick really," he tells me, "People at Island seem to want to update their image, and we were encouraged to sign because they'd signed The Slits and the B-52's and seemed good people to go with. It wasn't really surprising when it happened. And now we're getting gigs in London and we can't get any in Manchester." He sighs at the injustice.

The group have arranged a free gig at Manchester's Fun House on December 1st — the first date available; a present for their fans. They've re-done 'It Doesn't Bother Me' with John Astley producing for their first single, and will be preparing an LP in January.

"We went through a week of just being really pleased," says Perrin, which sounds like something a member of a pop group would say, "but now we're getting down to some hard work and rehearsal, cos it's easy for it to all fall flat.

"In a way it's weird cos like I still get the *NME* every week and see all these names that are getting on *TOTP* and now we're close to them . . . like opening the *NME* and seeing that big picture of Mike staring out at me from the live pages. It frightens me . . . I don't think we've really come to terms with it yet. I hope we never really do, in a way."

THE DISTRACTIONS are the types who always get the slobbering, non-stop chattering idiot sat next to them on the bus. They're the confused underdogs, each in different ways.

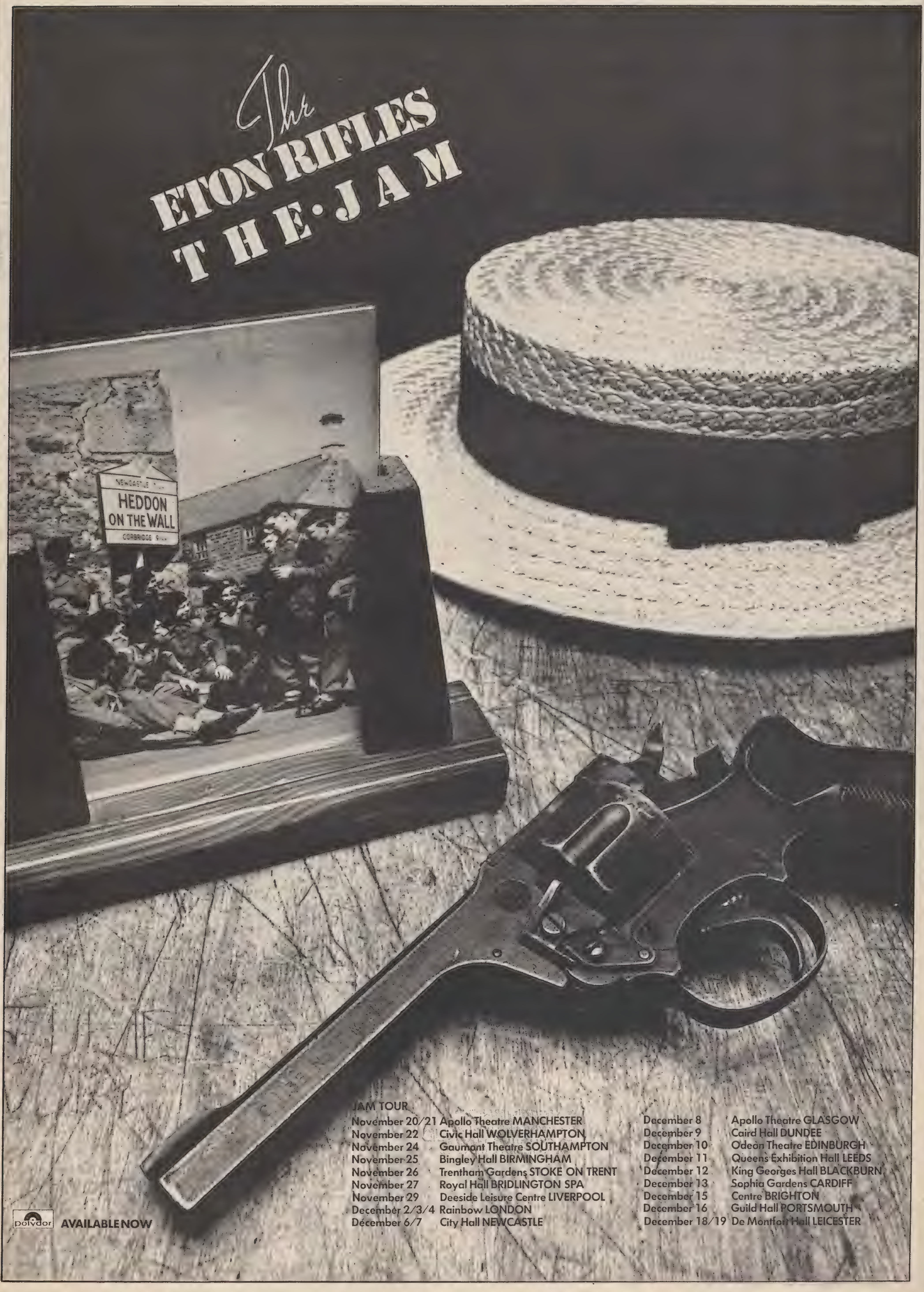
Their songs are born out of unfortunate problem page experiences, nervousness, wry humour, revenge, relief. With vivid accuracy and comprehensive urgency they deal with inadequacy, hesitancy, prejudice. Wise words about naivety and jealousy that drip with delicious imagery.

Like the two other great British pop groups XTC and The Undertones there are two sets of songwriters within the band. Adrian Wright's songs are weary, almost nasty. Perrin-Finney songs are bitter, twisted, ironic, hurt . . .

"I'm basically very romantic," decides Perrin, "but there's just so many things fighting against it. I know that jealousy is the most absurd thing in the world but it doesn't stop me getting ridiculously jealous. I wish someone would get jealous about me! That's a hell of a compliment. It's like I've written all these songs about other people, why doesn't somebody write a song about me!"

"That's because they don't know you've written songs about them!" Finney points out.

Maybe Pete Shelley has written a song about you, I say. "It's a possibility," says Perrin as we reach the station and he flings me out of the car.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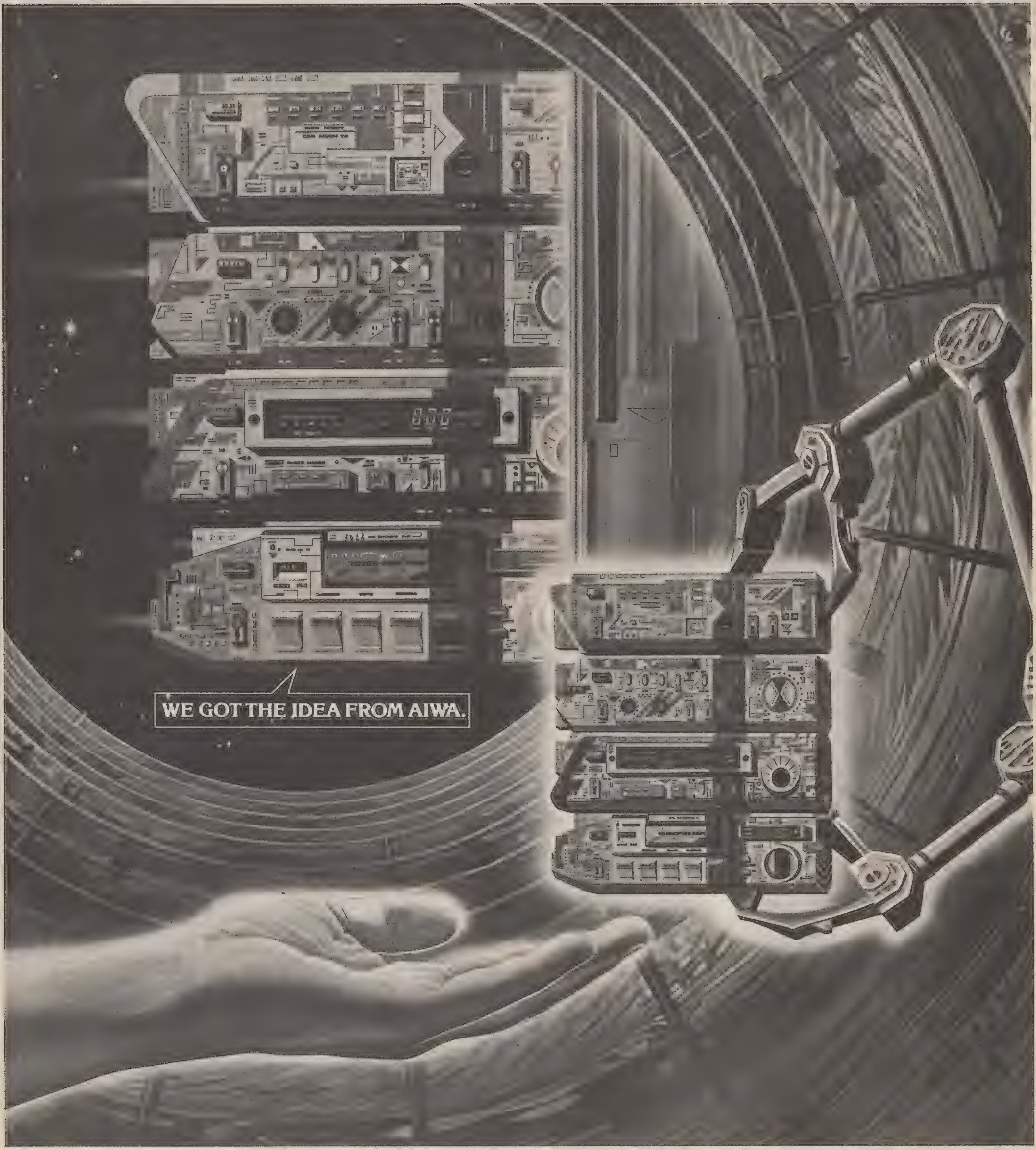
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SINGLES

Illustration: Caramel Crunch.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK
THE JAM: Eton Rifles (Polydor). For their naivete, their occasional errors of judgment, and the periods of confusion and self-doubt they seem to suffer, The Jam's determination to push against the barriers of style and against the limited outlook of the cult they have more or less unwittingly spawned is a blessed relief. If any British group is likely to forge a body of work with sufficient self-contained strength to survive the era then they are most probably that group.

'Eton Rifles' takes a cold look at some especially insidious British institutions such as letting little boys play with guns in the Combined Cadet Corps and nationalism and class and other things that haven't figured strongly in the charts since Elvis Costello's 'Oliver's Army'. Except unlike 'Oliver's Army' it doesn't soft-pedal the point. Its tone matches its ire.

The Jam made the first nouveau mod single last year when they cut 'David Watts'. They're not exactly hanging around waiting for the chance to make the last. And *that's* what it's all about.

* * *

KEVIN DUNN: Nadine (B Records import). If this wasn't harder to find than a punchline on a Public Image single it would be a record of the week. Kevin Dunn is a nobody in his spare time whose honour it is to have the second ever release on the label that last year brought the world The B-52s. Their gifted eccentricity has rubbed off on this, a garage synthesiser version of the old Chuck Berry battle hymn. Dunn takes 'Nadine' and defaces it with a synth and a sense of trash art style that wouldn't have been at all out of place on a Roxy Music B-side from '74. The sort of record that makes you want to get up and start stamping on insects.

LORI AND THE CHAMELEONS: Touch (Sire / Zoo). An impossibly sexy record licensed from Liverpool's Zoo label that does to Donna Summer what The Flying Lizards did to Barrett Strong only it does it one hundred per cent better, and I hesitate to even mention the Lizards in the same paragraph as the very great Lori and her Chameleons, whoever they turn out to be.

Set in the land of the rising sun, but to a disco beat, 'Touch' evokes the mysteries of the East and the mysteries of adolescence, love and the Orient in first flower, the vicarious thrill of holiday romances, the denouement of travel brochures, all this and more, and does it in the guise of a spoken postcard with a chorus that breathlessly invites you to *"Touch . . . touch . . ."*

Enter into the spirit of it before everybody else does.

MADNESS: One Step Beyond (Stiff). Madness are a whole bunch of fun on stage, given the right mood of insobriety. They dish up a vaudeville revue of skinhead reggae and cockney rock the shortcomings of which are easily overlooked when one adopts an appropriately legless stance. But such atmospheres dissipate like the mist when you try to pin them down on a disc, which is why the sleeve of their first single for Stiff is closer to that nutty sound than the actual record.

It's an old bind to be sure and it's arguable whether they will surmount it much less stop bouncing and stomping long enough to even consider it. For the time being they step forward with another Prince Buster remake, 'One Step Beyond', the instrumental B-side of 'Al Capone'. The rhythm is, naturally, too fast, but it's carried by a fog horn of a sax that steams along in the style once beloved of New Orleans records such as Frankie Ford's 'Sea Cruise', though this is probably closer in spirit to 'Mouldy Old Dough'.

If The Selecter sometimes threaten to become just the next Darts then all Madness need is the next Chaz Jankel to help them become the junior Blockheads for junior blockheads.

SECRET AFFAIR: Let Your Heart Dance (I Spy). Secret Affair seem so unashamedly calculating that it's hard to even begin to take them seriously. Their act is so water-tight you could sail in it — without fear of running up on any ideological ground, because there's none to run up on. The best they can offer is 'action'. And they run up huge dry-cleaning bills to prove that they know where this 'action' is.

'Let Your Heart Dance' tries for the live party feel of a Junior Walker disc and sticks as close as four power pop musicians can to the elements of Tamla's success without putting permanent strain on their abilities. It makes all the noises that are culturally viable at this moment in time; words like 'dance', 'style' and 'two-tone' get a thorough airing, though I can't find any reference to 'action', and underlying the record is the kind of genuine warmth and respect for the soul idiom that Showaddywaddy once brought to rock'n'roll.

BELLAMY BROTHERS: Wet T Shirt (Warner Brothers). The appalling Bellamy Brothers release another fine tribute to the stunted libido in their determined effort to have chart hits no matter what level of cheap innuendo they have to resort to. Calling it innuendo just labours the obvious. The word I'm searching for is tripe.

DEAD KENNEDYS: California Uber Alles (Fast Product). Picked up for English release by the usually discriminating Fast Product label, this is the already mildly infamous Dead Kennedys' first and so far only record. It manages to be almost as foul and funny as their name, as it mocks Governor Jerry Brown's recent presidential initiative with open if not quite scathing contempt, and achieves an even lower count than The Dickies on the scale of things that make rock'n'roll, the difference being The Dead Kennedys weren't even trying.

The Kennedys seem too genuinely ignorant of even the finer graces of punk rock; they sound like the only thing they truly hold in awe is Black Sabbath's early records. If at times their music resembles Peter Hamill's 'Ricky Nadir' this is purely by accident. It is just about uncouth and sub-heavy metal enough to garner a following amongst the hordes of neophytes looking for something that passes for outrage in this complacent age, even though what might shock the Sunshine State will seem merely quaint to most of us.

Nevertheless, rumour has it they're already hard at work on a follow-up titled 'I Left My Car in Chappaquidick' and guaranteed to earn them the resentment of Middle America.

ANGELIC UPSTARTS: Never 'Ad Nothin' (Warner Brothers). Yer typical anthemic death or glory story designed to edify the rabble even as it rouses them. We could debate its ultimate effect all day — but no matter how sympathetically the reasons why people go out in a blaze of headlines are portrayed, making them (the people and their reasons) the subject of dumb, quasi-heroic chants just might give some poor sod a good excuse to do it. Maybe Jimmy Pursey really is too thick to realise what effect he's having despite his hopeless attempts to avert it, but I doubt it, because if his conscience really troubled him so then why does he insist on producing this? At least 'I'm An Upstart' was garbage that didn't pretend to care the way this garbage does.

LOCAL OPERATOR: Law & Order (Virgin). Local Operator seem to think that if you want to concern yourself with the iniquities of British justice then the most suitable vehicle for protest is reggae. 'Law And Order' seeks to combine the addictiveness of an M single with the superior moral strength of a reggae backbeat (and I mean that ironically). It glibly enforces some dangerous stereotypes and takes another cheap holiday in someone's misery without even the excuse of being a remotely good record.

THE DAMNED: Smash It Up (Chiswick). The Damned have made a half-way competent pop single that might even pass for Johnny Moped were it blessed with a trifle more inanity. Their ability to remain utterly moronic even as they scale the peaks of a commercial ant-hill is an object lesson in the requirements of the rock game. Anyone with a glimmer of intelligence or sensitivity would have abandoned hope long ago.

THE KINKS: Moving Picture (Arista). Raymond Davies reflects on Life with a kind of banal levity that ensures his efforts will stir the philosophical musings of Radio One listeners. *"Life is a moving picture,"* he cheerfully proclaims. Choosing to release such a tepid truism unfairly represents the humours of the album from which this is culled.

THE ADVERTS: Cast Of Thousands (RCA). A band that steadfastly refuses to acknowledge its own futility. Their one moment of singles fame came with the help of a song which bore a remarkable resemblance to an old Slade album track. Lacking any such inspiration on this occasion, they strum a sloppy, misconceived song about doom and other important things, and sound about as convinced of the need to make this statement as you are likely to be of the need to hear it. The unorthodox slant of TV Smith's lyrics may one day pay off, but not until he writes songs that aren't instantly forgettable and finds a band to play them that isn't instantly hopeless. All five Adverts wear mascara. Somewhere along the line there's a connection.

VILLAGE PEOPLE: Sleazy (Mercury). Deprived of their thunderous lead voice, The Village People have been forced to lay off making second-rate Four Tops records for the time being and rally instead with a tediously jolly disco chant. The Larry Graysons of the Amyl Set have also decided it's time to give their one joke a rest; not a single homosexualist inference is made, not even a slight nudge. It's remarkable that these hucksters should want to break with a winning formula before it has even begun to be milked dry.

THIN LIZZY: Sarah (Vertigo). Not, as it happens, the sort of record that demands to be heard with legs astride and face screwed up; not a Les Paul powerchord in earshot, even. As Lizzy's ranks get increasingly thin, so too does the lustre of their efforts. Songs that dote on the author's offspring, such as this maudlin, gooey lullabye for a sprog called Sarah, have the same effect as seeing parents address their little ones with words like 'oodlums' and 'ga-ga'. One is hard put not to cringe. All babies look the same to me anyway.

EARCOM: Contradiction (Fast Product). The second in an occasional series of Fast Product demo tape compilations that's too big to be a single, too small to be an LP, and too abstruse to be anything but the result of Fast entrépreneur Bob Last's continued espousal of the cult of the amateur.

But the six crude, ambitious and often half-realised examples collected here (two apiece from Thursdays, Basczax and Joy Division) form a far more coherent 20

■ *Continues over page*

california über alles
Dead Kennedys

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ONE STEP BEYOND...

* * *

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SINGLES

From previous page

odd minutes worth than did the previous Earcom, which makes it a parallel of what the Earcom idea is supposed to represent. And like the bands that are featured, it cometimes trips over it's own ambitions.

Joy Division's two funereal bursts aren't demos as such, and were recorded around the time of their album, where they perhaps more rightly belong. Basczax's ply the Roxyisms like they never went out of fashion (and they never really did) and Thursdays present two contrasting efforts, one a tortuous modern escapade, the other a version of 'Dock Of The Bay' that manages to commit none of the many sins that have been committed against this song since it's original conception.

THE CARPETTES: I Don't Mean It (Beggar's Banquet). Bears a close resemblance to that stupidly insistent record by The Jags, except it's neither as stupid nor as insistent, for which I feel we should be grateful.

MICKEY JUPP: You Made A Fool Out Of Me (Chrysalis). The reluctant pub rocker ignores his better judgement and signs on to another label after a brief flirtation with the Stiff gravy train. A somewhat slight but typically morose record that drones along in a bluesy sort of way about lovers nursing grudges, produced by Godley and Creme, ex of 10cc, and no doubt featuring their much-trumpeted Gizmo. About as out of the ordinary as a table with four legs.

JIMMY BUFFETT: Fins (MCA). Jimmy Buffet has been making a pretty fair living for himself purveying bittersweet hokum to Americans who wish The Eagles wouldn't take so long between albums, or are too stoned to tell the difference, or couldn't care less anyway so long as the words "rock 'n' roll" are mentioned in at least one of the verses. Only rather than pretend he's a cowboy, Buffett plays the beachcomber, and tempers his easy-rocking fare with a modicum of easy-rocking wit. 'Fins' is the story of a marine biologist who finds herself having to fend off sharks on dry land as well as at sea. A bit of a fishy tale.

COWBOYS INTERNATIONAL: Thrash (Virgin). A pleasantly aimless way of anticipating the '80s; music that attempts the brave new fusion of pop with the sound of airconditioning. The way things are going, we'll be sick of the next decade before it has even started.

THE MARC THOR BAND: Trak (Indy). With only a brief respite on the Boston Rat Club album, Marc Thor has fought a valiant battle against the forces of obscurity and the stigma of his fellow Bostonians The Cars to bring this undemanding but fairly engaging example of fuzz guitar chords backing a William Burroughs lyric to the attention of the world. It's only a shame it's the kind of record the world could live without.

SLY STONE: Dance To The Music (Epic).
FUNKADELIC: Knee Deep (Warner Brothers). If disco isn't a producer's art I'll eat this 12 inch. Sly Stone's ground-breaking rock-soul original has been taken from its eight track master, re-mixed and re-shuffled, the rhythm track rubbed out, and new four-on-the-floor drums, bass and guitar parts dubbed on by disco mixer John Luongo. If you're acquainted with Sly's version then this will sound strangely dissembodied, though it's worth hearing at least once, and if you're not then you automatically forfeit at least ten cultural points and are herewith on double secret probation until the boom-lacka-lacka runs out of your ears.

Some people are under the impression that Secret Affair are making '80s soul music; some people don't know their booty from their elbow. If you want to hear some real slinky modern funk then let the civilising influence of Funkadelic loose on your turntable. 'Knee Deep' is still an import, but it perpetrates such a seductive groove that I couldn't resist including it here. Play them side by side and these records represent the mother of funk and a mutha of funk!

UK SUBS: C.I.D. (Pinnacle). A re-release of The UK Subs' first apocalyptic scream of rage. No? Alright then, how about: gurgle of discontent? Everything you always thought punk stood for reduced to a level even a nine year old could appreciate. This one passes the heavy metal blindfold test.

RICKIE LEE JONES: Danny's All Star Joint (Warner Brothers). Rickie Lee slings her leg over a bar-stool, takes another slug of bourbon, and gives y'all a guided tour of one of those typically insalubrious dives that populate the imagination of our beat-obsessed figures. She's a whole lot closer to Manhattan Transfer than she ever will be to Tom Waits, but for a Judy she sure knows how to pick her sax players.

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ROCKERS TIME

I MUST admit that over the past couple of years it's been hard to work up any real enthusiasm for current Jamaican music — 90% of the records released in JA seem to be cover versions of older hits/rhythms arranged in whatever style the session musicians are playing at the time. Little attempt is made to improve the music itself, none of the producers try anything progressive or constructive anymore, and the general rule-of-thumb seems to be that if you can bang your syn-drum faster and louder than the promoter who ran the last session, you must be doing OK.

Even dub-wise, the engineers who used to find effects on their boards that weren't supposed to be there are now resting on their laurels. The greatest innovators — Sylvan Morris and King Tubby's — look like they don't care anymore, and have sunk to the same standard as their imitators. Surely someone (perhaps Tubby's new protege 'Scientist') will risk mixing in a different style — the untried possibilities have to be explored by someone, if only to bring dub music out of the rut it's now in.

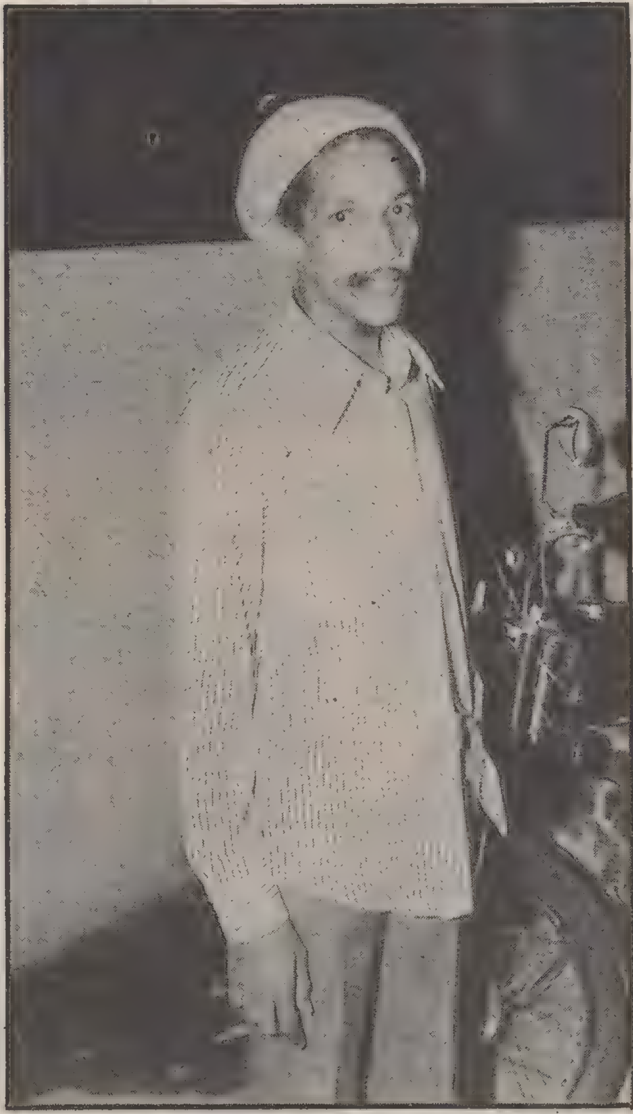
On another level, there's the Studio 1 syndrome. At the moment, Coxsone has the best set of musicians working away in his Brentford Road studios, occasionally creating new music, more usually overdubbing the old classics for immediate release. Only rarely do we hear the new work — the Studio 1 policy is "why release the new rhythms (which everyone else will copy and earn off) when you can over-dub and re-lease the old classics (which everyone copies anyway) at less cost and a higher profit?"

The real shame of the situation is that the punters lap it up — never before have the consumers demanded stagnation so forcefully. On to the reviews . . .

PRE-RELEASE
Hottest pre of the week happens to be from Studio 1, the new one from **Judah Eskender Tafari** (real name Ronald Merril) titled **'Rastafari Tell You'**. Not quite as good as his 'Jah Light' classic but certainly near it, and a long way ahead of other Studio 1 releases in recent weeks. For those who haven't checked them yet, they mainly consist of overdubbed versions of **'Ting A Ling'**, from **The Heptones, Silvertones,** and a new Jazzbo cut. **Pablove Black's 'Chaunting Dread'** is a vastly over-produced version of 'Sweet Talking', if you want a Coxsone instrumental go for the master's **(Jackie Mittoo)** latest, **'Armagidoen Time'** on the new **'Stine Jao'** label.

Best toasting tunes around are **Nigger Kojak's 'Penitentiary'** on his own label and **Welton Irie's 'Bill Fold Wa You Fa'** on **Thrillseekers.** I personally prefer Irie's style, and it's a catchy cut to Barrington Levy's popular 'A Yah We Deh', but the dubs are pleasant enough on both singles. For singing fans, **Rod Taylor's 'If Jah Should Come Now'** is whole-heartedly recommended — the rhythm is nice, and the dub (Belva is only spoilt by the horrid syn-drums, although if you like syn-drums they'll probably make the tune for you). **Sugar Minott's 'Rome'**, on the **Black Roots** label, is another one well worth checking out.

On the vinyl-wasting 12" scene **Dennis Brown** covers his own excellent **'In His Own Way'** for Gussie Clarke on a no-expense-spared production, although Big Youth's toasting section is somewhat unnecessary. I certainly preferred it to **Augustus Pablo's 'Crucial Burial'**, possibly one of the most average records ever made. Everyone else has covered the classic 'Funeral' rhythm, and everyone has heard Pablo do it before (on the atrocious 'Ital Dub' album) so why bother with it again?



Augustus Pablo — old gold, new goo. Pic: Kate Simon.

RELEASED MUSIC
The most entertaining release for me has been **Paul Whiteman's 'I Don't What To Lose You' (Santic)**, a record I failed to pick up when I heard it in '75. At the time it just seemed like 'another Tubby's version', and I left it in the shop in favour of the latest Pablo productions and a couple of Bunny Lee's flyers. Now it's been spliced (not very well) on a 12" 45, and at last I can enjoy the song and the excellent, if rather dated, dub. The other side features a horrible Roman Stewart outing, redeemed by Pablo's 'Columbo' version in the second half.

Still with **Pablo, Dub Vendor** records have a follow-up to Leroy Smart's 'Pride & Ambition', another old but gold Gussie production **'Classical Illusion'**. Those who know it will remember it as Pablo's cut to 'Guiding Star', a duet with the anonymous gypsy violinist that Gussie used so well in those days. The B-side features Pablo again, a rare cut to the 'No No No' rhythm entitled 'Origan Style (Screamin Pablo)' — well worthwhile, and an indispensible addition to anyone's collection.

Horace Andy has two discs out at the moment, the most popular being the Taper Zukie production **'Natty Dread A Weh She Want' (Jet Star)**, the other being the less catchy, but more insistent **'Pure Ranking' (Sufferer's Heights)** a King Tubby's prod, no less. The A-side features an additional dub cut to the rhythm, giving thirteen minutes of music on that side, while on the flip Trevor Ranking does his best with Augustus Pablo's (him again!) '555 Crown St.' dub work-out.

One of reggae's great unknowns **Earl Zero**, is definitely suffering from over-exposure at the moment — apart from his excellent revival of **'Please Officer'** *(". . . you carry more guns than an aircraft carrier . . . in the wink of an eye, their rifles were in my nose . . .")* on Sufferer's Heights, Greensleeves Records have released the Soul Syndicate productions of two of his old classics **'Righteous Works'** and **'City Of The Weak Heart.'** Both are apparently from an LP of Earl Zero's songs and although it's nice to see someone of Zero's class getting some recognition I don't think China's doing him any favours with the music — the whole thing sounds over-produced.

Greensleeves' other new disc, the commercially-titled **'Ethiopian Iration' by Blood Relatives & Idren** does nothing to stop the dub backlash which is sure to come to a head soon. The disco-dub features four cuts of little-known rhythms, all boringly mixed — in all a great disappointment, especially after reading the names of the musicians crammed onto the label in an attempt to sell the record by anything other than the contents of the grooves.

And on to Lover's Rock . . . the best examples of which can be found on the **Inner City** label, **The Investigator's 'Turn Out The Light'**, and on the **K&K** label, **'Princess'** by **The Albions.** This is the sort of music which has given reggae in Britain the shot in the arm it needed, in the same way (and at much the same time) as punk did for white youth. Apart from the obvious best-selling artists such as Louisa Marks, Janet Kay, Matumbi, etc there are dozens of little bands and singers trying to do something to improve the standards of Jamaican-based music in this country, and many of them are succeeding to the point where British Lovers' Rock is outselling the harder, rootsier and more often than not uninteresting Ja product. If you've previously thought of UK-produced reggae as 'un-hip' or whatever, why not try actually listening to some of it — you could be pleasantly surprised.

Sorted by Chris Lane

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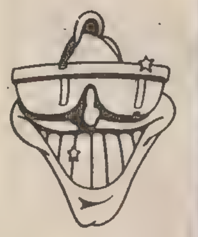
DR. FEELGOOD



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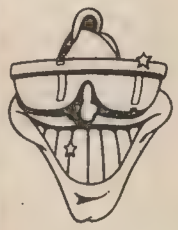

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22	OLYMPIC STADIUM	DUBLIN
23	QUEENS UNIVERSITY	BELFAST
25	APOLLO THEATRE	MANCHESTER
26	TIFFANY'S	EDINBURGH
27	APOLLO CENTRE	GLASGOW
28	CITY HALL	NEWCASTLE
29	CITY HALL	HULL
30	PAVILION PONTRHYDFEDIGIAD	ABERYSTWYTH

DECEMBER		
1	ODEON THEATRE	BIRMINGHAM
2	DE MONTFORT HALL	LEICESTER
3	NEW THEATRE	OXFORD
4	UNIVERSITY	SHEFFIELD
5	UNIVERSITY	BRADFORD
6	UNIVERSITY	SOUTHAMPTON
7	UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA	NORWICH
8	UNIVERSITY	NOTTINGHAM
9	COATHAM BOWL	REDCAR
10	UNIVERSITY	LANCASTER
12	UNIVERSITY OF ESSEX	COLCHESTER
15	PAVILION	WEST RUNTON
16	CIVIC HALL	DUNSTABLE
19	HAMMERSMITH ODEON	LONDON
20	PADDOCKS	CANVEY ISLAND
21	CORN EXCHANGE	CAMBRIDGE
22	WINTER GARDENS	MALVERN

NORMALITY IS BREAKING OUT ALL OVER

. . . and it comes from Boston (normality capital of the world), the city which produced BOSTON (most normal group ever to come from Boston), BOB (Mr Outrageous) EDMANDS meets Tom Scholz, a normal master of mechanical engineering, who struggled against rejection to produce the most normal rock record ever and meet the most abnormal success. NORMALS ONLY READ ON . . .

"I PROBABLY sent some two hundred copies of tapes to about two dozen record companies over a period of seven years," says Tom Scholz, leader of Boston.

"With that many rejections, I decided that my music wouldn't have much of an audience, and if I did ever get to make a record, it wouldn't sell many copies.

In the event, of course, Boston's first album in 1976 went double platinum in the States, selling twice as many copies as any other previous debut. The single from the album, 'More Than A Feeling', was also a big hit round the world.

Equally significantly, it could be argued that Boston established a new style of melodic heavy rock that a whole series of bands adopted, from Foreigner downwards.

Needless to say, many found it easy to assemble the ingredients, but few managed to get the mixture just right in the way that Boston did.

So Tom, what's your advice to young bands faced with record company indifference? Stay confident?

"No, I can't say that you should have confidence. I never did. I was always resigned to failure. The record business is finicky and difficult to get into.

"If you go into it with the idea that you're gonna be a success, that you *know* it's gonna happen — and I've seen many kids with that outlook — then somewhere along the line, when you're 35 or 40, it's gonna dawn with you that you've wasted your whole life.

"You should really take the attitude that you're *not* gonna get a contract. If you do get a contract, the record is *not* gonna sell. If it sells, it's *not* gonna last.

"You should really take a pessimistic view, because then if something does happen, it's really a pleasant surprise."

Pessimism as a working philosophy?

"It has to be. Failure would be so devastating if you took any other attitude."

TOM SCHOLZ is tall, lanky, long-haired and bespectacled. He looks like a cleaned-up Joey Ramone, but presumably he's a lot brighter. Tom's a graduate of MIT, and he's got a Masters Degree in Mechanical Engineering. MIT is the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, America's top academic centre for the sciences. Mechanical Engineering is . . . What's Mechanical Engineering, Tom?

"Nobody seems to know that in Europe," says Tom. "I guess you must call them something else. What would you call someone who designs new cars or cameras or a machine that was gonna make cans?"

I've no idea.

"Well, whatever you call them, mechanical engineers are engineers who design structures and mechanisms, and the training is everything from stress and strain — so you know where it's gonna break — to dynamics — so you know how it's gonna bounce."

Amazing the things you can learn talking to rock stars. Anyway, the point is that Tom did not want to spend the rest of his life considering where things break or how they bounce.

So at weekends, he shut himself in his basement, built a 12 track recorder, and pursued his real ambition of getting out of the laboratory and into the spotlight. Beneath the white coat, the spirit of rock'n'roll was fighting to get out, or at least politely asking to be excused.

FOUR YEARS after Boston got their record contract, Tom and his band were in London on the last leg of their first European tour, and to the surprise of many, they sold out the Rainbow for five consecutive nights.

"I'm surprised," says Tom, "I don't know how we sold so many tickets, because we don't sell that many records here."

What makes it even stranger is that Boston hardly fits in Britain's present mainstream, dominated by younger, less conservative bands.

"It was like that when we first started in the States disco was just coming on and everybody was saying — boy — we'd have a tough time with rock'n'roll. I thought: great. Just as we're getting a deal, there's a big musical move afoot and nobody'll come to the shows.

"But — lo and behold — there were millions of steadfast, traditional rock'n'roll fans. I think the same thing's happened here.

"I'm not very familiar with current English bands, but to my knowledge, there aren't any straightforward rock'n'roll bands doing the sort of thing that we're doing.

"I have a hunch that there's a lot of people who want to see something they can't get over here.

"Anyway, we brought the whole thing over with us — production intact — at a lot of expense. We didn't want to do anything cut-rate."

IN LONDON, Tom stayed at a discreet hotel evidently designed for visiting Americans, close to Marble Arch. The bar snack menu offers club sandwiches, and the sort of prices the British lay on tourists. Coffee and tea are 70p, Guiness 65p and Lowenbrau £1.50.

In the lobby, the only English voices are those of the porter and desk clerk.

Still, Boston are very much into tourism themselves. The singer Bradley Delp says he's taken so many rolls of film in Europe, he's not sure his salary will cover it. I think he's joking.

The bass-player Fran Sheehan says he collects match-books from every hotel he's ever stayed at, and he pins them on a globe at home.

"Maybe one day," he says, "I'll strike one of the matches and set fire to the whole thing."

The man who razed the world.

Meanwhile, when I phone through to Tom's room, a youthful-sounding female says: "This is his mother. I'm sorry, but I don't know where he is at the moment."

Eventually, I meet Tom in the lobby, and he says his mother hasn't had a proper chance to see London before, so he's brought her over.

There can't be many rock stars who take their Mum on tour with them but then Boston don't exactly conform to the hard-living macho stereotype. Tom's voice even tends to suggest the veteran Hollywood star James Stewart playing an elderly professor.

In terms of the sheer scale of their show, though, Boston go in for the sort of excessive spending that will be seen as all too typical of American grossness.

The biggest item in their equipment is the world's biggest transportable pipe organ, to give you that real cathedral sound, makes Keith Emerson seem pretty modest by comparison.

But isn't it a bit strange that the band are touring when they haven't got any new records to promote? The last was their second album, 'Don't Look Back', over a year ago.

"Well", says Tom, "We always do things backwards."

Presumably, though, there's an album in the pipeline?

"No," he says, not very concerned. "I haven't started on it yet. Haven't had time. Finished the last one in August last year and went on the road immediately.

"It's been practicallly non-stop since then. I had six weeks off this summer. My first vacation for five years. I had some ideas, but I didn't do any recording."

What did you do?

"All of the things I didn't do for the past five years, and did very sparingly for the five years before that."

Such as?

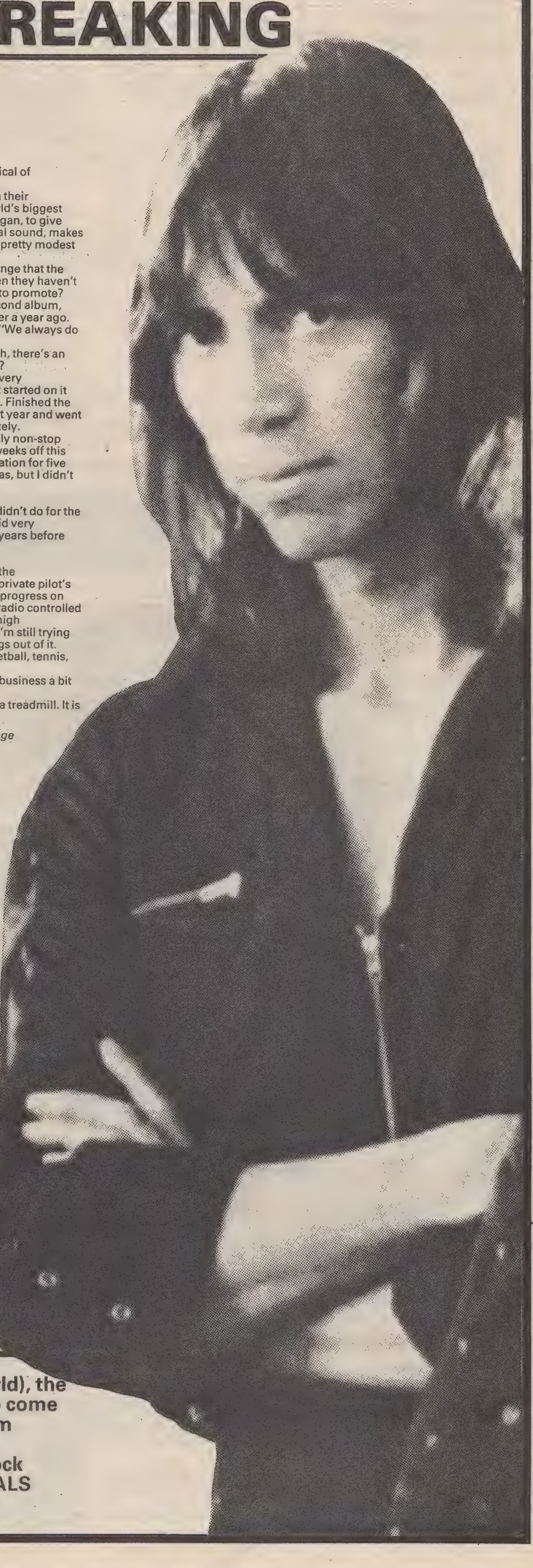
"I finished most of the requirements for my private pilot's licence. I made some progress on the design of my pet radio controlled airplane — it's a real high performance model. I'm still trying to get some of the bugs out of it.

"I also played basketball, tennis, golf, croquet."

You find the music business a bit of a treadmill?

"More than a bit of a treadmill. It is an awful treadmill."

■ *Continued over page*



~~KANSAS~~ ~~CHICAGO~~ ~~SCUNTHORPE~~ *... or whatever they're called*

From previous page

BEFORE I met him, I expected Tom Scholz to be a rather less relaxed character than he turned out to be. His publicity person Jenny Halsall had warned me that he wouldn't want to talk to the press before his London season, and I'd have to talk to the other guys in the band, instead.

In fact, Tom turned out to be very affable and perfectly willing to chatter on for some time, re-arranging his immediate plans to fit the interview in.

There was also the theory that Tom had had enough of Boston. That once he'd had his double-platinum album, he couldn't see much point in carrying on. But this turned out to be far from the truth.

Tom did admit that he didn't actually like the business of recording new songs, and very much preferred touring.

"Touring is a lot of work and a lot of headaches, but it's a lot more fun than hanging out in the basement, doing guitar overdubs."

Surely any kind of writer has to spend a lot of time working alone?

"Yeah, too much, actually. In my case, it amounts to weeks on end, just working from when you get up to when you go to bed. it's very tedious. A very unenjoyable experience."

In the view of some critics, Tom's lack of enjoyment in the studio was perhaps reflected in Boston's second album, recorded under pressure when they were already a huge success. Its reception by reviewers and public alike was far less enthusiastic.

"Frankly," he says, "it wouldn't have mattered what it sold, it would have been tough to follow the first one. In my opinion, that was the best I could do at the time.

"I was happy with the second album. In other countries, it outsold the first one. Not in the States, of course. Nobody in the States is selling anything this year.

"In fact, we sold half as many of the second album as we did of the first, but we still outsold anything else on the label, and there are some real heavies on the label (Epic).

"I don't blame the record. I like some of the songs a little better and I had a little more time to spend on the sound."

FOR MANY bands, a long gap between albums, combined with the reluctance to record of their main writer, would create a state of permanent crisis.

Not so with Boston.

The way Bradley Delp sees it is this: "Basically, you just have to trust that it'll come out right. We've had so much success already, how can you complain about whatever happens next?

"We're really very fortunate that we have someone like Tom whose ideas are so well formed. He really knows exactly what he wants to happen."

Is the rest of the band overshadowed by Tom because he's the main writer and the producer?

"Not really. The rest of the band hasn't really written that much. I've had a couple of tunes on the albums, and I'm happy with that. My problem is that I have difficulty with the arrangements, and I tend to write more acoustic stuff that doesn't fit with the band."

When the first Boston album came out, it was seen very much as Tom Scholz's brainchild, with the rest of the band dismissed as puppets.

Brad Delp thinks that Boston's vigorous commitment to touring has now firmly established them as a live act.

The band may not have been finally gathered together until the first album was complete, but they'd all played together before in various bands.

In Brad's case, he says he's known Tom since the end of the sixties. While Tom was at MIT, Brad was working with technology elsewhere.

"The Hot Watt Incorporated was the name of the factory," he says. "They made heating elements for everything from air-conditioners to coffee machines.

"I did everything there from general gopher work — go for this, go for that — to working on a metal lathe and soldering."

Brad explains that the only reason he worked there was to provide himself with enough money to exist until he got a recording contract.

"At times, I came close to despair. I remember when I was 24, all the bands that seemed to be getting contracts were 19 and 20."

Do you share Tom's view that it's best to be pessimistic?

"I think it's best to be realistic, though at times that's pretty well the same thing."

Brad Delp looks very much the archetypal American rock star. With his Zapata moustache and long bushy hair, he could also be mistaken for a plainclothes infiltrator from the drug squad.

He says his interest in music started when he was 12 and the Beatles first came out. He soon found that Boston was a bad place for a would-be rock star to live.

To succeed, says Brad, a band like J Geils had to go and establish themselves in Detroit before they gained any recognition.

He thinks now, though, that the success of Boston, and the other big act from the city, Aerosmith, have opened things up and allowed relative newcomers like The Cars to get somewhere.

One criticism that's easily directed at Boston is that their music seems calculatedly commercial. Enough rock'n'roll in it to make the over-20s feel they're still youthful, but not too much so they're scared off.

Tom Scholz says, however, that he's never deliberately tried to go for what he thought would be readily popular.

"I realised that was a bad way to go early on. When I first started doing demos, I realised the only thing I could do was to try to write music I enjoyed because it was the only thing I was going to do really good, the only thing I was going to have a feeling for.

"So that's what our music is: all the sounds I like enough not to throw in the waste bin when all the record companies rejected them.

"I don't think that any record I would ever write can come close to selling as much as 'Saturday Night Fever', for example. I'm not writing that type of music. I'm committed to rock'n'roll, and that's bound to have a limited audience."

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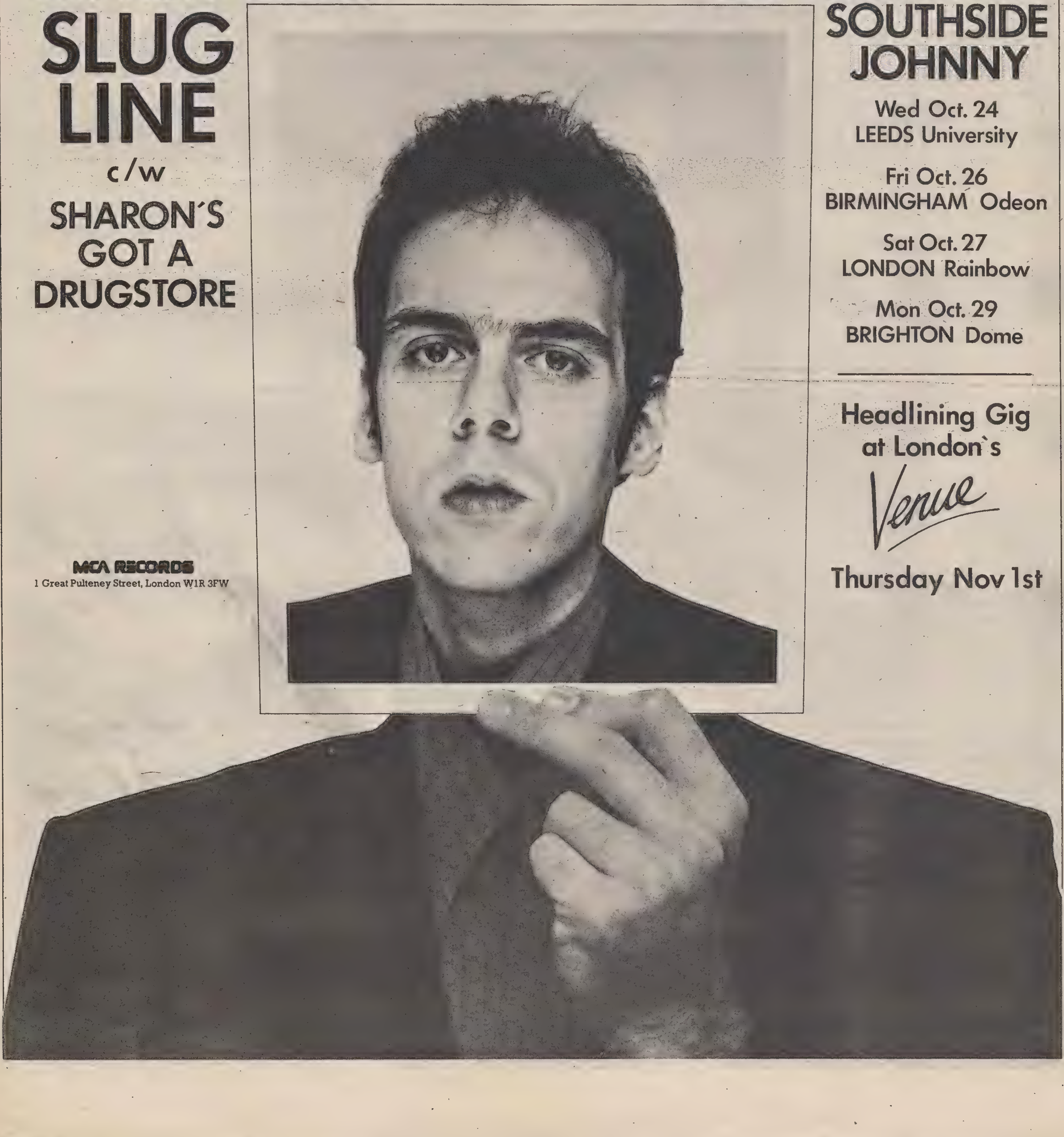

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OCTOBER 27th - WOLVERHAMPTON POLY
OCTOBER 29th - TIFFANYS BLACKPOOL
OCTOBER 30th - READING UNIVERSITY
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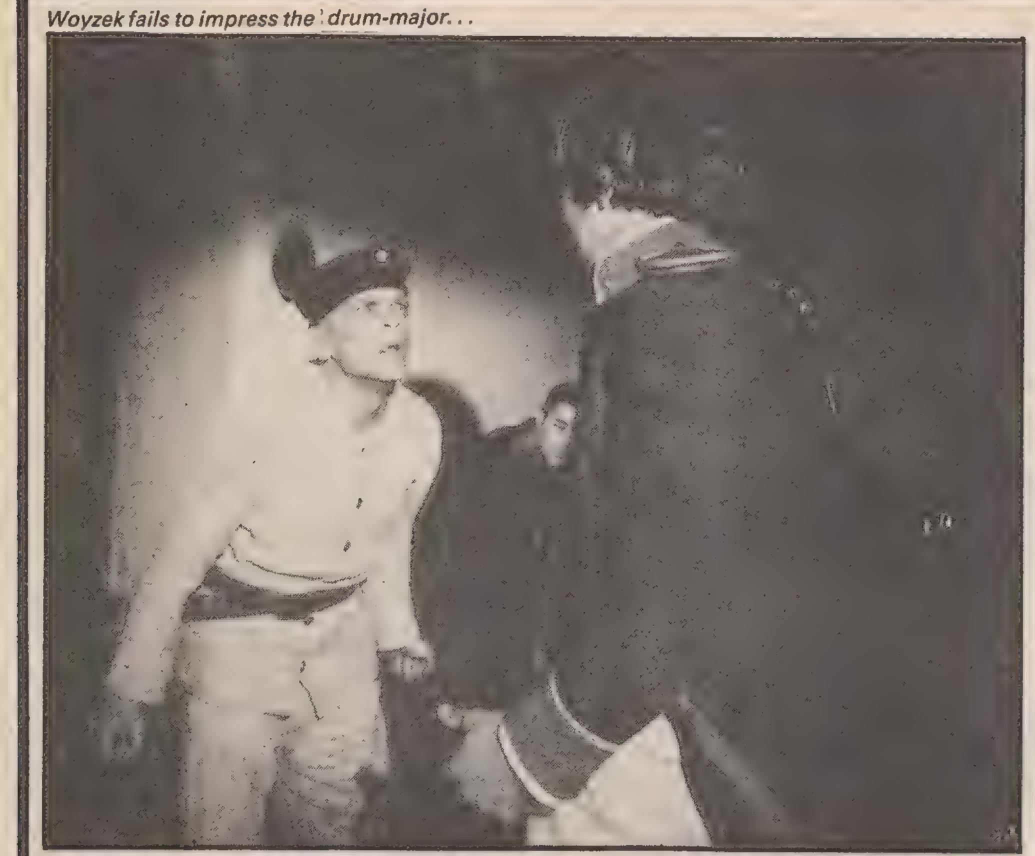
Silver Screen

Woyzek fails to impress the drum-major...



Beneath The Underdog

Woyzeck

Directed by Werner Herzog
Starring Klaus Kinski and Eva Mattes
(Contemporary)

HOWEVER you take or leave it, this is a sad, sobering tale.

A bullied, downtrodden private in a nineteenth century Prussian garrison town, Woyzeck is the latest straggler in Werner Herzog's shuffling column of dissident anti-heroes: another little big man, another fragile human axis on which the world turns and turns again with appalling, insufferable weight.

The film is Herzog's tenth, and one of his most direct. A straightforward adaptation of a fragmentary play by Georg Buchner, it could just as easily have been an original Herzog script; Buchner's gently anarchic sense of the absurd and his quietly despairing fatalism mirror Herzog's uncannily.

A drunken yokel delivering philosophical profundities from a pub table top; a quack doctor putting his patient on a diet of peas and dropping a cat from a window to prove obscure metaphysical points; an officer musing portentously on the passing of time whilst he's being shaved dangerously close by a distracted Woyzeck; a man and his 'astronomical' horse pulling entire sheepskins over the eyes of their audience at a fair: anv of these scenes could have been spliced from almost any of Herzog's previous films.

Similarly the progression from Stroszeck, the young German soldier in *Signs Of Life,* Herzog's debut, who flips out on a wartime Greek island and holds a whole garrison at bay with fireworks, to Woyzeck, who hears 'voices' on the wind and beneath the earth, is easily plotted; Herzog has always rooted for characters who have a certain amount of trouble with what is commonly defined as reality and whose supposed madness may actually be no more than an expression of utter sanity in an insane world.

Klaus Kinski, the megalomanic conquistador of Herzog's *Aguirre* and more recently the melancholy Dracula in his *Nosferatu,* plays Woyzeck with complete commitment. Veins throbbing on his forehead, knuckles cracking, eyes constantly threatening to bulge out of their sockets, Kinski's Woyzeck is a man who seems to have stumbled on some awesome cosmic secret, but who lacks the wherewithal to communicate his discovery and remains baulked; haplessly trapped in the inane routines of military life.

There would be method in Woyzeck's mumbling and more than just a tenuous reason to believe in Marie (Eva Mattes), the prostitute mother of his child, if only he could subdue the rampant chaos inside his head. But he can't, and his turning to violence in a final, desperate attempt to exorcise his own inner demons is inevitable — at which point Herzog slews abruptly into slow motion, only prolonging the agony as he examines Kinski/Woyzeck's pained expression with frightening detachment.

Herzog isn't the disaffected high romantic he's made out to be. Although beautifully depicted, the film's historical setting is irrelevant, the gilt frame around an eternal condition. Too many societies still cramp too many minds and *Woyzeck* could really be anywhere, anytime; that's a small part of its substantial chill.

Angus MacKinnon

Bread And Chocolate

Directed by Franco Brusati
Starring Nino Manfredi, Anna Karina
(CIC)

Bread And Chocolate is a comedy about a social problem — the plight of the immigrant worker. Nino (Manfredi) is a poor Italian trying to make money in rich, indifferent Switzerland. He begins as a waiter, competing for a permanent job with a belligerent Turk but after a little Fawltyesque slapstick — fish flying through the air, customers falling over — he gets the sack.

He's then employed by an unhappy millionaire (who selfishly kills himself on the morning Nino starts work), travels to a factory where a group of fellow countrymen indulge in an orgy of macho sentimentality and ends up with a handful of illegal immigrants who have a job killing poultry. After an extraordinary scene in which they all imitate chickens, then watch spellbound as the owner's children frolic naked in Aryan splendour, Nino dyes his hair blonde and tries to pass as a German. This guise fails when he becomes involved in an Italy versus Germany soccer international being televised in the pub.

Sour Suchard

Several times during the film, Nino tries to leave Switzerland. On each occasion he's greeted by a trainful of Italians strumming guitars and crooning ludicrously about the sun, the sea and how wonderful it is to be in Naples — all of which horrific sight strengthens his resolve to stay.

Finally, though, he gives up — "at least when you lose you get a rest" he tells the one friend he's made in Switzerland, a Greek political exile (Karina). Except, of course, at the last moment he changes his mind again and comes back for more.

Bread And Chocolate is often funny, has a superbly subtle performance from Manfredi and makes several telling points. But its flaws are equally significent. An alarming inconsistency of style and an insistent resort to cheap slapstick make for uneven entertainment. The film's real undoing, though, is Brusati's refusal to address the very political problem he raises.

By restricting the film to the level of a personal struggle — Nino's decision to stay in Switzerland is presented as the victory of individual courage in the face of adversity — Brusati reveals the essentially bourgeois nature of his vision. What kind of victory is it that merely entails further humiliation and exploitation?

The whole premise of the film — a person's struggle for dignity — is undermined by the fact that the only two options Brusati allows Nino both represent a loss of dignity. His situation is actually hopeless; and because he doesn't see this, his humanity is diminished. His determination becomes a delusion. Brusati chooses to overlook that hopelessness and instead concocts a cosy liberal fable about individual fortitude. He uses the ideology of bourgeois aesthetics to 'resolve' a situation which could only change through radical political action.

And that's why *Bread And Chocolate* is so unsatisfying and, ultimately, self-defeating.

Graham Lock

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Why a pop band isn't happy anymore

THE TOURISTS talk about committing suicide. GRAHAM LOCK hopes they will.

LLOYD Beaney, The Tourists' manager, meets me in the foyer of the BBC Television Centre and whispers: "We'll have to smuggle you in. There's a new director doing the show and she's a bit paranoid about having the press around. If anyone asks who you are, say you're from the management company."

It's the work of a few seconds to adopt the authoritative mien of a management executive and, several corridors later, we stroll into Studio Six where The Tourists are recording two songs for this week's *Multi-Coloured Swap Shop.*

Studio Six is middle-sized as TV studios go. Banks of empty chairs slope down to the floor area, cluttered now with three tiny stages, a set of large, illuminated triangular structures and a bevy of cameras weaving and ducking around the central stage, presently occupied by The Tourists. Above, a bewildering array of lights and monitors flicker on and off.

Little happens. The cameras to and fro ceaselessly, perfecting their angles. The group yawn, scratch and squat on the stage, occasionally clicking into action to run through a mime of their last single 'The Loneliest Man In The World'. BBC types in smart casuals wander in and out exchanging greetings.

Two hours and four run-throughs later, the group are still on stage. Everyone is getting a little testy. Dave Stewart, Tourists' lead guitarist, has noticed an error in the last run-through. Ann Lennox had been told to sing into a camera that hadn't been in the right place.

"Can I speak to someone?" Stewart asks hesitantly. The technicians and cameramen bustling around the stage ignore him.

"Can I speak to someone?" he repeats. The director, in the control box at the back of the studio, is totally out of earshot.

Stewart gets the attention of the errant cameraman and explains what had happened.

"Listen son, you play in the group and I'll work the camera," he replies tartly. Stewart shrugs and gives up. The order comes down for a fifth run-through.

The pre-recorded tape begins; a swirling keyboards intro and Lennox's vocals: *"There are no flowers in his house/There are no paintings hung on his wall . . .*

THIS IS a crucial time for the Tourists. Two appearances on *TOTP* failed to push their last single into the Top 30. Now, with a tour just beginning and a new single and a new album just released, they're hoping for some sympathetic press. Instead, they get me.

"There are a lot of things in our songs about truth 'n' reality 'n' suffering 'n' pain."

After the meal, I enquire about the new album 'Reality Effect'. Er, reality effect?

Stewart: "It was my brother who thought of it. He works for the British Film Institute and he was relling me about this term they use in film called 'reality effect'.

"It's like a film might be set in the middle of the desert and all you see on the screen is the reality the producer wants you to see, but behind it are all the cameras and lights and things."

Lennox: "So it's the *effect* of reality."

Stewart: "And that's what we're trying to create in the music, that kind of effect. Rather than a distorted reality, like a glitter-band or a superstar thing. It's meant to be a straight-ahead music."

Ah, I see. but I'm bemused by all this talk of reality. I thought The Tourists were a pleasant, competent but quite, er, ordinary pop group.

Lennox: "Well, it's got that pop feel to it. It's got melody and it's got beat."

Coombes: "I wouldn't say the content was pop-orientated. It's not aimed at grandmothers or aunties in the traditional sense of popular."

Lennox: "Pop's a good medium if you want to communicate something, cos it's so accessible."

Stewart: "I think it's a lot more subtle meself, to use a pop medium to communicate. Not that we sit down and think about it, we just play and it comes out like that."

Gosh, natural genius!

"Cos if you have lyrics that mean something with a lot of clanging noises," he muses, "then not many people will listen to it."

Well, so much for punk. But tell me. Tourists, what exactly is it you're trying to communicate? Coombes, who writes nearly all the lyrics, ponders this.

"Honesty," he concludes. "And to be truthful to yourself and, er, come to terms with things.?

Hmm. Could you perhaps explain this further.

Coombes: "A lot of people have said that my songs are depressing, like Leonard Cohen's, cos the lyrics deal with things like dying and the, er, obviousness of it, that you've gotta die."

Leonard Cohen huh? I'd have placed The Tourists closer to The Records or Tommy James And The Shondells. Even Coombes can't see the Cohen connection.

"I think I'm optimistic rather than pessimistic in the sense that there are a lot of things in the songs about truth 'n' reality 'n' suffering 'n' pain, but I'm not saying commit suicide or anything but, sort of, feel it and, er, do something with it. It's a search, really. Like trying to be truthful."

Oh. Well, which songs actually deal with dying?

Coombes: "There's one song on the new album, 'All Life's Tragedies' which is, er, vaguely about death.

"On most of the songs, it's not so much death, it's more of an abstract reality sort of thing."

Ah. Er, abstract reality?

Coombes: "I couldn't say that a song is about such and such a person or about something I saw somebody do or something I read in the paper. Nothing specific like that. Just a feeling of, er, life jangled all together coming out in a, er, formed but formless type of way. So you just get the feeling that something's being said, but it's very abstract."

There's an awkward silence. Coombes mutters unhappily, "It's hard to explain the abstract."

The rest of the group gallantly rally round.

Stewart: "It's like Peet assimilates all his experiences and then puts them down in a musical form."

Lennox: "There's one song where he's talking about confusion, and it's like an admission that he's confused."

Y-E-E-E-S?

Lennox: "And he says that some days he's happy and other days he isn't."

Whew! I can see we're getting down to the nitty gritty of existence here.

Lennox: "So he isn't saying 'Yeah everything's great,' and he isn't saying, "Everything's absolutely awful'. He's just saying that we live in this reality nowadays and we're all experiencing all these things and, er, most of the time we're confused but it's alright cos we're all in the same plight. More or less."

Well, that's a relief.

Stewart: "It's like, did you listen to that track 'It's Good To Be Back Home Again'? That sounds very poppy, but it's also another honest emotion. Cos it is good to be back home sometimes."

"It definitely is," Coombes mutters disconsolately.

I'm beginning to think we should change the subject, but Lennox has become quite agitated.

"I'm depressed now. I think the press have always misunderstood us."

Stewart: "A lot of people in the music press seem to think what we're doing is just mainstream pop. I think we're a bit too subtle for them."

Yes. That must be it. Now . . .

"We're not about fashion," Lennox continues urgently, "we're not about being a cult, we're just about being human beings on this planet singing songs to people."

Wonderful. Now . . .

Lennox: "And, like, there must be social statements coming out and some of them could be interpreted as political, but they're not necessarily political. There isn't much of a stance in our music."

Coombes hastens to agree. "No, in the songs I've never tried to write in a stance or my personal point of view. I have got personal points of view, but I don't think you should use them in music. There's no point in writing down, I believe in this or you've gotta do that."

Ah, but even that is a personal point of view, I say. The very omission of a stance in your music is itself a stance. But Coombes doesn't seem to understand.

"But I'm only *saying* that cos I'm talking to you," he explains earnestly. "I mean, I've never written a song saying 'I'm *not* gonna tell you what to do.' "

No? Fine. Great. This is the essence of democracy; everyone can have a point of view as long as they keep it to themselves. Let's talk about the tour.

Is this your first tour as headliners, Tourists?

Lennox: "No, we did a low-key tour of all the toilets in the country."

Stewart: "It was a tour of all the clubs. Our roadies called it 'The Grief Tour' cos they kept getting all these tiny staircases which they had to cart the equipment up. And at one place, the floor really was like a toilet."

Jim Toomey, the group's drummer, who's said practically nothing during the interview, concludes thoughtfully "That tour was worth going through, though. It was bad for the stomach but good for the head."

BACK in Studio Six, The Pretenders are on stage waiting for the final take of 'Kid'. The empty chairs are now filled by an audience of pre-pubescent weenies, who have two comperes exuding false bonhomie to entertain them between songs.

The Tourists, now in their stage gear and make-up, have been rejoined by bassist Eddie Chin. Chin somehow forgot to bring his bass to the run-throughs and was dispatched to fetch it while the others were being interviewed.

The Pretenders do their bit and file away. The Tourists get ready for their big moment.

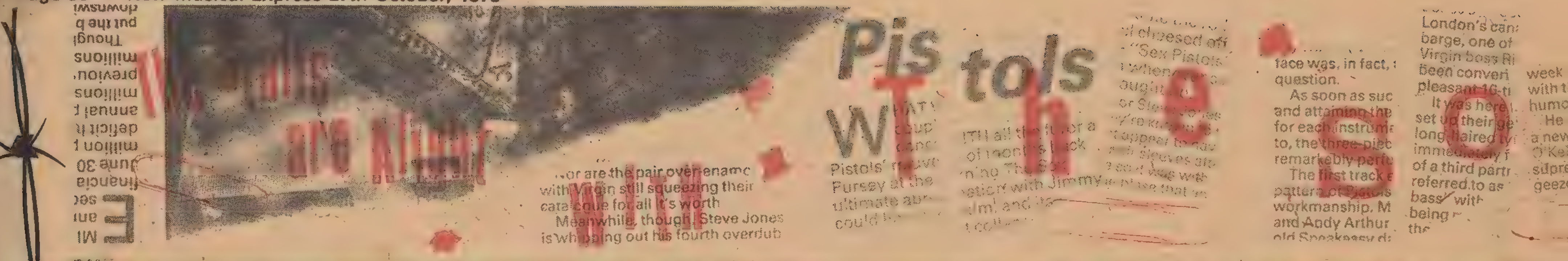
I miss it.

Forgetting I'm supposed to be a management executive, I blow my cover and am escorted off the premises as "unauthorised personnel". As I leave I hear the comperes working on the audience again.

"Is there anything you'd like to ask about the show or Noel Edmonds or about ourselves?" enthuses one.

"Yeah," pipes a voice from the back. " 'ow often d'ya change yer socks?"

Pic George Bodnar.



Remember those fabulous '70s? Once upon a time, before Mod, before Sham 69, even before The Boomtown Rats . . . there were The Sex Pistols. You remember them, don't you? There was Sid, of course, and there was Ronnie Biggs and Steve Jones and Paul Cook and even, somewhere in there, the spindly looming presence of Johnny Rotten.

And who could forget their manager, sneaky snappy sleazy Malcolm McLaren and his enigmatic teammate Vivien Westwood? All those great names from the hallowed past . . . brings a tear to even the most hardened of noses. This is Our Heritage!

And now? Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungen are underground, roasted in the most spectacular flame-out in the history of the rock and roll banner headline: murder/heroin/punk rock'n'roll suicide.

Steve Jones and Paul Cook are on the ligging circuit, arousing themselves from the torpor for occasional bouts of running around in circles or —just for variation — barking up blind alleys. John Lydon has PiL and — in a manner unique to the survivors of the Pistols saga — his own career. Malcolm McLaren is in Paris, minding his own business and plotting yet another cataclysmic assault on the values and vaults of Western consumer capitalism.

Throughout the entire saga, vast amounts of McLaren's cash, creativity, concern and attention was lavished on the production of a Sex Pistols movie. The flick in question went through bewildering changes of title, format, subject matter, style, Inner Meaning and basic concept, passing through the hands of a weird assortment of writers, directors, backers and minders before emerging as *The Great Rock And Roll Swindle,* McLaren's metaphor for the Pistols' career and rock and roll itself.

But is the movie simply the story of the swindle or is it (gulp) the crowning glory and final masterstroke of the swindle itself? The only person who really knows is Julian Temple, the man who wound up holding McLaren's baby.

Now 25 years old, Temple went straight from the National Film School to working with Malcolm McLaren at Glitterbest and ended up directing *The Great Rock 'n'Roll Swindle*.

The movie, due for release before Christmas by GTO Films, takes the form of a fast and furious lesson in how to swindle money from the music business, delivered by Malcolm the Master and his petite sidekick Helen Wellington-Lloyd. Like The Sex Pistols themselves, the film has no taste and rockets along at the speed of sound, at any moment threatening to dissolve into pure anarchy.

It combines concert footage with animation, newsreel with real life, and is guaranteed to raise a laugh and offend.

Julian Temple recently completed work on another film, a short feature entitled *Punk Can Take It* featuring The UK Subs. It's constructed like a wartime documentary, and was to have gone out as a short feature with *Scum* but was considered "too strong".

Temple is one of a number of young people currently working in film who are going to shove a stick of dynamite under the traditional cosy assumptions of the British film business. Anarchy is about to hit the one-and-ninepennys. You have been warned.

When we met, Temple was wearing a very red baggy suit and brothel creepers. We recorded the interview on the top floor of an editing studio in Covent Garden, squatting on cardboard boxes. Through the open window wafted the aroma of the drains below, tempered only by the large pair of white boxer shorts hanging on the sill.

THE GREAT
ROCK ROLL
SWINDLE
LIFE

Right: Julian Temple Pic: Mike Laye

By JOHN MAY

WHEN was the film first proposed?
Malcolm first thought about the film when the group were banned. The idea was if they couldn't be seen playing, that they could be seen in a film. That was probably just after they got thrown off A&M in spring '77. Obviously with 'God Save The Queen' and the kind of global attraction that that whole episode had, he began to think more seriously about it and he approached Russ Meyer in early summer '77 and he went out to Hollywood and talked to him.

Why Russ Meyer?
Well it was just thought that it would be a great idea to have that polar clash between American fascism, or whatever Meyer represents, and The Sex Pistols. Big tits meets Johnny Rotten.

Previous to that though, we had been filming the group. We'd done a little film called *Sex Pstols Number 1* (sic) which was basically the group's appearances on TV including the Grundy show and so on, edited in a certain way, which was shown a couple of times at gigs. So we had a backlog of documentary material on the group that was separate, at that stage, from the idea of doing a feature film.

So Malcolm went out to Hollywood with Meyer and kind of dictated his ideas to a funny guy called Roger Ebert. He wrote *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls*. He was an extraordinary guy who just slaves over a typewriter until a thing is done and stays up all night. Meyer actually pays him with the women that he has. He doesn't pay him money, he offers him Mary Ann and Kitten for the night.

They did the *Who Killed Bambi* script which Malcolm came back to England with and a deal was set up from there. It started off as a low budget thing but — I think it's quite a common thing with Malcolm — he gets very grandiose ideas. Things that start very small escalate into very important things, big crowd scenes constantly being written in. The whole thing went through about seven drafts.

It became bigger and bigger and by the time that shooting was about to start, it was in the region of £800,000. It was getting bigger every day and Malcolm was changing the script very frequently, trying to get new ideas that he had in.

Meyer was increasingly freaked out by the virtual constant changes of a script that he'd basically written with this guy Ebert in Hollywood. There was also a lot of worry about whether the film would ever be completed because of the nature of the band and so investors kept pulling out and others had to be arranged. The whole finance was very precarious.

What was the original concept for *Bambi* that Meyer had?
I think he intended it to be a Russ Meyer film using The Sex Pistols, whereas Malcolm obviously intended it to be a Sex Pistols film using Russ Meyer. So there was a basic conflict from the start. Meyer was very excited by it. He thought it would be the film that would crown his career.

What sort of guy is he?
He's a most extraordinary character. He was a news cameraman in Korea. Really heavily into the whole U.S. Army mythology. Spare weekends when he was in London, he used to fly to the continent to visit U.S. war graves and things like this, and he was always accompanied by his sound man, who was an old Korean War buddy.

He's very Californian as well, a mixture of complete sentiment as well as bizarrely bad taste. His mother is a cripple and every Sunday he wheels her across the road into this topless restaurant to have brunch.

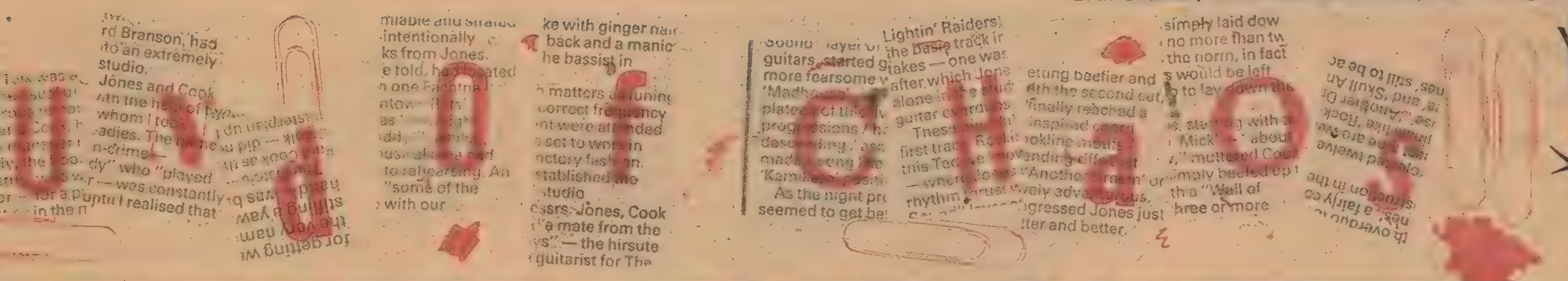
His other big thing is that he was a very famous pin-up photographer and he's always been into that kind of sexploitation number. He calls himself the King of the Nudies and he takes it very seriously that he's actually a pioneer of that whole thing.

He's extraordinary. In London he had his girlfriend Kitten with him. These huge tits. Whenever you saw them together she was just climbing all over him, kissing him all over the place as you were talking to him — and he is about 65, he's very old.

He violently dislikes Rotten because Rotten insulted him all the time. Rotten used to talk to him in words that he didn't understand, like English swear words. It was quite amusing to see Meyer trying to make sense of it.

Meyer took Rotten out to dinner and Rotten was incredibly rude and disgusting over his food. He was trying to alienate him because it was Malcolm's project. By that stage Rotten really didn't get on with Malcolm, so the film was one of the major causes of a rift in the group that led to the break-up.

Rotten felt very, very strongly that the group should play. Initially the group were heavily banned but Malcolm obviously used that as a publicity thing and as a mechanism to make a lot of statements about the group. Rotten as well as Vicious got increasingly frustrated, and they saw this film thing as Malcolm's number that they weren't into at all. As it became clear that they probably *could* play, it also became clear that Malcolm was spending 90 per cent of his time on the film and about 10 per cent



on managing the group. That was the cause of the initial rift.

Rotten was just such a liability — and Meyer got very nervous about working with him because of the total gap of understanding between them. I mean Rotten was planning things like the clothes he'd wear. He wanted to be a hippie. He was buying these big old platform shoes and getting big, flared, flowery bell-bottoms to totally fuck you up because he was supposed to be there as the punk incarnate. So the task of actually making the film would have been very, very difficult.

Where did the *Bambi* idea come from?
It was from Ebert actually. It was going to be called, at various times, *Anarchy In The UK* or *God Save The Queen* but they had this crazy little plot about a pop star killing a deer in a forest, a kind of hunting estate, and it was the craziest kind of Disney thing. He doesn't really want it so he drives off with it and dumps it on a cottage doorstep. A little Hansel and Gretel girl finds it and it's her favourite pet or friend in the forest. At the end of the film this guy, who's a kind of cypher for Mick Jagger or Rod Stewart, is shot; and it turns out that it was the girl who shot him. Everyone thinks it's Johnny Rotten but it turns out that it was her. You see her with a smoking pistol and she goes "That's for Bambi" — which is very obscure.

After that it was kind of developed because it had a lot of notoriety as a name, and a song was written to try and make it into a thing about who was responsible for destroying punk. With Bambi there is a certain kind of innocence and that was used as a metaphor, Bambi being the anarchy of punk kids who are still in touch with being kids before they lose it and before the whole thing got commercialised and ruined. So it took on more than it had initially.

In *Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* we were hoping to use Meyer's footage as a kind of Rosebud-like cypher throughout the whole thing, but we can't use that footage so it's even more enigmatic.

After this huge build-up and a lot of money being spent on sets being built and props being made and units being got together and Meyer being paid, they shot for three days and the thing caved in, with a lot of acrimony between Malcolm and Meyer. By that stage Meyer thought Malcolm was a mad Communist anti-American lunatic and he was demanding more money because the thing looked risky. Meyer was very, very angry when it fell through. Kept referring to Malcolm as Hitler. "Sue Hitler's ass" and all this stuff.

Top: Swindle animators Derek Hayes and Phil Austin. Pic: Peter M. Cook. Above: Sue Catwoman. Pic: John Tiberi.

What did the footage he shot consist of?
Funnily enough, out of all that, it was just the killing of the deer, which Meyer shot himself with a pistol.

They did a lot of tricking them into pretending that it was some animal preservation film, I think. This was in Wales. Meyer was amazing directing this — I wasn't there but I've seen the rushes — and it's like a real military operation. He says, "ACTION!; ACTION! RUN LIKE HELL!!", really screaming it like they're going over the top in the trenches. Apparently they spent three days tracking down this deer until they found the right one, and Meyer shot it himself.

The focus puller was thrown off for being squeamish about the thing. Meyer wouldn't have anyone anti-American on his set.

SO Meyer went back to the States and got a legal case together about being paid. What happened next?
There were attempts to get in a replacement director, a guy called Jonathan Kaplan, who's done a couple of Corman pictures, and he came over with a scriptwriter called Danny O'Patashu and they did what was basically a kind of social-realist type script about punk — which was completely different from the ideas in the *Bambi* thing, which was a sort of mad fantasy, much more like a kind of perverted Disney thing and set in a very unreal Dickensian-type London. Much more exciting really than this thing that was more in tune with the Clash mentality — high-rise blocks and poor kids on the dole and stuff. Johnny Rotten really liked it, so they stood no chance with Malcolm.

They were pretty bizarre. I remember going round and seeing them where they were staying in this flat off Baker Street and the writer guy was incensed. He was going round the flat saying, "Look at this. Look at this. There are flies in the bath". And he opened the fridge and said, "Look at this dust, look at this dust" and it was just things that weren't there, complete hallucinations. He kept wanting Sid Vicious's phone number, we couldn't work out why.

What had happened was that he was a junkie this guy, really strange junkie, and Sid had been taking his money and not delivering and the writer couldn't tell anyone because he'd get fired immediately. So they got the boot in the end, although they tried to come up with other mad ideas to kind of stay in the thing.

We developed one of them, the idea of a town taken over by punks. We were going to do it in Wales on Christmas Day and have The Sex Pistols, who were still supposedly banned, play and invite all these kids from all over the country to turn up and take over and have lots of crews going around filming the occupation of this town. Anyway, that wasn't really viable.

By this stage, the group were getting really near the end of the line. This was just before Christmas, before they went to America. The last attempt to do something was with a guy called Pete Walker, who is an English exploitation film-maker. He was like a poor man's Russ Meyer, English style, who has made hundreds of films, made a lot of money from them as well, really straight from the barrel as a director.

They wrote a script that was a diluted version of *Who Killed Bambi,* only it didn't have any of the guts, called *The Star Is Dead.* It had some interesting little ideas in it but it really was not that strong. But by that stage the band was in America and the problems in the group had come to a head and they broke up.

Malcolm had really wanted them to break up.

So we were left with nothing really at that stage other than this backlog of documentary footage we'd been gathering together.

At what stage had you become involved and on what basis?
I'd become involved a long time before that on the level of just kind of recording the group. I think that's why Malcolm wanted me around really. I was involved a bit on some of the rewrites on *Bambi* as well. But the thing about that whole company (Glitterbest) was that we were all working very much together, people had ideas collectively. It was obviously Malcolm's project but everyone there contributed a lot to what was going on in terms of promotional ideas and general theory about what the group should be doing.

How had you linked up with Malcolm in the first place?
I was trying to do a film on Mods in '76 when I was at the National Film School and I just heard about this band who did a couple of crazy versions of Small Faces songs, and I went to see if they would be any good for this film. That was The Sex Pistols. There was no need to make a film about Mods anymore. I was really fascinated by it and I just started to make a documentary about the punk thing.

At that stage, in '76, I'd worked more with The Clash than the Pistols, but then I went filming on the Anarchy tour and it became very clear that The Sex Pistols were a lot more original and a lot more threatening and interesting than The Clash could ever be. So I spent some time talking to Malcolm and just started working.

I think everybody in that organisation just kind of drifted into it. One week you found that you were doing something and got paid and the next week you got paid again. It was totally chaotic, but everyone there was committed to the politics of the thing because it just did seem a very powerful weapon at the time, the access to the media.

I think Malcolm's greatest achievement really is the manipulation of the media. I don't think he manipulated The Sex Pistols at all, those guys are just themselves. What he did do was manipulate their image and manipulate the way the press received their image. He understood how gullible the press can be and how you can play the press off against each other in a fantastic way. I think that's a very interesting thing he's opened up. It was shock tactics. It was trying to get as much mileage out of shocking people into thinking about certain things; not actually saying what they should think but making them think.

When all these other films fell through I was pushing that we should use the stuff that we had to continue and make the film regardless, do it ourselves.

THEN we went to Brazil, because that was obviously a major event in The Sex Pistols' history. The filming was finished within about ten days but I was actually stuck there, not against my will, but stuck there because there was a scene where they throw the gear in the sea and we'd rented all that equipment. So I had to wait for money to come out to pay for it.

The idea of Brazil, the idea of Biggs, was that he was another media headline. Of course it was a publicity stunt, but the whole thing had been a series of publicity stunts or had been presented as such. It was totally in line with a great part of the group's story, using that link-up with Biggs, because it put in perspective what they'd actually been doing — ripping all that money off record companies, exposing the workings of record companies. It was just fantastic to have a train robber in the Top Ten alongside all these other jerks like Rod Stewart. It was just wonderful

■ *Continues over*

SWINDLE

From previous page

each week reading Ronnie Biggs, John Travolta and stuff — purely people who've inhabited the headlines.

Biggs is actually less impressive than he should be. You go out there expecting to find some big bandit character hanging out, bandana and hairy chest and stuff, but he's actually quite a normal South London guy. He's regressed a bit being out there. It was very strange how well he got on with Steve Jones and Paul. They had exactly the same kind of background, the same kind of humour.

His main purpose in terms of the Sex Pistols story was his role as a media figure. The legend of Ronnie Biggs was all that really mattered. You don't really want to know how he feels in Brazil, that wasn't important to us. What was important was the image of the Great Train Robber and prison escapee singing with the band who'd swindled their way to the top.

BY THIS stage, after the whole American thing, Sid was in a bad way and he was going to Paris and we thought we'd film him. Sid was very difficult there because he was very ill and he had Nancy with him who was very, very difficult to have around. I mean if we went out for a day filming with him, he'd come back in the evening and she'd be lying on the bed with a pool of blood next to her where she'd cut her wrists with a glass. She was in that kind of state. They were fighting all the time and it was very difficult.

One of the main problems was we'd happened to choose as a location for most of the stuff the old Jewish ghetto area of Paris. Sid was wearing his swastika T-shirt and it did provoke really violent reactions from the local inhabitants there. Old women would come up to the cameramen in tears saying, "What are you working with this thing for?" As a result, the camera crews were very strained by this.

Sid was very ill and we had to stash him in a hotel, set up the shot outside the door, drag him out, do the shot, pull him back in, do another set up, drag him out — which is a very difficult way of filming.

The cameramen were very unhappy about doing the whole thing, especially with knives and things like this on the streets. One cameraman said, "I've been in the Congo, I've been in Vietnam, I've been everywhere but I've never had such a problem as Sid Vicious. The Vietnam War was nothing."

Pic: Pennie Smith.

"Dear Marje, I keep getting these dreams that I'm a pop group manager . . ."

AFTER PARIS we had the single ('My Way') and we really started to sit down and try and work out the ideas for the film. Malcolm and I spent a long time locked away, coming out with various different ideas; we had one complete script that got thrown out. We spent the first part of the summer doing that and by August we were ready to film. Well, we weren't really ready but we thought we'd better film or we'd never get it done.

We didn't really have the experience of making a large-scale film and there wasn't much money. Part of the deal with Warners when they signed the band as a recording act was to put up money for the making of a feature film. That money was an interest-free loan. It was a large amount of money, but it was mainly eaten up by the pre-production costs of the Meyer film and paying Meyer and paying off the crew who had been hired. It's a bit murky, the money side of it, because that's what Johnny Rotten's case was about.

The money kept kind of drying up and Malcolm would go out and score more money and we could film a bit more. He certainly raised money from Virgin and from Don Boyd as a finishing cost but mainly the thing that was subsidised by Malcolm's money and the group's money. I'm not really clear. I'm not the person to talk about that really, how the finance was done. It was totally chaotic whatever the situation was . . .

We did a solid block of filming in August/September but then Sid went to America and things were dictated very much by events. By this stage the pressures were really building up on Malcolm with Sid's murder thing, and the ideas kept changing.

Malcolm wanted to change everything. Things that had already been shot, he wanted to try and edit them into something else, and film new stuff based on that premise. He kept ringing up from America with more editing plans. We did a final bit of shooting in January based on the series of changes that had gone on through the autumn. Then the Receivers were called in when Rotten sued Malcolm, the process came to an end and we just edited it — though Malcolm wasn't involved anymore.

ONE OF the things that I thought — because we had so many different types of film like Super-8, video — that it would be nice to be as anarchic as possible in the type of film medium that we used.

The thing that sparked off the animation, although it was partly the idea of diversifying the look of the film as much as possible, was we wanted to get something in about Meyer and the famous incest scene that was one of the big problems on the Meyer film. The obvious way to do that was with a cartoon, to set up a Disney-type situation but with characters like Sid Vicious instead of Snow White. We did do this cartoon which, again, we were not able to use, of Meyer directing Sid and his mother in this incest scene. But from then on we decided to use cartoon to show some of the incidents that the group had been through.

You must at some stage have asserted yourself as director and developed the shape of the film.
Yeah, I did that during the shooting in the summer. Initially Malcolm and myself were working very closely and were very sympathetic in terms of what we were doing but it was a really strange film because it was determined so much by events.

If every film was like that I wouldn't bother doing a film because what you really need is a script that you start off with. It's an anchor and if you want to change it you change it, but you know where the hell you are. We were going through so many fluctuations in what we were doing and what we could do, that it was very difficult to impose a structure on it — other than the idea we had of presenting the thing as a swindle manipulated by a mad mastermind manager. We did settle on that at a certain point and stick with that.

Really I would say I could only assert what I wanted to do with what I had when Malcolm had stopped saying, "Let's do this this week". I mean it was his money, it was his project and, although we had worked very closely together, ultimately his were the decisions.

I think, in a funny way, it does reflect the pace of the history of the group and the anarchic nature of the group in a surprisingly accurate way. I do think it's very much a film about the Sex Pistols attitude — which is a very unique attitude, and one I don't think people have really understood.

I think that it was about a form of cultural terrorism. It was a total attack on show business and the way in which show business and people's leisure time conditions what they think. How people enjoy themselves seems to be more and more important in a political sense.

The Sex Pistols were a definite intervention in that scheme of things. The enemy that it was directed against was initially the record business, but it had to keep changing, once there was a danger of The Sex Pistols being a kind of celebrated cause for *Time Out* liberals. It was important to attack them as well because what the Sex Pistols were about was never being predictable, never being smug.

Other mainstream political acts like Tom Robinson or The Clash have this terrible smugness about their position, that this is black and white and we're on the right side and you're on the wrong side.

I don't think punk rock, in the real meaning of the thing, was anything to do with that. It was being nihilistic in a way, but it was there to shock people into realising certain things about what kids feel and what life is about. I think England is obscene in its stagnant kind of culture; the whole cultural feeling is morbid and incestuous. Punk rock was a great electric shock in the middle of that.

There's been a lot of real criticism from people saying it was just Malcolm selling out and making money and all this kind of thing. But what it was, really, was a move to cut the ground away from the people who were trying to build up The Sex Pistols into some kind of perfect, naive, innocent expression of punk rock. There was a definite change in the liberal media representation of punk from total abhorrence at the beginning, saying, "Oh God, they can't play" until it became very acceptable to like The Sex Pistols and to think Johnny Rotten was a saint amongst men.

The *Rock'n'Roll Swindle* idea was to say that the whole thing was just a swindle and that we conned everybody in the way that any other recording star conned people into buying thier records. The Sex Pistols used that mechanism, but want to point out that that's what it was — which is like exposing the seams of the thing and not worrying whether they're ugly or nasty, 'cause they are, they always are.

So you think that McLaren's real achievement was in manipulating the media?
Well, I think that shows the way ahead really. A sit-in at a college, a demonstration doesn't do that much. A folk singer in a club or The Clash singing about the White Riot only really gets through to a few hundred people in a hall or a few thousand people who read *NME*. If you can get through using the mass media that exists, your message doesn't have to be that explicit. If you can intervene and shock people and make that number of brains think about a certain thing, you're going to get a lot more interesting results than standing up and preaching to a few virtually converted people.

The whole history of the Left since the War has been very much one of telling people that this is right and this is wrong; it hasn't been actually throwing the initiative onto people themselves.

The mass media, which is obviously very carefully controlled, can be infiltrated in the way The Sex Pistols did, in order to make people think.

I THINK kids, because of The Sex Pistols, know a lot more about the structure of the record business than they ever knew before. They know the deals that have been done, the money that's been made, and the power that people have behind that bit of plastic that they're buying, in a way that they never knew before. That has been not by The Sex Pistols preaching. It's been by making kids interested and thinking for themselves. What excited the kids really, more than anything else I think, was the headlines. Each front-page headline was as good as a Number One record, and that's a fact.

Malcolm didn't originally want to be the rock and roll manager acting the ten lessons, but he certainly did get into it and developed it a lot. The idea was to blow out of all proportion the myth of him that had been around in the music press as some kind of manipulator and try and make him boastful and arrogant, claiming that he'd planned it for ages. And that the whole thing was just a con trick on everybody in order for people to try and put The Sex Pistols swindle up against their knowledge of the music business.

The rock and roll business is swindling people every day. Every time someone goes into Virgin Records they're being swindled, as far as I'm concerned.

With this film it seems that the battle The Sex Pistols fought with the recording industry is now just moving to another quarter — to the film industry.
Well, it is part of the same thing, isn't it? They're both spectacles that are used to entrance people usually.

It seems now that the film business is beginning to come under attack in the same way that the record companies were in the '50s. The film business in this country is run by old men with cigars but there's a lot of young directors, actors and so on who want to break through that system, and a lot of new wave bands getting into making films. Do you see any kind of parallel between the two situations?
I think there is a parallel. I don't think it's too watertight though because the main thing in the film business is that the villains of the piece are the distributors and exhibitors and the people who have made vast amounts of money out of the film business, the people who've sold out to America.

The young/old thing I'm not sure about because a lot of these supposedly young people are from the '60s. I certainly couldn't back them against the guys who've been working at Ealing and who've really done some good stuff. It's not quite as simple as Old Wave versus New Wave. There's been a criminal neglect of very able and interesting people who have been unable to work. I think that older way of making films is probably superior to that of the '60s people.

I don't know about new wave bands. I hate films about bands. The reason that I wanted to make a film about The Sex Pistols was that, for me, they weren't just a rock and roll band, they were far more interesting than that. I think music in films is great, but without a really good context for it I don't like it because I think music itself is better than the film version of the music.

Finally, what part of the film do you like most, or comes closest to what you were trying to achieve?
I really like the bit where Sid shoots the audience, especially singing 'My Way'. It's a very good example of The Sex Pistols' attitude. Especially given Sid's character as a kind of social actor, or whatever he was, with the annihilation of that song. To me it is tremendous. All the egotism and the individualism and the hypocrisy involved in that song and the audience lapping it up and getting shot to pieces is just wonderful to me.

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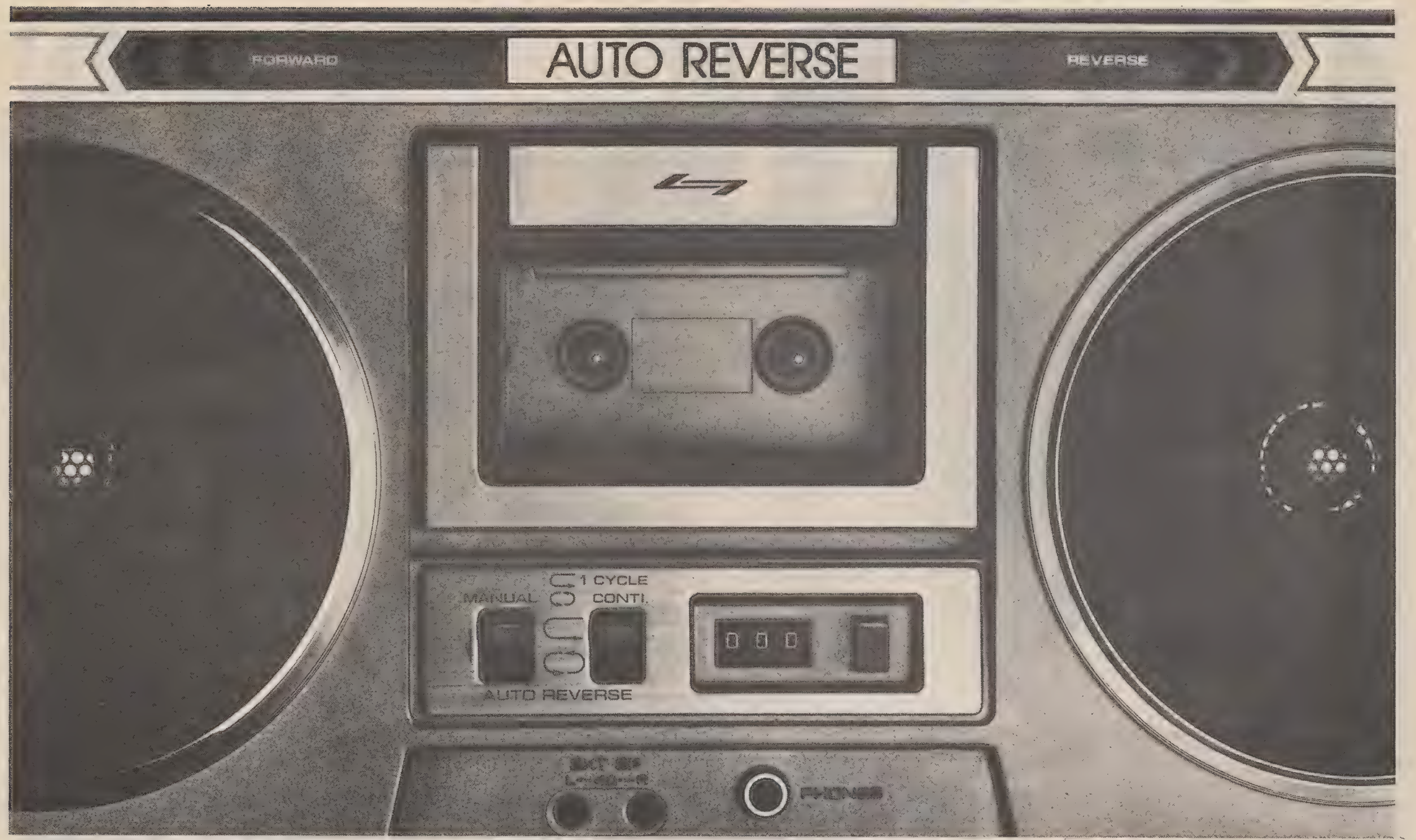

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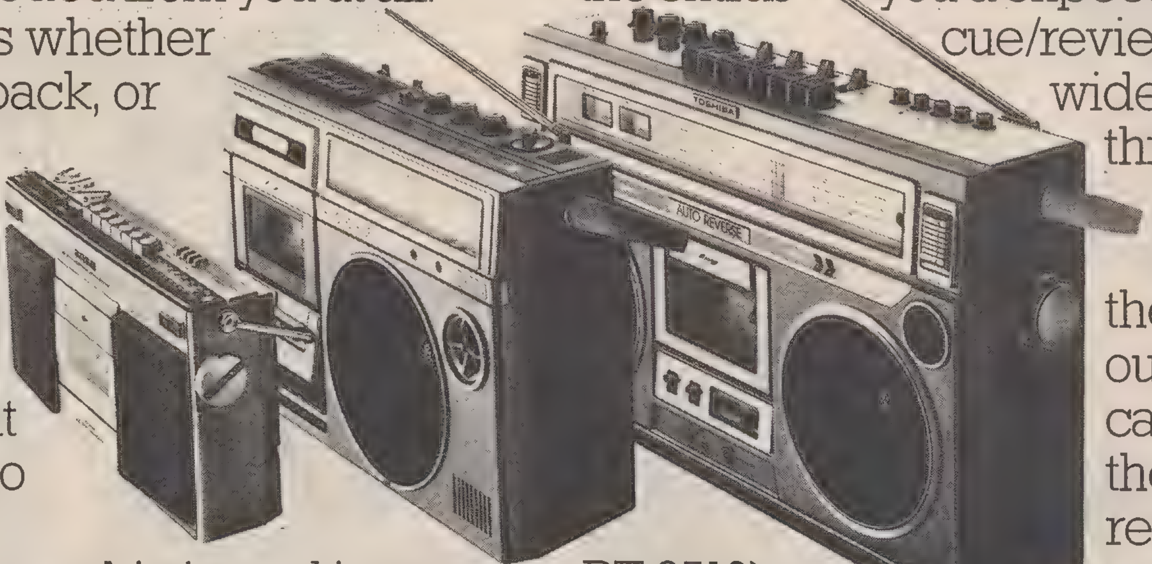

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ALBUMS

The Shoes (l-r John Murphy, Skip Meyer, Jeff Murphy and Gary Klebe): Young boize, young noise . . . Pic by Jill Furmanovsky

Have Shoes, Will Pop

MAX BELL taps a toe to the sound of singles

THE SHOES
Present Tense *(Elektra)*

COME the last dim flicker of '79, when the great rock and roll Ready Reckoner chalks up the odds and predicts the sparring partners whom it deems worthy to sniff the first wispy slipstream of a new decade, the predominant common denominator of the last ten years of grace will undoubtedly be seen as the return of pop, as in popular music.

The fact is, whatever way you turn the beast, it's the pop stuff that people eventually hark back to, and 1979 has seen a revival of the necessary market *and* the desire to satisfy it with something approaching modern (ho hum) perfection. Nearly any band worth its salt wants to be on the radio again and damn nigh all of them are prepared to dilute their message accordingly. The airwave mentality, the sound of singles, is a passport to success for everyone from Elvis Costello to The Knack and back again via The Clash and Cheap Trick.

Now I didn't say it was all good — actually the majority of our new heroes are empty dullards forced into an area of productivity quite alien to their talents. Only a few lone souls have both the *nous* and the ability to turn dreams into listenable plastic, and even then it's never too long before the original fizz and sparkle dissipate.

This is particularly evident in the old US of A. In the land of a thousand dances you gotta have a gimmick to pass muster with the big boys' bucks — either that or sink into a well loved but heavily ignored obscurity.

The Shoes are one group in a million who defy form and call their own shots. Their official debut, 'Black Vinyl Shoes', recorded by four kids in a bedroom, was rightly heralded as a '70s yardstick, a breath of fresh air in a cynical kitchen. When the majors finally woke up to its existence, it was only fitting that Elektra should ink the pact that would take the group from their hometown Zion, Illinois to Babylon, England. Of all the '60s labels Elektra was *the* company to maintain an individual aesthetic. Now it's enjoying a rebirth of sorts, and one hopes that The Shoes will spearhead a revival.

'Present Tense' is a record which defies expectations. Anyone who suspected that The Shoes' opening salvo was an accidental stroke of genius is in for a pleasant surprise. The band have co-opted producer Mike Stone to guide them through the pitfalls of the studio but haven't sacrificed one jot of their unique sound or their ratio of stone melodic brilliance.

Instrumentally this group is several rungs higher than the nearest competition and their basic two guitars, bass and drums line-up ridicules the notion that the formula is redundant. As songwriters the brothers Murphy — Jeff and John — and Gary Klebe have also finally quashed the myth that 1966 was a watershed by crossing the gulf from innocence to worldliness and emerging quite unscathed.

Side one dispenses with some of their back pages, starting on 'Tomorrow Night', the single that brought them to prominence (ha ha) and a useful guideline to Shoes style with its subtle merging of addictive harmonies and disguised power chording. 'Too Late' and 'Hangin' Round With You' have also been sitting in the can for a year or so, but the formula hasn't tarnished. One reason for this happy state of affairs is that every Shoe can sing very prettily indeed, and the effect is akin to having three Robin Zanders on tap to flow seamlessly across a selection of material that equals the highpoints of Lennon and McCartney, early Townshend, and even McGuinn and his Byrds.

The Shoes are equally confident with unashamed romantic ballads (and it's here that some devotees of the band and myself disagree), but they circumnavigate allegations of sloppy wimpiness by virtue of the strength of those melodies and their perfect taste in execution.

'Three Times', a tale of related girl trouble in spades, is the one that polarises believers and dissidents. By the time the song reaches Gary Klebe's section I'm sold. Harpers Bizarre, all is forgiven.

Bassist John Murphy provides the album with its funniest, sexiest hookline in 'Cruel You' and Klebe with its nastiest put-down in 'I Don't Miss You', but it would be churlish to try and give a blow by blow account of who does what best. The Shoes' main attraction lies in them being a mature unit capable of delivering hard core pop with a fine understanding of the vintage while owing absolutely nothing to no one.

As it is, WEA might as well close down the presses and go home for the rest of the year — they don't need to release another record again. Ever.

Max Bell

THE BEATLES
Rarities *(EMI)*

DEPENDS what you call a 'rarity'. Due perhaps to the impending legals that would undoubtedly axe the output of unreleased Beatles material, demos or bootlegs, 'Rarities' turns out to be a slightly inflated pretext. The sole tracks previously unavailable in the UK are the German phrase-book versions of their two monster hit singles (guess which), 'Sie Liebt Dich' and 'Komm, Gib Mir Deine Hand'. Learn the words and be a Eurocrat.

All the same, the album's a tasteful selection, opening with George Martin's original production of 'Across The Universe' for a compilation called 'Nothing's Gonna Change Our World' put out by The World Wildlife Fund. Faster, sparser and with a deluge of harmonies, it comes replete with all the standard hippy embroidery — Granchester Meadows-type wildfowl overdubs and a couple of drippy girl singers, allegedly roped in off the street for the session, who both sound like Mary Hopkin and quite possibly are.

There's also the relatively scarce but uninspired 'Long Tall Sally' EP, which comprises the title track, 'I Call Your Name', 'Slow Down' and 'Matchbox', the latter being an early vocal disaster by Ringo who manages to make the classic line *"If you don't want my peaches, honey, please don't shake my trees"* sound like a paean to market gardening. If you want Beatles' rock 'n' roll, 'Live At The Hollywood Bowl' is raw, twice as rare, *and* you can bust a gut to the boys' on-stage banter.

The rest consists of B-sides — drawing just attention to the Beatles' 'experimental' use of same — some of which improve with age like the definitive barber shop/beat numbers 'Yes It Is' and 'This Boy'. Others don't fare quite so well in retrospect. 'You Know My Name' sounding like sub-'Gorilla' period Bonzos and Harrison's fearful 'Inner Light' coming over like a commercial for biryani.

I'm still holding out for an acetate of Lennon's mid-'50s garage combo The Quarrymen. 'Til then, 'Rarities' makes for a painless way to pass the time.

Mark Ellen

UK
Night After Night
(EG/Polydor)

MIXED from separate live recordings in Tokyo, 'Night By Night' is the latest waxing of three rock musicians of irreproachable sidekick pedigree. Their collective pasts encompass stints with Zappa, Roxy M., Curved Air, Family, and King Crimson, the latter's influence weighing most heavily here.

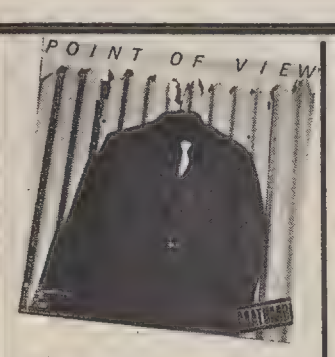
Until shortly before the Jap tour, UK operated as a four-piece group until their guitarist and original drummer fled the camp in a pique of artistic temperament. Which leaves Eddy Jobson (keyboards, electric violin), John Wetton (bass, voice), and newly-recruited Californian Terry Bozzio (drums) to fly the UK banner.

As if to compensate for the truncated line-up, the contribution of the keyboards is overstated to an absurd degree, emitting massive squalls of piped synthetic noise, while the bass lines boom and clatter like an erratic rugby ball in perpetual motion.

Derived from and severely limited to the 'progressive' early '70s aesthetic, this music is old boogie in new clothes: a set of doomy, apocalyptic, mutant HM shout ballads that condemns itself to a pitch of unusual ugliness.

Matumbi: seven men in search of a style.

Parallel points — mixed blessings



MATUMBI
Point of View *(EMI)*

RATHER than attempt to spearhead a British acceptance of reggae in the early '70s, Matumbi sat back and released smooth covers of soul standards and — admittedly pressurised by the strict policy of their label, Trojan — left it to their JA counterparts to stake out a credible market.

Last year's 'Seven Seals' album, along with the eventual freedom of their EMI deal, showed the band defiantly keeping options open; the result was a precariously broad mix of Jahspeak lyrics, sturdy Anglo-reggae and even 'Empire Road', a TV soap-opera soundtrack.

Just to confirm that such width was a deliberate attempt to expand, rather than a meandering search for an easily compartmentalised direction, 'Point Of View' is axed into two clearly separate sections. The first side's labelled "One View"; the second "Another View"; both deserve to be judged in their own context. A side of clear-cut, near-roots reggae gives way to a flip that uses every commercial device imaginable to try and wing Matumbi chartwards, the current rise of the title track single being proof enough that there's people out there prepared to buy it.

Side one consists of variously paced arrangements of the band's testcard: bluesy guitar, occasional but very effective blues harp, a chugging, rocksteady rhythm axis, bone-dry drumming, nudging bass, rich melodies and a sparse horn section filling in the cracks.

The most inspired tracks are re-runs of Jah ideology. Oppression features, thick with biblical reference, in 'Daughter Of Babylon' and then there's the more soulful and endearing archaic 'Black Civilisation'. The rest tackle current social concerns like inflation, unemployment and even air pollution. The escapist 'Come With Me' and 'Bookie To The Bank' are two of several songs seen, almost self-consciously, through the eyes of a defensive British black. You're left feeling that Matumbi ideally want to strike a happy medium between ideology (overbearing) and observation (trite), but never quite hit the right balance.

In the same way, side two, with the exception of the turgid 'Judy McQueen,' states five variations on a single style, this being an unlikely fusion of late '50s shoo-wop-era American pop balladry and smooth soul vocals, all laid over a percussive dub base which also flings wide the door for much studio embroidery — syndrums, synths, treated clavinet, voice-box, the works.

The single cut, 'Point Of View', is a ropey mush of big band brashness — the nearest we're likely to come to a dub-Showaddywaddy — with the more sensitive shoo-wop fusion of the closing track, 'Living In A Dream', which (stranger still) sounds not unlike recent Isley Brothers. The stand-outs are Bovell's 'Ordinary Man', an elegant, poised romance, curiously arranged with a synth as part of the horn section and the album's finest track, Bevin Fagan's 'Boy Oh Boy' — a more delicate, lilting tribute to 'Kaya'-period Wailers you'd be hard pushed to find.

Matumbi make deliberate tracks to refine a reggae pop music, a worthy cause in my book, and one that's all too often inanely dismissed as commercial roots dilution. Despite its sometimes veering the wrong side of safe and superficial, 'Point Of View' proves they're getting closer all the time.

Mark Ellen

20/20
20/20 *(Epic)*

THERE'S a whole pack of these fresh-faced Yankee boys jockeying for chart positions and practising that pop mop shimmy shake that will maybe catapult them to instant stardom. Amongst the up and coming heart throbs are The Beat, The A's, The Shoes and 20/20, decent citizens all with enough budding talent to go around an EP (Shoes excepted).

Like their peers, 20/20 try hard but don't get results often enough. 20/20 music ciphers through Who and McCartney with willing and little panache of its own. It sounds premeditated and sterile, songs without an audience to provide the yardstick. Sure everybody has to start somewhere but 20/20 started three years ago listening hard to Dwight Twilley and his partner Phil Seymour. They cut a fair Bomp single and have enlisted Earle Mankey (ex-Halfnelson and Pop and Dickies producer) to pull it into shape here.

On side one they struggle for an identity and don't find it until it's too late, on the astoundingly entitled 'Tell Me Why (Can't Understand You)'. There is another 'nice' song too called 'Yellow Pills' which is lyrically obtuse but melodically satisfying in a sub-psychedelic fashion. The rest is padding, fraught with old fashioned synthesiser and earnest posing ('The Sky Is Falling 7/79', 'Cheri').

Side two nearly makes their case for them with a breezy romp through the elements called 'Remember The Lightning' and 'She's An Obsession' where Phil Seymour does his modern Shelter person back-up to a tee.

20/20 are not yet stars, don't deserve to be whipping boys, might make the nut in spades some time. This debut is too conditional to demand your attention and just good enough in parts to have you sidling over to the cover and wondering.

Max Bell

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MIKE BATT AND FRIENDS
Tarot Suite *(Epic)*

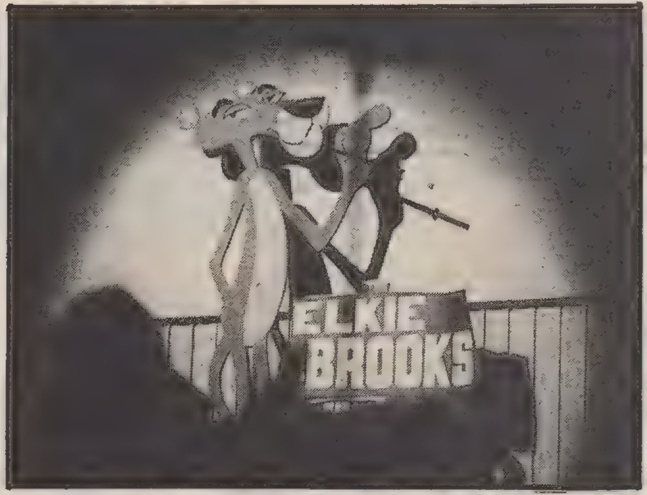
THE Friends include Colin Blunstone, Roger Chapman, Jim Cregan, Rory Gallagher, Chris Spedding, Tony McPhee, B. J. Cole, Mel Collins, Ray Cooper and The London Symphony Orchestra and — yep, you're right! — it's Mike Batt's first excursion into the world of the concept album.

Sometime ago he was responsible for 'Schizophonia', an album that started life as a normal song set but ended as a fifty per cent concept job as Batt changed direction midstream. Not surprisingly it was somewhat flawed — though in toto it proved a well above average release. 'Tarot Suite', on the other hand, has been carefully conceived and has far more cohesion but, despite these attributes, fails to match 'Schizophonia' in terms of general likeability.

Forget the Wombling jokes, Batt is a tremendously talented producer, writer and performer who's been associated with some of the most successful records made by The Groundhogs, Kursaal Flyers, Family and Steeleye Span. But often the media have refused to take his work seriously — which is why on 'Tarot Suite' he tries *too* hard to impress.

Much of the writing and production work is technically brilliant. However, there's too much striving for impact, too much pell-mell percussion and too many symphonic sorties. For once, Batt's work lacks humour and though there are moments of warmth — notably on the tender 'Losing Your Way In The Rain', which comes breathily and splendidly rendered by Colin Blunstone — the listener is often left reeling by the shock waves.

Fred Dellar



Elkie in the pink? *Pic by Gus Stewart*

Bonnie: "Some show, huh?" *Pic by Chalkie Davies*

It's A Person's Life

ELKIE BROOKS
Live And Learn *(A&M)*

I think the word we're all supposed to reach for here is 'classy'. Elkie Brooks' fourth album is as polished and perfectly boring as you'd expect of anything pitched so explicitly at the 'sophisticated' (read dead-) end of the comatose American market.

And I don't care if it was produced by the 'legendary' Leiber and Stoller (who, if we're honest about it, haven't done anything very legendary in years) or that it's made with the Tower of Power crew and other choice LA session men — these very talented people have also helped to make some of the more tedious records of this decade.

In Detroit they churn out automobiles; in California it's imitation soul music. So 'Live And Learn' just sort of funks its way along the same way as a million things before it. Elkie sings it all with the requisite professionalism — whether called upon to be tender or 'earthy' or slinky or whatever.

It's smooth, reassuring stuff; a mild substitute for wilder youth. You might be growing old, or comfortable and rich. But settle back late at nights, turn the lamp-light way down low. And think of Elkie. And pretend . . .

Paul Du Noyer

BONNIE RAITT
The Glow
(Warner Brothers)

WITH the lady's own compositions getting scarcer by the year, a Bonnie Raitt album tends to be only as good as what she borrows to colour her current musical leanings.

This is her seventh album since '72, when 'Give It Up' announced a rough versatility spanning from slide-guitar toting raunch-rock blues to a spine-melting cover of Eric Kaz's 'Love Has No Pride' that clearly dropkicked the Ronstadt version to kingdom come at a time when the latter had supposedly cornered the market.

'The Glow', while still maintaining that same width, steadies the gradual landslide towards smooth Californian taste that's been evident on her last few albums. She's still dipping into the West Coast song reservoir (Jackson Browne, etc), but now digging back to the mid-'50s/early '60s for a supply of bonafide rockers.

With songs kept sparse and suble — played by a select session crew and neatly arranged by Feat's Bill Payne — the raunchier tracks come over thin, static and too consciously controlled. Hayes/Porter's 'I Thank You' just hasn't the weight to get across, Bobby Troup's 'The Boy Can't Help It' (remember the '60s 'female' version?) is stilted, and the few glimpses of Bonnie's slide playing on her only original cut 'Standin' By The Same Old Love' show no signs of the original true grit.

By the same token, a tight, low-key, ordered backline makes a suitably rich and emotive setting for the kind of smouldering soul ballads that seem to creep into the Raitt repertoire in ever larger numbers. The immensely powerful '(Goin') Wild For You Baby' closes the second side, hung around cold, distant synthesiser chords, and 'The Glow' concludes the first, spreading a gorgeous vocal line over a lazy, sagging string bass and stealthy banks of piano threaded with a shifting jazz drum undercurrent.

This being the title track, the album being produced by Peter Asher, and an almost seductive late-night snap adorning its back cover, we could be twigging a change of direction here. Few others have the sheer class to get away with it.

Mark Ellen

LEO SAYER
Here *(Chrysalis)*

EVEN if his face were to break out in crimson swastikas and he did old Sex Pistol covers, Leo would always be loved by the nation's mums. You see, he's got that indigenous British trait that Dame Edna identified as . . . niceness. That's the word; Leo Sayer's new LP has got *niceness.*

But what it hasn't got is the instant jingle appeal of his earlier work. Instead, it reveals, if none too convincingly, Sayer's more sober side. As they run, the ten ballads fulfil their purpose by passing quality control without raising any questions. Side one co-opts the better songs, notably 'The End', Sayer's answer to 'Won't Get Fooled Again', in which he is at his howling best. 'Lost Control' is scatty and ambiguous, like Mantovani playing Springsteen. 'An Englishman In The USA' has Leo stuck inside of Vegas with the Shoreham-by-Sea blues again.

Sayer is in the driver's seat, all is tickety-boo. His voice, as ever, is lovely and the session boys, who are rocky and modern, behave impeccably throughout.

Whatever mood or emotion his songs require, Sayer cannot help but sound melodramatic and detached. I suppose 'Here' is where Sayer wants to be: neither up nor down, left nor right, good nor bad, it teeters painlessly through a surface zone of entropic oblivion. The penalty of being nice.

Rick Joseph

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Motorhead at play. *Pic by Paul Cox.*

Leather Report

MOTORHEAD
Bomber *(Bronze)*

LIKE a death-throe dinosaur, blind with pain and rage; thrashing, crashing headlong on to tangled death in the primeval swamp. A roar and a din to curdle the very blood.

Cut to scene two. A suburban bedroom, youth slumped up against stereo. Expression glazed, twitch and gibber, dribble of blood from ears. Clutches fossil in one hand, 'Bomber' sleeve in other. A roar and a din ...

Or a blasted rock-quarry crumbling, a war-rubbled Berlin bunker, or Culture's monument demolished, roughly dynamited. Or whatever you want, so long as it's desperate, demonic, heroically desolate, deafening. More than anything, deafening.

Aural assault, this is, relentless and unlovely; play it at the right volume and the neighbours won't bang on the walls, they'll pack up and evacuate. It's a pitiless music, and if you won't surrender to its brutal charms then it might just chew you up and spit you aside.

I mean, give us a break; it's really difficult to evaluate albums like 'Bomber' — reasoning seems futile, let along analysis. Motorhead are the way they are because that's the way they are. Nobody stopped to ask King Kong if he was the product of a broken home.

You've surely made some acquaintance with the noise we know as Motorhead by now; if so then the present record will not disappoint your expectations one way or the other. If you've never experienced Lemmy & Co (and, let me whisper, ignorance often is bliss), then the above might give some kind of guide.

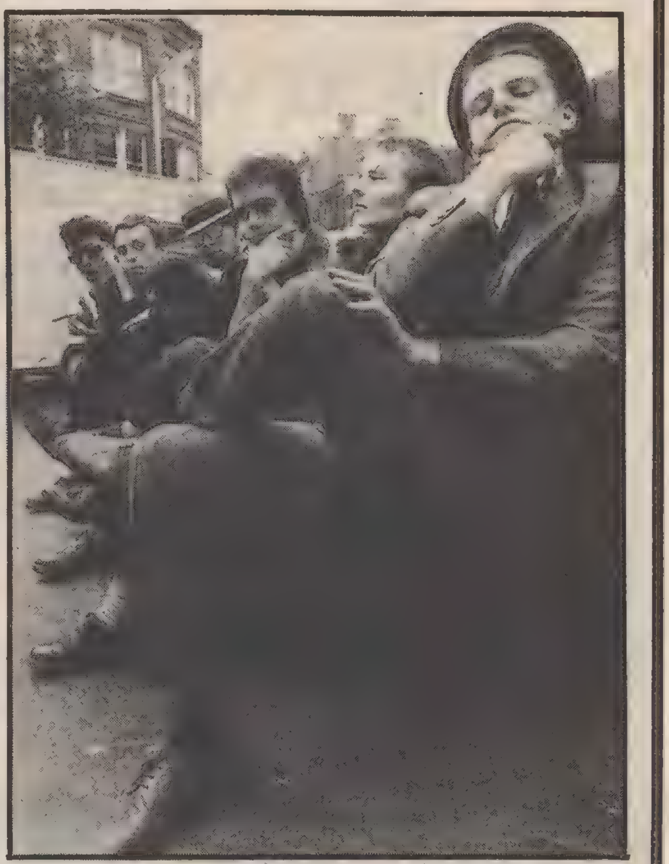
So what constructive comments might be offered of 'Bomber'? That 'Dead Men Tell No Tales' veers towards the cliched, or that Philthy Animal Taylor's drumming lacks a little sensitivity? That 'Lawman' and 'Sharpshooter' sacrifice subtlety for directness, resulting in a certain crudity? Well, we could say all that and more, but there isn't much point.

As total gross-out over-the-top HM power-trios go, Motorhead go further than anybody. Where others are just unpleasant, this lot are unbearable. They know what they're about, and they do their worst to prove it. So I leave Motorhead alone and hope they'll repay the favour. I'm even happy to see them do well: I just don't want to be in the vicinity while they're doing it.

I'll be happy if I never hear 'Bomber' again; in fact I'll be very pleased. There's a nice design around Bronze record labels; it shows an ape evolving into a walking man. Play a copy long enough and I swear it, the little man turns backwards and retraces his steps, back to prehistory. Maybe he'll meet that dinosaur.

Paul Du Noyer

Madness at rest. *Pic by Kerstun Rodgers.*



Blue Feat

MADNESS
One Step Beyond *(Stiff)*

HOT on the tail of fellow ska men The Specials, Madness release their debut album and prove that they have a style and distinctiveness of their own.

Like The Specials, Madness had a lot to live up to. With a reputation as one of the liveliest, craziest live acts around, playing infectious dance music "to the heat and the beat", compered by cartoon character/funny man Chas Smith, who introduces, demonstrates and entertains with his lightning footwork and cheerleader vocals, they had to prove that such spontaneous and natural communication could successfully be transferred onto inflexible, permanent vinyl.

But from Chas's familiar intro, "Hey you! Don't watch that, watch this . . ." and the surge of jostling saxophones, keyboards, guitars and percussion, you know that everything is going to be alright — because that is, and this is, "the nutty sound", defying you to resist its magnetic, charismatic beat.

Their most compulsive live numbers are also the most compulsive on record: 'Land Of Hope And Glory' with all its genial Bank holiday-in-the-pub feel, the alternative dance instrumental 'Swan Lake', their cap-doffing single to names and inspirer 'The Prince' (Buster), and 'Rockin' in A' with its sharp kid growing up, youth club, discos, birds, bikes and bands, cramming all the fun into one moment until it sounds about to burst with exhilaration and energy.

The songs are short, sharp and snappy, seven tracks a side with slower numbers such as 'My Girl', 'Believe Me' and 'In The Middle Of The Night' offering breathers as Suggs (Graham McPherson) tells asuming local tales with chirpy, colloquial humour.

Here Madness sound like any good singalong pub band, but the tugging chords and sawing rhythms still nudge insistently, tickling the feet and bluntly demanding to be accommodated. There is a warm, easy familiarity about Madness, and none of the underlying cynicism of social comment of The Specials.

And the audience are just as much part of the album as the live show, their photographs, requested by the band, making a collage on the album's inner sleeve fronted by Madness's chosen four, gap-toothed, cloth-capped 'Prince Nutty' punter. Here is proof of the numbers and the varieties attracted — and affected — by Madness.

Prototype Madman Chas (backing vocals, assorted snouts and fancy footwork) does his best, as he does onstage, to disrupt any attempts at organisation, and fulfils that last contractual obligation on the back of the album cover, where he dances a series of snapshot pix of a ska Fred Astaire in action, clearly demonstrating each major dance movement, and its all important facial expression.

Essentially live, essentially active, Madness go "one Step Beyond . . ." and bring you the first audio-visual aid to ska.

Deanne Pearson

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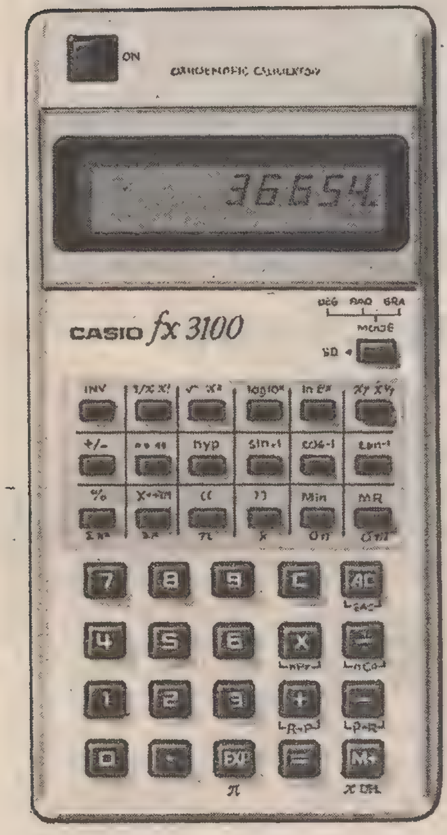

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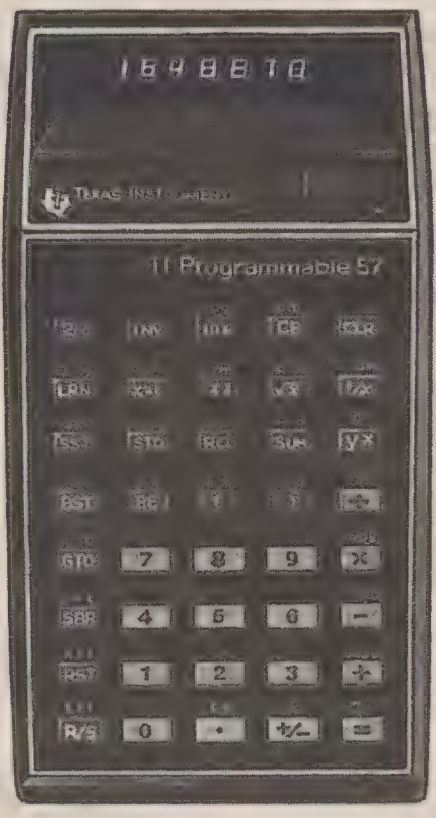

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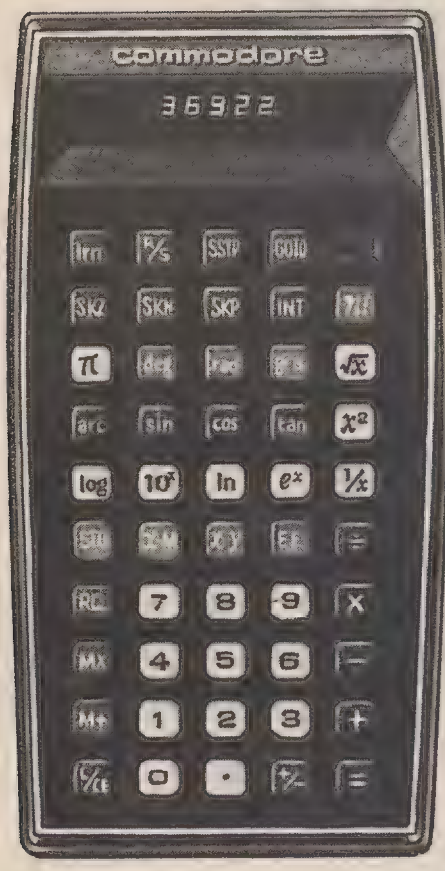

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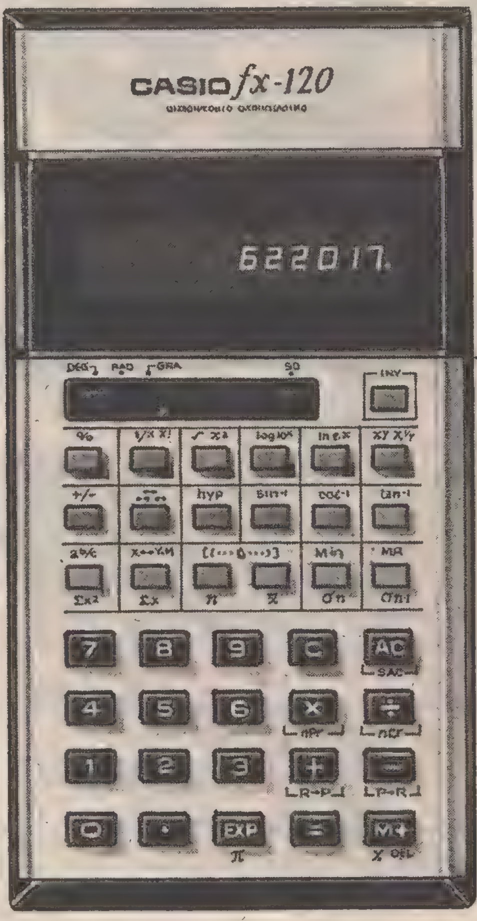

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WELCOME

EJ: A single man and his single car. *Pic by Joe Stevens.*

Disco = No go

ELTON JOHN
Victim Of Love *(Rocket)*

ELTON John's disco album doesn't work. Elt attempts but fails to mate his familiar warm, rolling angles with Pete Bellote's frogmarching backbeat strictness.

He doesn't seem to have been comfortable with a chorus since his split with Bernie Taupin; these days, they're all so urgent and clipped that they rarely amount to much more than a football chant tacked onto heated attempts to breathe life into directionless verses. Maybe his confidence is a little edgy. Maybe he feels that the ballad days are over. Whatever, in wishing to remain Elton John in a world of Billy Joels he's losing sight of what he excels at.

This LP never recovers from the ten minute plus 'Johnny B Goode' that opens it. Delivered deadpan and rocky, 'JBG' soon sinks below the waves. Elsewhere overall polish and Bellote's excellent drum sound can't paint over the cracks in empty melodies: flaws which are emphasised all the more when you member that this is Elton John's voice and as such should be paced and warm not 'boogying' through anagrams of 'The Bitch Is Back' like so many Dan Hartmans.

I suppose that Bellote's backdrop passes on its own, ditto John's personality and passion, but together they wind on increasingly desperately. Hey, Reg, relax. You don't need to sound like the guest on your own albums.

Danny Baker

CITY BOY
The Day The Earth Caught Fire *(Phonogram)*

HOLY Tornado, City Boy reckon it's Armageddon! Stop the world, they wanna get off.

It's all so logical mind you. Remember — this troupe were writing concept albums when everyone else was sniffin' glue, flaunting technique when no-one else could even tune up, and warbling their when the rest of the populance couldn't give two monkey's for anything but the sonic boom.

Yes, it's logical that City Boy have just spent God knows how much time and money sunning it in Nassau — along with the king of 'Big Sound', 'Mutt' Lange — to issue forth the fifth in a series of timeless, dissipated records. Over-produced to swell its sumptuous contents, the result is a humourless and bombastic ode to the dawning of The Apolalypse, shaken not stirred for the air channels of the visionless affluent. I don't mind admitting that I like some of their ideas. I like the way they expand their songs into objective dramas split between different characters; I like some of their arrangements — especially the outmoded 'Eleanor Rigby' strings; and here I like the way they punctuate the words with banner headlines, just like those tabloids that come spinning out of the frames of silent films.

But as a album, it's doomed. The 'Concept' — it opens and closes with the pips of the speaking clock — would have us believe that their love affairs are the pits, that ambition tends towards suicide, and that it's too late to start packing as Planet Earth is but seconds from self-destruction. I'd blame it on the Conservatives myself.

Mark Ellen

IMPORTS

RUPERT Holmes doesn't merely write songs, he creates whole movie plots. Then, after setting them to music, he condenses each epic into a three or four minute spot on a record album. I first latched on to his way of things back in '74, when he emerged with 'Widescreen', a mini-night at the NFT that included such creations as 'Soap Opera', 'Phantom Of The Opera' and the marvellous 'Second Saxophone'. 'Rupert Holmes', which followed some months later, included 'Brass Knuckles' a superb paean to Philip Marlowe and similar gumshoes, and confirmed Holmes' position as the Scorsese of sound.

However, neither record climbed dramatically on the sales graph, so Holmes, pausing briefly to produce an album with Babs Streisand, headed off in what he considered to be a more profitable direction, cutting 'Singles' and 'Pursuit Of Happiness', both ultimately forgettable offerings. Happily 'Partners in Crime' (Infinity) the super-cool Holmes' latest release, is a return to former glories, a blockbuster that deserves to have the queue for the stalls forming immediately.

The title track, which is freeze-framed over a riff borrowed from James Brown, looks at various love-hate relationships through Holmes' camera lens, while 'Lunch Hour', which deals with the 60 minute sex and a sandwich syndrome, also gets the cinematic treatment, Holmes revealing that *"He takes a drive everyday, from Brooklyn to JKF/Because he meets a flight from Montreal/And every day he'll wait outside Air Canada's gate/Cause she's a stewardess who's connecting with St Paul"* as he sets up yet another storyline.

'Him', probably the most single-minded cut on the album, harks back to the subject of infidelity; 'Answering Machine' relates to the problems of romance in this automated world; 'Nearsighted' is pure Woody Allen and lists the benefits of having less than 20/20 vision — *"I don't judge a friend or lover by the first or second look/Nor a book by the cover — hell, I can't even see the book!"* . . . but why should I spoil the end of the picture for you? Go see it for yourself on your own pair of cans. And don't forget to grab the orange-drink and popcorn as you turn the record over.

Fred Dellar

BRAKES
For why you kicka my donkey?

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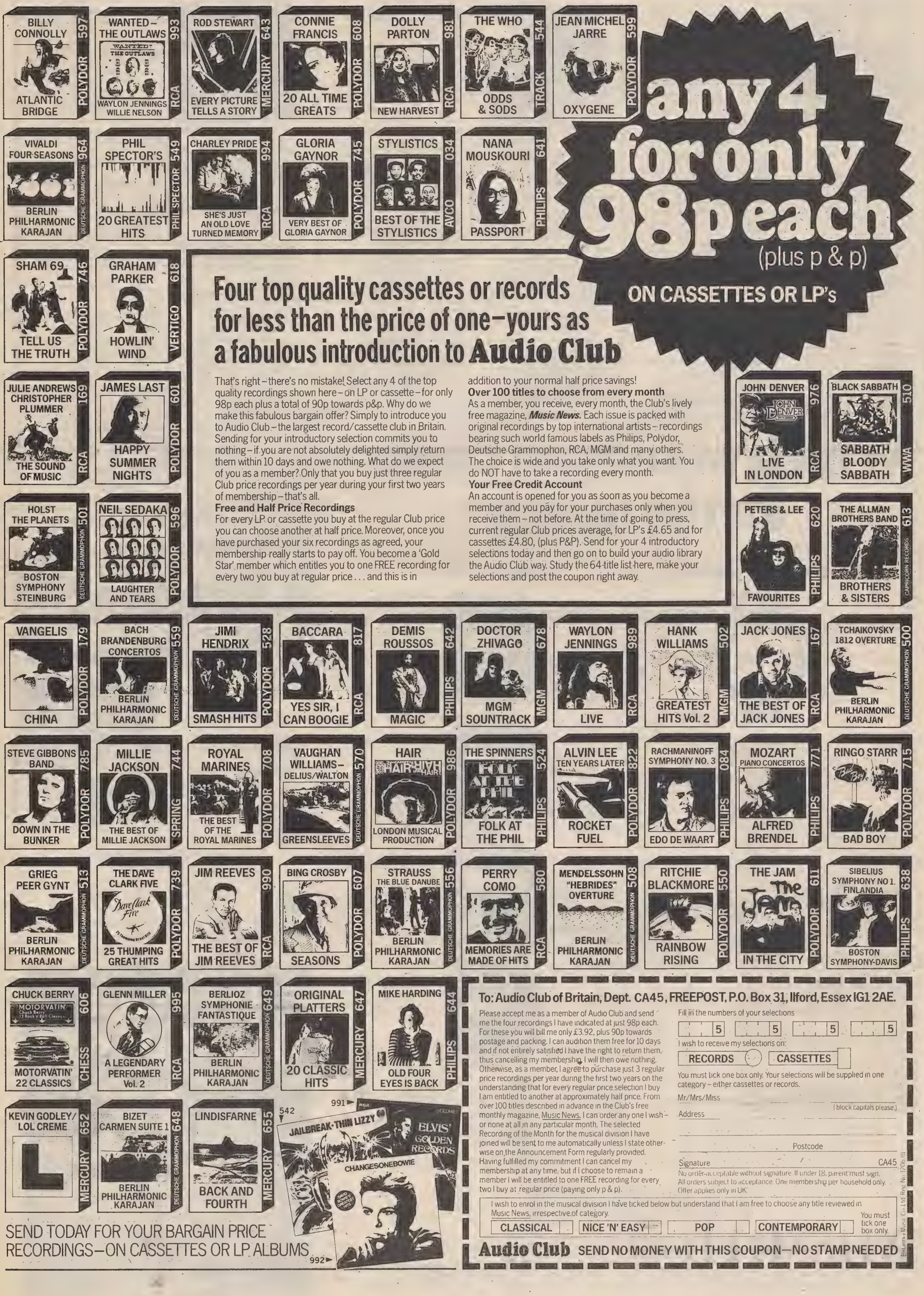
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THE CARPETTES
FRUSTRATION PARADISE

THE CARPETTES
Frustration Paradise
(Beggars Banquet)

THERE can't be many more competitive markets than the one for saw-toothed three-piece pop/rock outfits. Especially those angling for a hit single in the Lowe/Yachts/Jam waters. The disastrously named Carpettes (all male) — the latest signing to the fast-reviving Beggars Banquet — aren't making life over-easy for themselves, but as this courageous debut readily attests, they're certainly strong contenders.

It's based around the kind of uninspiring teenage emotional dilemnas heralded by its title — which suggests that, as their only hope of being salvaged from a life-sentence of duff support gigs is by charting into *TOTP*-land, the search for the lost hook must take priority.

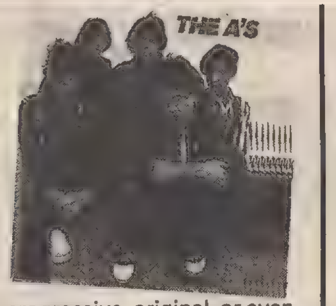
The production's a treat, bringing a vivid, ringing tone to a very standardised frame, keeping the instruments separate and well-defined, and offloading a little authority onto a string of songs that still don't pack much of a punch on stage.

Guitarist Neil Thompson takes most of the songwriting credit, leaning heavy on his pure pop sensibility and getting just about every available variation on four major chords. He's got a studied grasp of all the 'right' commercial ingredients, which compensates for his lifeless vocals — as do his welcome and unusually lengthy guitar solos. Apart from a truly gruesome shot at the compulsory white reggae number, 'ABC', his songs are strong, sharp and surprisingly individual.

George Maddison (bass) and drummer Tim Wilder contribute the album's two standouts - 'Johnny Won't Hurt You', which unless I'm much mistaken is a cautionary offering to Rotten, and 'Indo-China', whose machine-gun percussion and frantic Burnel bassline manage to divert from its ropey political content.

I'm not saying the band's progressive, original, or even worthy of much attention, but they might just strike a seam of 45s. On their own ground, you could say, The Carpettes take a lot of beating.

Mark Ellen



THE A's
The A's *(Arista)*

THIS is one of those frantic and obscurely aggressive pop records; it chases around after its own tail. It's full of instant sound and fury and it signifies nothing. The A's spit through clenched teeth, but only over what they hope are cute dance tunes. I can't see any point in the A's at all.

Five boys from Philadelphia, in five black leather jackets, the A's might be what now passes for 'New Wave', especially in America, just as even the horrendous Knack are supposed to be. But I can't see anything terribly radical or challenging in what sounds like the Boomtown Rats playing the drearier non-hits of The New York Dolls.

They trade in quick bursts of bitterness, anguish or satire that leave you none the wiser and wondering if their hearts are really in it anyway. It's all fast and lively stuff, I suppose, but any edge the music's has owes more to desperate ambition than to genuine excitement.

What's worse, the hooks don't even hook.

Paul Du Noyer

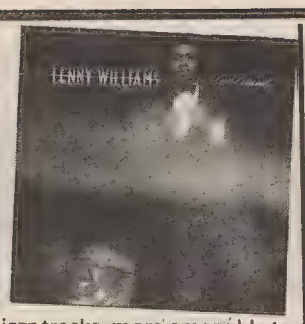
STANLEY CLARKE
I Wanna Play For You
(Epic)

STANLEY Clarke displays his technique and his eclecticism to little good effect writing a double album of live and studio tracks, new songs and old hits, ranging across jazz-rock, funk, pop and simple flash. A few tracks approach the pleasant but even the host of guest appearances — Jeff Beck, George Duke, Stan Getz, Freddie Hubbard, Lee Ritenour — fails to lend weight to the project.

Clarke's bass dominates to an extent that makes the instrument's limitations painfully obvious. Even the jazz tracks, more amenable to a heavy bass presence, are disappointing because Clarke's slickness far surpasses his emotional depth. His 'Blues For Mingus' is distressingly trivial.

Clarke may have been a good New Barbarian but here he's just another old crossover hack.

Graham Lock



LENNY WILLIAMS
Love Current *(MCA)*

THEY'RE all doing it — from Oldfield to Macca to Mayall, so there's no earthly reason why Lennie Williams shouldn't go disco too.

In fact disco is no great departure from the crisp funk/rock stomping-grounds of Williams' former troupe, the Oakland-based Tower of Power. With 'Love Current' Lenny's trying to convey the importance of the emotional ripples that disrupt one's life as a well-kyled West Coast session crooner. The back cover seems to bear this testimony — Len, underwater, frozen in mock surprise as a female hand makes his clothing feel more comfortable.

When it ain't disco, it's sharp, sansitized, satisfying funk — sizzling hi-hats, thumb-thwackin' bass, tricksy little congas slaps and brazen horns. On occasions, there's such a surfeit of syndrums yo yoing round the mix it's like a soundtrack for a jungle documentary. But, when it ain't funk, there's a fair smattering of soul-tinged, smouldering balladry that gives the album the same kind of variety as the average Gladys Knight sampler.

If you like shaking your bad self, 'Love Current' should help kick-start the legs.

Mark Ellen

SCREAMS
Screams *(Infinity)*

I fear we are soon to be inundated with hype about American 'new wave' pop groups. The Knack (yuk) we've already suffered, The Pop (ugh) are coming and Screams (aargh) are here.

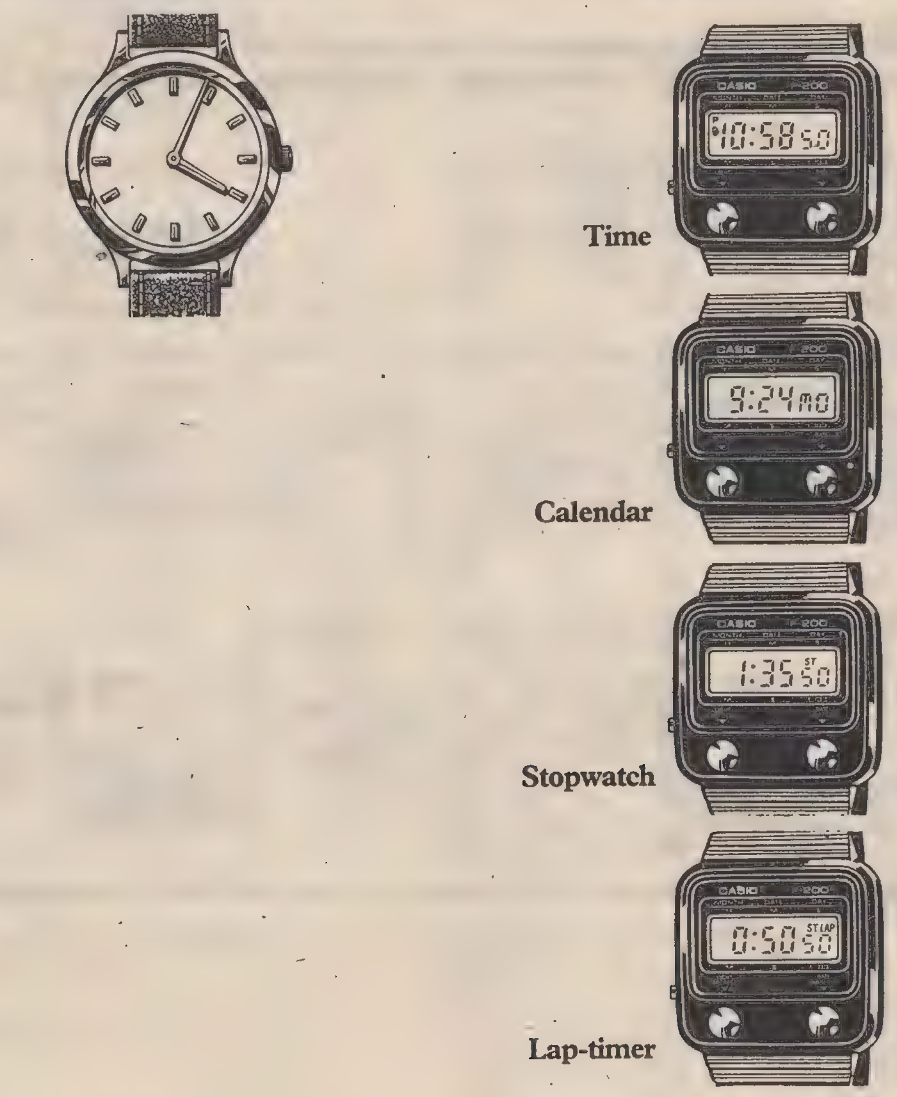
Screams derive from Bowie/Ronson via The Cars. They come nowhere near the intelligence or attractiveness of either (such as they are). They thrash around hopefully but with little indication of imagination or even tunefulness. Structure seems beyond them. Originality goes begging.

A few typical, er, rock'n'roll stompers, a few pretentious ballads, a lot of 'energetic' guitar. But really it's all padding, done out in early '70s decor. A sorry, desperate attempt at fun.

I mean, why give time to dreadful American pop groups when there are already so many in England?

Graham Lock

Which would you prefer for the money?



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1/4 AC/DC
2 Skids
2 Revillos
4 Penetration
4 Moody Blues
4 Four Tops
5/6 Boomtown Rats
5/8 Blue Oyster Cult
6 Lene Lovich
9 Squeeze
9/10 Buzzcocks
10 Hot Chocolate
12 John McLaughlin
13 Robert Palmer
13/15 Shirley Bassey
13/18 Manhattan Transfer
16 Gallagher & Lyle
17 Steve Hillage
25 Specials
26/27 Motorhead
29/30/Dec 1 Andy Williams

DECEMBER
2 Hawkwind
2/4 The Jam
4/5 L. Cohen
13/15 Cliff Richard
20/24 Leo Sayer

MARCH
14/15 Judas Priest

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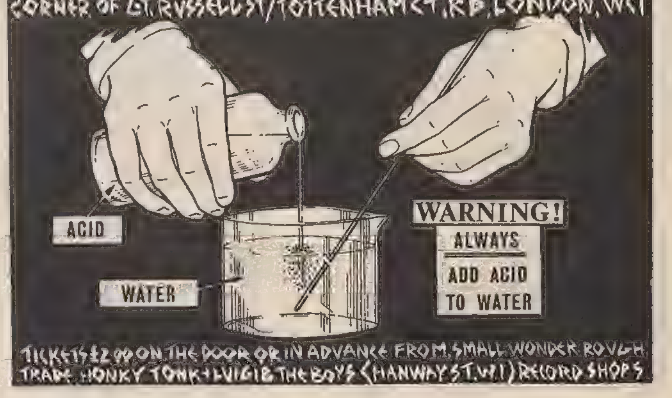

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Monday October 29th 50p
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Tuesday October 30th 50p
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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

SUPERTRAMP are back home again from their exile in the States, but it's only a temporary visit, and they're not even playing any provincial dates. If you want to see them in action, you'll have the travel to the Wembley Arena in North London, where they're opening a series of concerts on Tuesday.

Still more gigs: nearly 700 this week

*● **AC/DC** are back in Britain for the first part of a two-leg tour, the second half being in December. They kick off at Newcastle on Thursday and Friday, followed by Glasgow (Saturday and Sunday) and Manchester (Monday and Tuesday). Support act is Def Leppard.*

*● **GALLAGHER & LYLE** go on the road, for what has become their trditional annual tour, and this time they have the added attraction of chart star Judie Tzuke as guest star. First dates are Bridlington (Saturday), Hanley (Sunday), Coventry (Monday), Birmingham (Tuesday) and Leicester (Wednesday).*

JUDIE TZUKE

*● **THE MOODY BLUES** are playing their long-awaited British reunion dates, about 18 months after their re-formation. Their opening concerts are at Glasgow (Monday) and Stafford (Wednesday).*

*● Other new tours opening this week include **CARAVAN** who begin their first UK outing for 18 months at York (Monday), Durham (Tuesday) and Southampton (Wednesday); and the highly-rated **GANG OF FOUR**, whose initial gigs are at Birmingham (Tuesday) and Bradford (Wednesday).*

A reminder that dates for inclusion in these pages should be sent (post only) to NME Gig Guide, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG, to arrive at least a week prior to publication.

Thursday

Aylesbury Kings Head: **The Crows**
Basildon Double Six: **Romantix**
Belfast Grosvenor Hall: **Chet Atkins**
Bicester Kings Head: **Sledgehammer**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Vortex**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Skids**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham Underworld: **Denizens**
Blackburn Lodestar: **Cowboys International**
Bradford King George's Hall: **The Buzzcocks**
Brighton Buccaneer: **Airport**
Bristol Polytechnic: **The Inmates**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Cardiff The Sunnycroft: **The Anonymous**
Chesterfield Fusion: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
Chichester Festival Theatre: **Oscar Peterson/Kathy Stobart Quintet**
Colne Union Hotel: **Lies All Lies/Red Stripe**
Coventry City Centre: **Del Shannon**
Coventry Robin Hood Club: **The Rockin' Shades**
Coventry Tiffany's: **D.S. Band/The Editors/ The Nostoc Band / Gypsy / Paris / Sneak Preview**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Tourists**
Derby Talk of the Midlands: **Flying Saucers**
Dundee College of Education: **Not Quite Red Fox**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Mary O'Hara**
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: **The Dials**
Edinburgh Astoria: **The Jags**
Fareham HMS Dryad: **Clem Curtis &/ The Foundations**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **The Solos**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **The Deft Jerks**
Halesowen Tiffany's: **Venom**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Stve Hackett Band**
Harrow Kings Head Hotel:**Scissor Fits / The Details**
Hayes (Middlesex) Adam & Eve: **The Selections/The Cynics**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **Sore Throat**
Hull University: **The Starjets**
Hull Wellington Club: **Little Bo Bitch**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Fischer-Z/Angletrax**
Isle of Sheppey New Island Hotel: **The '58 Rock & Roll Band (Heinz, Lord Sutch etc.)**
Leeds Barcelona Club: **The Realistics/ Zanzibar (for three days)**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Fall/Tymon Dog/Performance Anxiety**
Leeds University Lipman Building: **The Statics**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Whitesnake / Marseille**
London Acton Town Hall: **Acker Bilk Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Straight 8**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Pirates**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Never Never Band**
London Catford The Square: **Vernon & The G.I.'s**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **First Aid**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Kevin Armstrong's Local Heroes/Holly & The Italians**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Realists/Rubber Johnny**
London Fulham Cock Tavern: **Johnny G**
London Fulham Greyhound: **London Zoo**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Boomtown Rats/Protex**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **The Chevrons**
London Harrow Rd. Windosr Castle: **Zorro**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Tours**
London Islington Pied Bull:**Embryo**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Bogey Boys**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Marquee Club: **Climax Blues Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Matumbi**
London Putney Star & Garter: **George Gritzbach**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Dave Heath / Jay Bianchi Trio**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **The Attendants**
London Southall White Swan: **The Injections**
London Stoke Newington The Pegasus: **The O.K. Band**
London Strand Kings College: **Chris Sievey & The Freshies/The Act**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Gladys Knight & The Pips / Ramsey Lewis Trio**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Motels**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Tour De Force**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Laughing Gass/Fan Club**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Manyana**
London W.C.1 Collegiate Theatre: **Morrissey-Mullen Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Stranglers**
Manchester University Squat Theatre: **Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranois**
Middlesbrough Towen Hall: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Newcastle Mayfair Suite: **AC/DC and Def Leppard**
Norwich Cromwells: **Jab-Jab**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **Billie Jo Spears/Bobby Bare**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Nottingham Kimberley Hall: **The Specials/Madness/The Selecter**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Slaughter & The Dogs**
Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Mike Harding**
Oxford New Theatre: **Camel**
Penicuik Navaar Hotel: **The Marks**
Peterborough Bull & Dolphin: **The Now**
Plymouth Drake Club: **Yakety Yak**
Portsmouth HMS Dolphin: **Nightmare**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Piranhas**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Crannog / Peter Hughes**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Scarborough Penthouse: **The Vye**
Sheffield City Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Chas & Dave**
Sheffield University: **Writz**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Leo Sayer**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Bitter Lemmings**
Stevenage The Swan: **Spring Offensive**
Tonbridge The Harvester: **En Route**
Wallasey The Dale: **Englands National Sport**
Wellingborough British Rail Club: **Rock Island Line**
Worthing Balmoral Bar: **Chinatown**
Yeovil RNAS Yeovilton: **Souled Out**

Friday

Aberdeen University: **The Enid**
Barnsley Londoner Club: **Killermeters / The Name**
Bath Pavilion: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**
Birmingham Aston University: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham Odeon: **Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes / John Hiatt**
Birmingham Underworld: **The Merton Parkas**
Birmingham University: **Orphan**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Mad Chateaux**
Blackpool Opera House: **Mike Harding**
Bournemouth Dorset Institute: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **The Undertones**
Bradford College: **Shadowfax / Silver Screen Girls**
Bradford St George's Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
Bradford Topic Folk Club: **Dave Burland**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Urchin / The Panthers**
Brighton Hanbury Arms: **Kemptown Rockers / The Parrots**
Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: **Vernon & The G.I.'s**
Brighton Newhaven Boys Club: **Dirty Weekend**
Brighton Sussex University: **Chris Sievey & The Freshies**
Bristol University: **The Tourists**
Bromley Stockwell College: **The Monitors**
Burton 76 Club: **Sore Throat**
Cambridge College of Art & Technology: **Mike Absalom**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **The Skids**
Canvey Island Goldmine: **Central Line**
Cardiff Grassroots: **Normal Service / The Selections**
Cardiff Great Western Hotel: **Zipper**
Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: **Matchbox**
Chichester Festival Theatre: **Jacques Loussier Group**
Colchester Essex University: **Caroline Roadshow**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Coventry Theatre: **Darts**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Gillan / Randy California**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **The Dooleys**
Dundee Technical College: **The Jags**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Little Bo Bitch**
Eastbourne The Cavalier: **Cracked Mirror**
Edinburgh Royal Highland Exhibition Hall: **Boston**
Exeter Routes: **The Piranhas**
Fareham Knowle Hospital: **The Dials**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Lene Lovich / Jane Aire & The Belvederes / The Meteors**
Gosport John Peel: **Zorro**
Guildford Surrey University: **The Ruts / The Flys**
Horncastle Town Hall: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Huddersfield Technical College: **Souled Out**
Ilkeston Festival Inn: **Strange Days**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Billie Jo Spears / Bobby Bare**
Keighley Downtown Club: **Omen**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kirklevington Country Club: **The Original Mirrors**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **Tony Rose**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Corkscrew / The Starjets**
Leicester TUL Club: **The '58 Rock & Roll Band**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Motels**
Liverpool Moonstone: **Englands National Sport**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Whirlwind / The Limos**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Joy Division / The Distractions / A Certain Ratio**
London Camden Festival: **American Blues Legends '79**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Vapors**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chelsea Art College: **The Act**
London Chelsea Country Cousin: **The Ricky Wales Band**
London City University: **First Aid**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Small Hours**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Black Slate**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **Squire**
London Cubies: **Eclipse**
London Dominion Theatre: **Gladys Knight / Ramsey Lewis**
London Ealing Town Hall: **Misty / The Decorators / Burning Blockade**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Tours / The V.I.P.'s**
London Fulham Cock Tavern: **Big Chief**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Boomtown Rats / Protex**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **English Subtitles**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Live Wire**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The School Bullies**
London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: **Breakfast**
London Leicester-Square Notre Dame Hall: **The Tea Set / Little Roosters / The Bodies**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **One Eyed Jacks**
London Marquee Club: **Climax Blues Band**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **Sta-Prest**
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **The Leopards / Au Pairs / Poison Girls / Prag-Vec**
London New Cross Laurie Grove Baths: **CSA**
London New Cross The Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Match**
London Porchester Hall: **Carol Grimes Band / Los Tropicanos / The Passions**
London Putney Half Moon: **Johnny Mars Blues Show / Victor Brox**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Johnny G**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Harold Singer Trio**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **The Injections**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Ruben & The White Boys**
London Victoria The Venue: **Gonzalez / Kokomo**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **The Spinners**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Brotherhood Of Funk**
London W.C.1 School of Oriental and African Studies: **Soulyard**
Long Crendon Village Centre: **Cyril Tawney**
Maldon Labour Hall: **Grinder / Bastille**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Whitesnake / Marseille**
Manchester Irlam & Cadishead Royal British Legion: **Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
Manchester South Trafford College: **The Smirks**
Manchester Squat Theatre: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Manchester University: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Matlock Pavilion: **Borich**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Del Shannon**
Morden Jubilee Hall: **Flying Saucers**
Newcastle City Hall: **Steve Hackett Band**
Newcastle Mayfair Suite: **AC/DC and Def Leppard**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Fischer Z / Angletrax**
Newcastle University: **Cowboys International**
Newport Village Club: **The Pirates**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Specials / Madness / The Selecter**
Nottingham Hotway Club: **The Rockin' Shades**
Nuneaton Hilltop Club: **The Kidda Band**
Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Freddie 'Fingers' Lee**
Ormskirk Edgehill College: **Racing Cars**
Penzance Gulval Meadhouse: **Missing Chemicals**
Perth Moncrieff Arms: **Trax**
Plymouth Clones: **The Revillos**
Preston Polytechnic: **La Mortgage**
Ramsgate Van Gogh: **Mick Muff & The Divers**
Rotherham Arts Centre: **The Diks**
Retford Porterhouse: **UK Subs / Urge**
Rugby Emmalines: **Nightmare**
Salford University: **The Merton Parkas**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Slaughter & The Dogs**
Shrewsbury Music Hall: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Leo Sayer**
Southport Arts Centre: **George Gritzbach**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **Writz**
St Albans Horn Of Plenty: **Zilch**
Stockport College: **Insizor**
Stroud Subscription Rooms: **Johnny Coppin Band / Nigel Mazlyn Jones**
Swansea Hafod Inn: **The Bears**
Torquay The Pelican: **The Brainiac Five**
Truro William IV: **Metro Gliders**
Uttoxeter Town Hall: **Freebird / Heavy Weather**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Spider**
Whitehill Royal Oak: **Ptarmigan**
Wigan Mr & Ms.: **Vardis**
Wolverhampton The Merry Hill: **Geoff Bodenham**
Workington Carnegie Arts Centre: **Last Call**

Saturday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Lene Lovich / Jane Aire & The Belvederes / The Meteors.**
Aylesbury Civic Centre: **Acker Bilk Band.**
Barkingside Old Maypole: **Houndog.**
Basingstoke Magnums: **London Zoo.**
Bath University: **The Pirates.**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Diamond Head.**
Birmingham Hopwood Caravan Club: **Quartz.**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider.**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports.**
Birmingham (Small Heath) The Sydenham: **Freddie 'Fingers' Lee.**
Birmingham Underworld: **The Merton Parkas / The Crooks.**
Birmingham Westhill College: **Speed Limit.**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Return Ticket.**
Bishop Thornton Hall: **Josephine Voltage.**
Bolton Goldthorpe Club: **Zorro.**
Bracknell Sports Centre: **The Undertones.**
Bridlington Spa Royal Hall: **Gallagher & Lyle / Judie Tzuke.**
Brighton The Centre: **Leo Sayer.**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **Vitus Dance.**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Landscape / Roger Ruskin Spear.**
Burton Allied Breweries Club: **Del Shannon.**
Burton The Galaxy: **Gaffa.**
Bury Derby Hall: **Reducers / Wilful Damage.**
Cardiff Grassroots: **The Bears.**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **Crepes & Drapes.**
Cheltenham Tythe Farm: **UK Subs.**
Chichester Festival Theatre: **Memphis Slim / Dutch Swing College Band.**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **Dirty Weekend.**
Colchester Essex University: **Hi-Tension.**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Scissor Fits / The Details.**
Coventry Theatre: **the Stranglers.**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Piranhas.**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **The Ruts / The Flys.**
Davidstowe Village Hall: **The Brainiac Five.**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **The Dooleys.**
Dover Town Hall: **Caroline Roadshow.**
Dudley J. B.'s Club: **The Psychedelic Furs.**
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **The Enid.**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **AC/DC and Def Leppard.**
Gosport John Peel: **Ptarmigan.**
Gravesend Prince of Wales: **The Speedy Bears.**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **Borich.**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **The Specials / Madness / The Selecter.**
Hayes Alfred Beck Centre: **George Melly and The Feetwarmers.**
Hornchurch The Bull: **One Eyed Jacks.**
Isle of Sheppey New Island Hotel: **Kandidate.**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Elkie Brooks.**
Keele University: **The Original Mirrors.**
Kingston Polytechnic: **The Small Hours / The Act.**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Agony Column.**
Leeds Staging Post: **Spider.**
Leicester Ratby Club: **Strange Days.**
Leicester University: **Penetration.**
Liverpool Eric's: **Pink Military.**
Liverpool The Metro: **Little Bo Bitch.**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Cleaners / Icarus.**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Inmates / Lew Lewis Reformer / Little Roosters / Red Beans & Rice / The Bogey Boys.**
London Camden Music Machine: **No Dice / Pinpoint.**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **American Blues Legends 79 Tour.**
London Chelsea Country Cousin: **The Ricky Wales Band.**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Soft Boys / The Limos.**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **King Sounds & The Israelites.**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Supagrass.**
London Hackney Adam & Eve: **Rockhouse.**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Boomtown Rats / Protex.**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **The VIP's.**
London Highgate Jacksons Rock Club: **Zero Zero.**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs.**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

MORE GIG GUIDE

GALLAGHER & LYLE

London Kensington Imperial College: **64 Spoons / World Service.**
London Marquee Club: **Squire.**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Shader.**
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **The Au Pairs.**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Johnny Shines / Robert Junior Lockwood.**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Billy Karloff Band.**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Sam Mitchell Blues Band.**
London Rainbow Threatre: **Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes / John Hiatt.**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Pegleg Ferret.**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Harold Singer Trio.**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Cruisers / Rebound.**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief.**
London University Union: **Angletrax / Au Pairs / The Mo-Dettes.**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Ruben & The White Boys.**
London Victoria The Venue: **Randy California.**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Trendies.**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **A Teardrop Explodes / Echo & The Bunnymen.**
London W1 Portman Hotel: **London Jazz All Stars.**
Loughborough Town Hall: **Rockhouse.**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Buzzcocks.**
Manchester Mayflower: **The Starjets.**
Manchester Squat Theatre: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias.**
Manchester University: **Chas & Dave.**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **The Tymes.**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Cowboys International.**
Newark Palace Theatre: **Richard & Linda Thompson.**
Northampton County Ground: **The Skids.**
Northampton Fanciers Club: **The Jets.**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **Mary O'Hara.**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Freeze.**
Nottingham (Linton) Ralaigh Club: **Nightmare.**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Smirks.**
Nottingham University: **Darts.**
Oldham Grange Arts Centre: **IQ Zero**
Peterborough Cresset Centre: **The Now.**
Peterborough Focus Club: **Modern English.**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Chords.**
Portsmouth Railway Hotel: **Chinatown.**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Shenanagon / Peter Hughes / Gentleman Soldier / Galadrial / Dave Hughes / Matt Fahey & Bob Tracy / The Wood Family.**
Reading Bulmershe College: **Between Pictures.**
Redruth London Hotel: **The Injections.**
Sheffield University: **The Motels.**
Slough College: **The Adverts.**
Slough Thames Hall: **The Spinners.**
Southampton University: **Writz.**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Chet Atkins.**
Southport Theatre: **Billie Jo Spears / Bobby Bare.**
St Albans City Hall: **Heathcliffe.**
Stirling West End Bar (lunchtime): **FK9.**
Swindon Greyhound: **Patrik Fitzgerald.**
Taunton Fagin's Kitchen: **The Martin Schoolgirls.**
Torquay The Pelican: **The Monitors.**
Walsall Methodist Mission Hall: **Dangerous Girls.**
Walsall Three Men in a Boat: **Freebird.**
Watford Ovaltine Hall: **Matchbox.**
Westcliff Lindisfarne Centre: **Grinder.**
Wilshaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests.**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **The Tourists.**

Sunday

Banbury The Unicorn: **Hot Vultures**
Bath Tiffany's: **Kandidate**
Birmingham Grand Hotel: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre (lunchtime): **Exit**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **The Skids**
Bradford College Students Union: **Stress**
Bradford Princeville (afternoon): **Spider**
Bradford Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Bradford Royal Standard: **The Cramps**
Brighton Buccaner: **Fan Club**
Brighton Conference Centre: **The Boomtown Rats/Protex**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Stranglers**
Bristol Locarno: **Penetration**
Bristol Plume of Feathers: **The Injections**
Bromely The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Central Line**
Chatham Tam O'Shanter: **One Eyed Jacks**
Cheltenham Plough Hotel: **June Tabor**
Chichester Festival Theatre: **Chris Barber Band/Ottilie Patterson/Barney Kessel/Charlie Byrd Trio**
Coventry The Climax: **Venom**
Croydon Fairfield Jall: **Leo Sayer**
Croydon Greyhound: **CSA**
Derby Old Bell Hotel: **Strange Days**
Doncaster Stainforth Club: **Zorro**
Eastbourne Congress Hall: **Darts**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **Lene Lovich/Jane Aire & The Belvederes/The Meteors**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **AC/DC and Def Leppard**
Godalming Scratchers: **The Small Wonders**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Gallagher & Lyle/Judie Tzuke**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **The Merton Parkas**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Hot Chocolate**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Cowboys International**
Leeds Town Hall: **Mike Absalom**
Leeds Victoria Hotel: **Best Friends (lunchtime)/Nightmare (evening)**
Liverpool The Red House: **England's National Sport**
Liverpool Wookey Hollow: **Del Shannon**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Bethnal Green The Green Gate: **Shader**
London Camden Dingwalls': **Stan's Blues Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The V.I.P.s**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Teenbeats**
London Finchley Torrington: **Soulyard**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Whitesnake/Marseille**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Transmitters**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The O.K. Band**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Original Mirrors/The Act**
London Lewisham Town Hall: **Johnnie Ray**
London Marquee Club: **Random Hold**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Johnny Shines/Robert Junior Lockwood**
London Palladium: **Chet Atkins**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ron Rubin & Ted Joans**
London Stratford Theatre Royal: **Rubella Ballet/Poison Girls**
London Victoria The Venue: **Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes**
London Walthamstow Assembly Hall: **Pasadena Roof Orchestra**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **Gladys Knight & The Pips/Ramsey Lewis Trio**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Clinton Ford**
Macclesfield Bears Head: **Spider**
Maidenhead Cippenham Alexandra's: **Sledgehammer**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Buzzcocks**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Motels**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Landscape**
Newbury Old Waggon & Horses: **Midas**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **The Spinners**
Nottingham Commodore Suite: **The Four Tops**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Mortals**
Oxford New Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Bob Fox & Stu Luckley/John Coy**
Reading Ricks: **Supagrass**
Stockport Davenport Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Wallingford Corn Exchange: **Sean Cannon**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **The Specials/Madness/The Selecter**

Monday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Billie Jo Spears/Bobby Bare**
Bath University: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **The Jags**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **The Motels**
Birmingham Top Rank: **The Specials/Madness/The Selecter**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **The Vye**
Boston Folk Club: **Pete & Iris Benzie**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Darts**
Brighton Alhambra: **Airport**
Brighton Conference Centre: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
Brighton Gardeners Centre: **"The Rocky Horror Show" (for a week)**
Brighton Dome: **Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes/John Hiatt**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
Bristol Crockers: **Headlines (for three days)**
Bristol Snuffys: **Kandidate**
Cannock Variety & Sports Club: **Flying Saucers**
Carshalton Hall: **The Boyce Band**
Coventry Theatre: **Gallagher & Lyle/Judie Tzuke**
Coventry Warwick University: **Morrissey-Mullen Band/Last Call**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Mary O'Hara**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Ricky Wales Band**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Lene Lovich/Jane Aire & The Belvederes/The Meteors**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Moody Blues**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **Trax**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Steve Hillage Band**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Hot Chocolate**
Ipswich Tracey's: **Little Bo Bitch**
Leeds Cosmos Club: **The Fegs/XS Discharge**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
Leicester De Montford Hall: **The Buzzcocks**
Lincoln Bishop Crosseteste College: **Armit Jug Band**
Liverpool Eric's: **American Blues Legends 79 Tour**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **World Service/Bernd Weber & The Last Resort-/Matchless**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Injections**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Low Numbers**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Caroline Roadshow**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Decoys**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Whitesnake/Marseille**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Tenpole Tudor**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Pinpoint/The Cleaners**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Tommy Burton**
London Leicester Square Notre Dame Hall: **The Monochrome Set/The Normal/Fat Gadget/The Tea Set**
London Marquee Club: **The Pretenders**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Jake Thackray**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Oscar Peterson (for a week)**
London W.1 Valbonne Club: **Dynamite**
Loughborough Town Hall: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **AC/DC and Def Leppard**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Tony Christie (for a week)**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Skids**
Nottingham Heart of the Midlands: **Mary Wilson (for a week)**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Drug Squad/The Atoms**
Nuneaton Cherry Tree: **The Accelerators**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Stranglers/The Soul Boys**
Plymouth Clones: **The Ruts/The Flys**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **Joe Brown (for three days)**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Polecats**
Redditch Book & Candle: **Nightmare**
Sheffield Penthouse: **UK Subs/Urge**
Slough Cat Balou: **Spider**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Chet Atkins**
Southend Zero 6: **Musicians Workshop**
Stoke Jollees: **The Four Tops**
Witney Folk Music Club: **Tim Laycock**
York University: **Caravan**

Tuesday

Aberdeen Ruffles Club: **Trax**
Barkingside Old Maypole: **The Cruisers**
Belfast Grosvenor Hall: **Billie Jo Spears/Bobby Bare**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Gang Of Four**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Odeon: **Gallagher & Lyle/Judie Tzuke**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Birmingham University: **Dangerous Girls/The Androids Of Mu/A.B.O.W.**
Bishop Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Bears**
Blackburn Golden Palms: **The Specials/Madness/The Selecter**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Steve Hackett Band**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Jake Thackray**
Brighton Dome: **The Stranglers**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Whitesnake/Marseille**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **The Boomtown Rats/Protex**
Cardiff University: **The Pirates**
Crawley Waters Edge: **Airport**
Durham Bede College: **Caravan**
Exeter Routes: **The Ruts/The Flys**
Farnborough Tumbledown Dick: **Classic Nouveaux**
Gravesend Red Lion: **The Clones**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Penetration**

THE MOODY BLUES

Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
Ilkley Rose & Crown: **Ulterior Motives**
Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk: **Not Quite Red Fox**
Leeds Fan Club: **Sore Throat**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Steve Hillage Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Cowboys International**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **D-Notice**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Baracudas**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Valentines**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Rumba Brothers**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Gloria Mundi**
London Leicester Square Notre Dame Hall: **Little Bo Bitch**
London Marquee Club: **The Piranhas**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Undertones**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Yank Lawson Quintet**
London Victoria The Venue: **R.E.O. Speedwagon/Sussex**
London Wembley Arena: **Supertramp**
London Wessex Street Youth Club: **Patrik Fitzgerald**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **AC/DC and Def Leppard**
Morecambe Pier: **Zanzibar (for five days)**
Nantwich Roosters Club: **Nightmare**
Newcastle City Hall: **Leo Sayer**
Newcastle Madisons: **Kandidate**
Newcastle University: **The Motels**
Northampton Fanciers Club: **Gina'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
Norwich Cromwells: **After The Fire**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Gonzalez**
Nuneaton 77 Club: **UK Subs/Urge**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Buzzcocks**
Oxford Polytechnic: **American Blues Legends 79 Tour**
Peterborough ABC Theatre: **Hot Chocolate**
Plymouth College of St. Mark & St. John: **The Brainiac Five**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Darts**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Merton Parkas/The Crooks**
Sheffield University: **Borich**
Southampton Hamble Social Club: **Acker Bilk Band**
Southend Zero 6: **Morrissey-Mullen Band**
Stafford Top Of The World: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Swansea Heathcliffe Club: **The Injections**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Original Mirrors**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **The Skids**

Wednesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Odeon: **Steve Hackett Band**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **The Tourists**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford College Students Union: **Press Release**
Bradford University: **Gang Of Four**
Brighton Alhambra: **Dirty Weekend/The Chefs**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Skids**
Bristol Stonehouse: **The Dials**
Cardiff New Moon Club: **Zipper**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **The Boomtown Rats/Protex**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Stranglers**
Carmarthen Trinity College: **Writz**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Johnny Storm & Dynamite**
Chatham Tam O'Shanter: **Cracked Mirror**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Cleethorpes Bunny's Places: **The Four Tops**
Coventry Theatre: **Billie Jo Spears/Bobby Bare**
Crewe Alsager College: **Freebird**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **The Spinners**
Doncaster Main Line: **Kandidate**
Exeter University: **The Spics/Gardez Darkx/Joe Public/Color Tapes**
Fleet Centre: **Pant**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Leo Sayer**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **The Waxers/Ra Bears**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **The Deft Jerks**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **The Specials/Madness/The Selecter**
Harrogate Royal Heritage: **The Vye**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Doll By Doll**
Keele University: **American Blues Legends '79 Tour**
Leamington Crown Hotel: **Money/The Accelerators.**
Leeds The Warehouse: **Gonzalez**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Gallagher & Lyle/Judie Tzuke**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Tradition**
London Chelsea Wedgies: **Duffo**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Aviva Aviva**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Valentines**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Small Wonders**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Carter & Jones**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Dark**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Marquee Club: **Punishment Of Luxury**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Rest**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Sherpherds Bush Trafalgar: **The Act**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Digby Fairweather Quartet**
London Southall White Hart: **Yakety Yak**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Tea Set**
London Victoria The Venue: **R.E.O. Speedwagon/Sussex**
London Wembley Arena: **Supertramp**
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **Gordon Hunte's Sox**
Lymington Sway Men's Club: **Acker Bilk Band**
Manchester Middleton Civic Hall: **Penetration**
Manchester University Squat Theatre: **Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Lene Lovich/Jane Aire & The Belvederes/The Meteors**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Oxford New Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Peterborough ABC Theatre: **Hot Chocolate**
Peterborough The Fleet: **Pant**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Darts**
Rhyl (St. Asaph) Talardy Hotel: **Nightmare**
Scarborough Penthouse: **The Jags**
Sheffield City Hall: **Steve Hillage Band**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Ruts/The Flys**
Shrewsbury Cascade Club: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Solihull Golden Lion: **The Clinic**
Southampton University: **Caravan**
Stafford New Bingley Hall: **The Moody Blues**
Stafford North Staff Polytechnic: **Sore Throat**
Staindrop Folk Club: **Hot Vultures**
Stoke Jollies: **Janice Hoyte (for four days)**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Trend**
Torquay 400 Club: **The Piranhas**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Squire**
York College of York and Ripon St. John: **After The Fire**
York Pop Club: **UK Subs**

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

TUESDAY (30): Village Vanguard — **Illinois Jacquet** (six days), Bottom Line — **Angela Bofil**; The Klub — **Kathy Myers**; Westbury — **Melissa Manchester** (two days); Grande Finale — **Billy Eckstine** (five days); Hurrah — **Revelons / Robin Lane & The Chartbusters.**

WEDNESDAY (31): Palladium — **Iggy Pop / Student Teachers / The Cramps**; Fast Lane — **Tiny Tim & Ms Vicky**; My Father's Place — **The Plasmatics**; Max's Kansas City — **The Rousers / Buzz & The Flyers**; Tramps — **Otis Rush** (four days); Nassau Coliseum — **Grateful Dead** (three days); Capitol — **Todd Rundgren**; Hurrah — **John Otway / Klaus Nomi / Thor.**

THURSDAY (1): Max's Kansas City — **The Terrorists / John Collins / Ronnie & The Jitters**; Other End — **Hugh Masakela** (three days); Bottom Line — **Hammer**; Westbury — **America**; Hurrah — **Yellow Magic Orchestra.**

FRIDAY (2): Trax — **Sam & Dave**; Bottom Line — **Timothy Leary** (two days); My Father's Place — **James Cotton**; Westbury — **Johnny Cash** (two days); Beacon — **Tom Waits**; Max's Kansas City — **Joy Ryder & Avis Davis**; Hurrah — **Sinceros / Love Of Life.**

SATURDAY (3): Palladium — **Bonnie Raitt / Joe Ely**; Max's Kansas City — **The Blessed / Knots**; Capitol — **Judas Priest.**

LIVE PAGE

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brian b

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts.
Tel. 0777 704981.

Thursday, October 25th
PSYCHEDELIC FURS
Friday, October 26th
UK SUBS
(Hit Album "Another Kind Of Blues")
Saturday, October 27th
SORE THROAT

Notre Dame Club

6 LEICESTER PLACE (off Leicester Sq)
presents
MONDAY, OCTOBER 29th, 7.30—11

THE MONOCHROME SET
FAD GADGET
THE TEA SET

TICKETS £2.00 LICENSED BAR

Tickets available ***now*** *by post or to personal callers from the Notre Dame* OR ON THE NIGHT

PTARMIGAN

PROVE THEMSELVES AGAIN AT
The City Arms,
Portsmouth,
Wed 24th Oct
The Royal Oak,
Whitehill,
Fri 26th Oct
The John Peel,
Gosport,
Sat 27th Oct

"Ils sont tres magnifique" — Sacha Distel

(Band Enquiries Emsworth 3537)

DUKE OF LANCASTER

Approach Road, NEW BARNET
(beside BR New Barnet)

Thursday October 25th
ONE HAND CLAPPING
Friday October 26th
SKINFLICKS
Saturday October 27th
SHADER
Sunday October 28th
TOTAL STRANGERS
Tuesday October 30th
ROBOTS ON STRIKE

Rainbow THEATRE

OUTLAW CONCERTS PRESENT

THE UNDERTONES

TUESDAY
30th OCTOBER
7·30pm

THE SKIDS

FRIDAY 2nd NOVEMBER 7·30pm
Tickets £3,£2·50,£2·00
FROM RAINBOW THEATRE:
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS:
PREMIER BOX OFFICE: THE TICKET MACHINE

POLYTECHNIC OF CENTRAL LONDON

115 New Cavendish Street, W.1.

QUADS
+ S.W.1.
+ Romantix
+ special guests **Eddie Steady Go**
& Jah Love Sound System

Friday October 26th at 8 pm

Admission £1.25 NUS, £1.50 Others.
Nearest tubes Warren Street & Goodge Street.

Rampant Music Presents

EMBRYO

Live 'n' Kicking On Tour

25th Oct London, Pied Bull, Islington.
3rd Nov London, Stapleton, Crouch Hill.
15th Nov Reading, Target Club.
16th Nov London, Acklam Hall, Notting Hill.
17th Nov London, Lewisham Hospital.
21st Nov London, Upstairs At Ronnies.
22nd Nov London, Pied Bill, Islington.
24th Nov Leeds, Fforde Green
28th Nov London, 101 Club, Battersea
1st Dec Blackpool, Norbreck Castle
5th Dec London, Moonlight Club, West Hampstead
6th Dec London, Pied Bull, Islington
8th Dec Brighton, Buccaneer...

Further tour dates to be announced
All Enquiries: 01-985 0812

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

THE REVILLOS

THE CROOKS
THE PHOTOS

ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1 (NEAREST TUBE CAMDEN TOWN)
FRIDAY 2nd NOVEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 485 9006
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

BeelzeBub A DEVIL OF A DISCO

Steve Hillage

Saturday 27th October
IN THE 2,000 CAPACITY BIG HALL 8pm
£2.00 in advance £2.50 on night
ADVANCE TICKETS FROM
SAFFRON RECORDS, TRINITY STREET, ST AUSTELL
AND FROM
NEW CORNISH RIVIERA LIDO
CARLYON BAY, 2 MILES EAST OF ST. AUSTELL OFF THE A390
TELEPHONE: PAR (072-681) 4261

BeelzeBub A DEVIL OF A DISCO

Caravan

Saturday 3rd November
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Saturday October 27th £1
RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
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Tuesday October 30th 75p
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Wednesday October 31st £1
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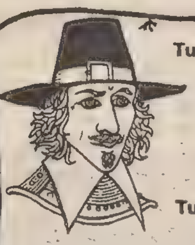
Live page 01-261 6153



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ROCK AGAINST SEXISM
Two gigs for the Campaign Against the Corrie Bill
Friday 26 October
Goldsmiths College, Lewisham Way, New Cross SE14
AU PAIRS LEOPARDS
POISON GIRLS PRAG VEC
7.00 £2.00 (£1.50 with dole card)
Saturday 27 October
University of London Union Malet Street WC1
ANGLETRAX AU PAIRS
MO-DETTES
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March for abortion rights October 28 Hyde Park 12 noon

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THE TOURISTS
With Guests
THE JAGS
THE MONOS DOLLY MIXTURE
SUNDAY 4th NOVEMBER
LYCEUM BALLROOM
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SUNDAY 11th NOVEMBER at 7.30
TICKETS £2.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE TEL. 836 3715.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE. TEL. 439 3371. PREMIER BOX OFFICE. Tel. 240 2245
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MOONLIGHT CLUB,
WEST HAMPSTEAD,
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Kids Gig:
Saturday Morning October 27th
The Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road,
12 Midday — 3pm
Maximum Age 14, Admission 50p.
(+ Long Tall Shorty)

Kids Gig:
Tuesday October 30th
Wessex Community Centre,
Wessex Street, Bethnal Green E.2.
7pm — 9.30pm, 9 — 18 year olds.
(+ Patrik Fitzgerald)

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane,
West Hampstead, N.W.6

Thursday October 25th
TOUR DE FORCE
+ Flatbackers
Friday October 26th
CUDDLY TOYS
+ Trendies
Saturday October 27th
THE METHOD + The Box
Monday October 28th
SPLIT RIVITT + The Act
Tuesday October 29th
THE BOOKS + Support
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Nearest tube Uxbridge. Motorway 2 miles

PRINT

Dribbling through dopey America

REEFER MADNESS
By Larry Sloman
(Bobbs-Merrill).

THE sub-title of *Reefer Madness* is *The History of Marijuana in America,* a suitably portentous and vague definition for Mr Sloman's unnecessarily laboured and inconclusive study on the usage and attitudes of a nation working at play.

Sloman concentrates his findings over 400 pages of detailed analysis that intend to uncover the method and the madness behind the infamous Harry Anslinger and his brainchild, the Narcotics Bureau. To this end the author traces a smokey pattern across the minefields of civil service legislation and the social effects of the devil weed from the jazz age to the present day.

If he'd shut up shop there we might be slightly the wiser about a subject which has its grass roots in natural growth and enough trustworthy devotees to prove conclusively that any law which threatens to turn harmless hedonists into criminals is an ass.

But Larry doesn't stop there. He has a book to write and a reputation to maintain (he has already published *On The Road With Bob Dylan: Rolling With The Thunder* and penned songs for Derringer). So, after some rather dry but interesting elightenment comes the subjective present, interviews with middle class users printed verbatim in dull extremis. Dishing the entire ship Sloman concentrates on finding a cross-section of the maddest, least lucid advocates of a popular pleasure since the Watney's Red Barrel advertising campaign and *that* means the stoned dictators of NORML, a few Yippy left-overs and the odd dealer — all of them suitable cases for treatment.

The major pitfalls in Sloman's progress is his style. This deviates between a clumsy past historic and an infuriating use of the third person for author at arbitrary moments.

Perhaps the man fancies himself as some keeper of the beatnik flame (the title of his Dylan tome would suggest this) — or worse, a leading light in the para-journalist school where the writer becomes judge, jury and hanging party at an inquest of only academic interest to the great majority. Even nice, safe Allen Ginsberg is trotted in and out to spout the occasional pearl of wisdom whenever the credibility count is curving low.

Too bad that there wasn't some savant at hand to wield the fulcrum of restraint because sections of *Reefer Madness* would constitute a readable and energetic magazine article. The chapter entitled The Jazz Musician's Pogrom speaks volumes on the subject and indicates that Sloman (sic) could make a conscientious and worthwhile collection of the early dope ballads of Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, etc.

No doubt this book was fun to prepare and entailed a lot of work but the overall value of its findings is negligible, a pipe dream going up in smoke. For a selection of far more interesting and practical papers on the subject consult your local tobacconist.

Max Bell

We've retired to a life of ease
TWO HOURS TO DOOM

THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY
By John Tobler
(Plexus £2.50).

I KNOW it's blasphemous to say so, but I'm bored with Buddy Holly, even if he was a genius and wrote more songs people remember than even The Beatles.

You know the titles: 'Peggy Sue', 'Heartbeat', 'It Doesn't Matter Anymore', 'That'll Be The Day', etc. And you probably know the words, too.

That's the trouble with Buddy Holly; his work has become too familiar, too engrained. There's no surprise left. It was inevitable, of course, so many people have recorded his stuff: the Stones, The Beatles, Linda Ronstadt, Blondie and so on. Great songs, sometimes sung well, but certainly too often. So who needs a book about Buddy, when his music speaks for itself?

John Tobler's format for this thin volume seems wrong. Big pages are right for a picture book, but who wants endless black and white pictures, especially of a man not given to varied expressions? Worse, who needs pages of pictures devoted to the movie version of Buddy's life, just so Tobler can cash in on its so-so success?

Admittedly, most of the book is devoted to the real Buddy, and Tobler appears to have done some impressive research. For example, he dug out a reference to Holly in an ancient school list. Clever of him to have found it, but do we care now that he has?

The book has its intriguing moments. In 1955, Buddy played in Elvis Presley's backing group when Elvis visited Holly's home town of Lubbock, Texas. Pity the bootleggers missed that one. Details of this kind make for a readable book, but at the end of it I still feel that I don't know too much about its subject.

The question remains: what kind of man has that kind of a musical gift? His music apart, Buddy seems to have been boringly ordinary. But then, there's little point in considering him apart from his music. If you don't feel as jaded towards it as I've become, you might try the double 'Legend' album on MCA Coral. That's probably a more worthwhile investment.

Bob Edmands

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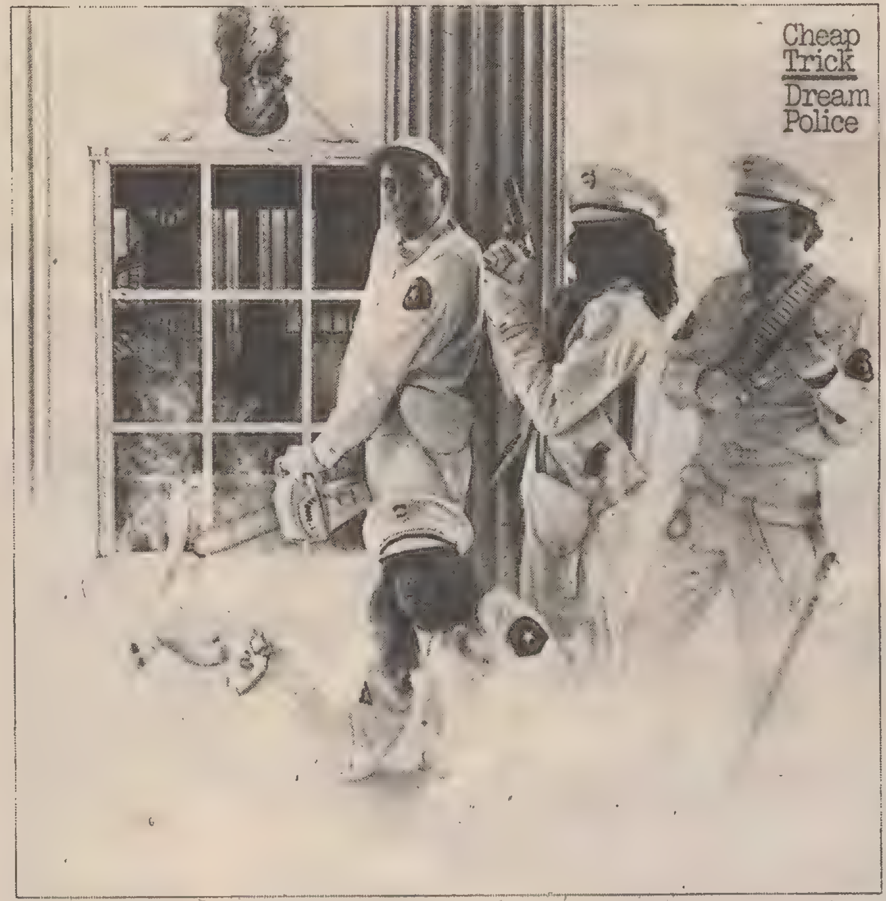

Cheap Trick. "Dream Police" Cheap Trick's new album Dream Police, is going to lift them into rock's first division. It's full of all the Cheap Trick trademarks – hummable songs, a solid highly danceable back beat, singing guitars and exciting vocals. Add to that their ludicrous image and their codeword 'fun' and you can see why it's going to be a big album.

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Chicago

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Pic Santo Basone

All Our Yesterdays Men

Paul Du Noyer set out to explore dog-eared nostalgia and discovered that Harley, Slade, Gillan, Whitesnake, Camel and Lindisfarne looked extinction in the face, but wouldn't take the hint.

1979. It's getting very late, very suddenly. Our decayed decade crawls exhausted to its end, and not before time for who knows what tomorrow may bring? Aren't we on the brink now, isn't this where The Old gives up its ghost and lets The New get born?

In a word, No, actually.

What happens next, in several ways, is just what happened last. Too many people have a stake in the past — a financial commitment, an emotional investment — to let the future take its course altogether. Too many people make a living out of Yesterday — or plan to — to let Tomorrow interfere.

Whether that's bad depends how far these same people are going to restrict the openings, in terms of market demand and command of an industry's dwindling resources, for the untried innovators queueing up outside.

But for as long as the majority of us are reassured by the familiar, rather than bored with it, then you can be sure that the past will always be re-packaged and offered to us as the easier option — easier financially (because artistic risks are marketing risks) and easier creatively (artists might run out of ideas, but they've still got careers to consider).

Given the right recipe, tastes stay constant, but affections are more fickle, especially where the performer's appeal outweighs the music's strength — the usual teenybop syndrome — and attention-spans can be short.

Drop from sight, however temporarily, and the climb-back might be hellish.

My mission: to hunt down Yesterday's Men, to boldly go and be bored as no critic has ever been bored before, to bring back the heads of men who've looked Extinction in the face but wouldn't take the hint.

I wanted a cross-section of the kind of acts that saw us into and through the '70s (pre-punk, anyway) but who looked like inviting themselves into the '80s as well. The people who just didn't know when to call it a day.

Well that was the plan, that was the quest: to root out the redundants and the come-back merchants, maybe annihilate the notion that any one of them has a single thing to say to 1980. But where to begin this epic descent to the very depths of tedium, where best to find terminal uselessness at its worst and dreariest?

I figured it had to be Croydon on a Sunday night.

Not a bad guess in fact, because it was here I discovered those "cheeky" Geordies, Lindisfarne — reunited and peddling their history with all the graceless desperation of one-legged unicyclists.

That Lindisfarne's drab and ersatz folk confection has long passed into irrelevance, so far as contemporary music is concerned, must be reasonably apparent to all involved. The defence, presumably, is that it's unique and distinctive and lingers in the affections of too many people to be allowed to die; and, of course, that they love what they're doing. Perhaps.

Or is it because there's really nothing else to do, solo careers having failed, except get back together and do it all again? To look for your old crowd, grown older and relaxed and neatly-dressed, out in suburban civic-centres and play the dog-eared nostalgia card for all it's worth?

Granted, I don't like their music with its soggy harmonies and limp acoustic centre, nor can I take their songs: the jolly ones sound forced and the serious ones spurious. But that aside, tonight's remorseless plug-the-album campaign (with full merchandising back-up operation) came across as particularly mercenary.

The Lindisfarne machine has wound down to its last two functions. One is as a contraption for attracting cash: how efficiently it still carries this out I don't know, but it certainly feels the need to employ persuasion to drum up custom, more than it did in younger days.

The other function was explained to me by someone from Camel, after their set at Brighton.

"Whatever you say about this business, for every musician and every manager and every journalist in it, well at least that's one less person down the bloody pit-shaft, isn't it?"

Camel have been going long enough to qualify for the inscribed watch-and-chain too, it seems, although their regular turnover in personnel suggests some element of self-regeneration. There's something thoughtful, but un-pressured, about their music; commercially speaking, they might be ploughing a rather lonely furrow, but they give the impression of being almost too engrossed to notice.

You'd hardly call it 'progressive' any more (for all its complexity and sophistication), and it's too pleasant to be called demanding or difficult. They give 'concerts' rather than 'play gigs', and seem to appeal to orderly audiences that take their relaxation seriously. They are, in their own strange way, an uncompromising band.

Camel are free from cheap-shot pomposity and haven't resorted to indulgence and flash to any great degree. If they were crasser they might be bigger; but they're not, so they're not.

Camel's strand of '70s music stresses accomplishment; it doesn't lack feeling, at least to a lot of people, but it identifies progress with technical development. It's a meticulous business, hardly linked to the more turbulent currents of Rock's mainstream at all, even when it makes attempts in that direction.

Camel could probably wander quietly on for ever.

All I can say is I like it well enough when it's stuck in front of me. It's fine but I wouldn't seek it out; it's not close enough to the sort of music I love for me to hate it . . .

And that's where Heavy Metal comes in.

Like Camel, Whitesnake value their proficiency, but take far more care to see it's used to crowd-pleasing effect. Whitesnake are highly competent, and regard this as important. They're aggrieved that critics seem to ignore this aspect and concentrate on 'trivial' things. They point this out to me as courteously as their low opinion of *NME* will allow.

I've got this romantic notion about rock'n'roll: that a performer's best music nearly always gets made in that first, frantic burst. That people peak early, if not straight away; that experience doesn't always help; that conventional ideas of improvement-over-time just don't apply.

But you can't expect that kind of talk to cut much ice with the experienced, technically-advanced musician. To agree would be to undermine the source of his professional pride, to question his right to stay in the game.

Besides, however I feel about their music, Whitesnake say, with complete justification, that they satisfy a real demand.

The Birmingham Odeon bears them out a few thousand times over, in the shape of those ecstatic kids — who simply can't be dismissed as either evil or stupid, because they're not — whose loyalties stand firm with little outside inducement.

You can't explain away Whitesnake's success with mere reference to manipulation. If HM (or 'heavy rock' as Whitesnake prefer) sounds stagnant and bad to me and others, then it's the conservatism of audiences which accounts for its persistence, not the determination of bands to foist it upon them.

Whitesnake, and the other Deep Purple offshoot outfit Gillan, show absolute grasp of their audiences' demands. I don't believe they could have whipped up that demand out of nothing, and I've got to concede they can satisfy it impressively.

The successful act has a professional stake in continuity, just as journalists have a vested interest in turmoil and change. I could go on to detail all my dislike of Heavy Metal, but it's a battle I'm less and less inclined to slog away at. There must be more important things to worry about. . .

Like, Is there life after America?

The London appearances from Slade, at the City University last week, and Steve Harley with Cockney Rebel this weekend, were a chance to re-assess two giants of the mid-decade returned to this country a little shrunkenly, but still spoiling for a second bite at that big cherry. One is an immensely likeable outfit, and the other. . .well, we'll come to Steve in a moment.

Slade were the same unredeemable and utterly vulgar fun they always were. Very little seems to have changed, from Noddy Holder's unlovely rasp to the clomping, bully-boy thrash of the group's old repertoire.

"From here on," yelled Noddy, bug-eyed and laughing, "it's ROCK AND ROLL all the way!"

And of course it was.

The only doubt now must be whether Slade can ever regain their lost constituency, the teenybop power-base that grows up and evaporates, or ever rebuild a new one. We're not the same as when they began, even if they are.

And the next contestant, please. . .

However vast his *need,* Steve Harley has no God-given rights to stardom. It's possible he's never understood this. Even as one of his first fans I wondered if he had talents massive enough to match and back up his ambition, wobbling on a slack tightrope held at either end by Bowie and Bolan.

But it was easy to love the 'contender' image he manufactured: always the pushy outsider, victim of a mythical closed-shop; but never quite the achiever.

And that was how he made a triumph out of his come-back last Saturday.

On a musical level, the gig was entirely unexceptional. But as living theatre, as a corny almost-real-life melodrama, it was magnificent. It could have been an old Hollywood bio-pic; it could have been *The Jolson Story* — an event that contrived, that perfect.

So to begin, through 'Roll The Dice' and 'Mr. Soft', he was tense and awkward — genuinely, but ostentatiously as well — and finally confessed it, lump-in-throat but bravado winning through.

"I've been a bit shaky (applause). . .it's nice to see ya (waves of applause). I got many other lines of bullshit, you know you can't believe a word I say." (Laughter and more applause).

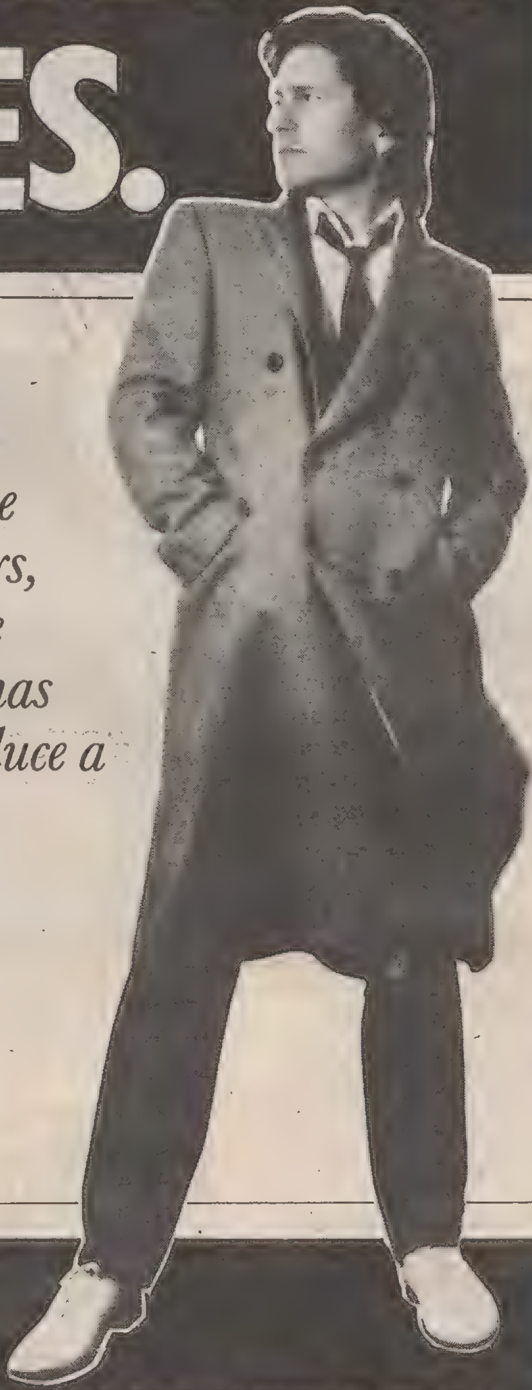
What else? A monologue and song about poor Dino *("I just wanna be someone, anyone / But I wanna be a star for a week or two"),* obviously relishing the intended autobiographical resonance. A brilliantly over-the-top 'Sebastian', a reunion duet with Jim Cregan for 'The Best Years Of Our Lives', a massed Hammersmith chorus of 'Oh Dear, Look What They've Done To The Blues'. . .

Perfect, so far as it goes.

The pity of it is that it merely reinforces memories. It celebrates all our yesterdays, and tells us Harley can make some more mileage out of 'Make Me Smile'. Perhaps he'll be content with that, I don't know.

I know that I won't be content with it. Not in 1979. It's too late.

Gillan, Holder and Coverdale repackage their past. Pix Tony Maclean, Robert Ellis, Fin Costello.



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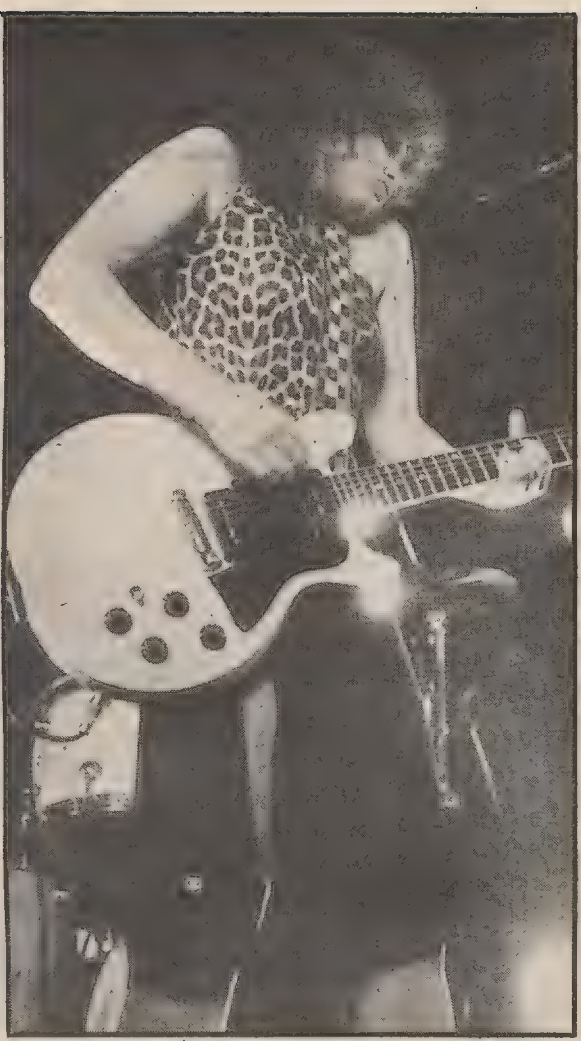


Martha Davis. Pic Kel Edge

The Motels

Marquee

Los Angeles, once a bastion of great rock music with names like The Byrds, Beach Boys, Buffalo Springfield, Doors, Love and a cast of thousands, fell into a torpor as the '70s got underway. Steely Dan were the only group of any consequence to emerge before the New Wave mushroom clouded up, but since then LA has seemed incapable of producing anything of merit in terms of new bands.

Which is hardly surprising considering that a slimy old charlatan like Kim Fowley got his gnarled, vampiric fingers into every band that sprang up under the new wave banner.

As far as I know, LA's Motels have never had anything to do with Fowley; which is one thing in their favour. The other is that they are a good group, led by a fine vocalist and songwriter in Martha Davis, replete with a strong, musically 'sound' ensemble who back her up with just the right sense of dynamics and all-purpose texturing.

The Motels' talents, ably showcased on their debut Capitol album, are made extra manifest when encountered in the flesh, even if that's in the sweaty, slobbish confines of the Marquee club on a Friday night where a bevy of punks and punkettes go through their ritual Sid Vicious impersonations and the usual music biz parasites stand just behind you talking too loud. Still, The Motels intently work on a slick but effective set of Ms Davis' numbers.

The band — visually anonymous except for guitarist Jeff Jourard who looks like Willy De Ville and makes the most of the resemblance — are all pros. Drummer Brian Glascock (who played on Iggy's 'Kill City' sessions) and bassist Michael Goodroe make for a sturdy rhythm section. Apart from Jourard who plays tough splintered shards of riffs, the main instrument whizz is the latter's brother Martin whose polymoog embellishments and saxophone solos are always deadly effective.

Although Martha's dress-sense and general onstage demeanour make her appear somewhat tarty, she's blessed with a strong voice, and the restless frustration in her movements perfectly complements her songs. For such an obviously hot band, the high points of the set surprisingly occurred when they were at their most restrained. Davis became a torch singer for 'Porn Reggae' (a strong performance even though the song is far too influended by 'Watching The Detectives') and her best song 'Closets & Bullets', punctuated by Martin J.'s superb sax solo.

Otherwise it was a strong, invigorating set of classy rock — well performed, precise, bristling with ingenuity.

Already the word is out on the band, even though one report claimed them to be the best US band to hit the UK since Talking Heads: a patently ridiculous statement. Don't be misled but then again, don't be put off. Go and see The Motels and invent your own comparisons.

Nick Kent

The Contortions

New York

James Chance knows only too well that there's no success like failure.

The boy has doom written all over him; the possessed look of a man who's pissed off because he sold his soul to the devil to play the saxophone. Show biz dabblers like The Cramps may make suggestions about voodoo rock, but Chance really beats those dark drums.

He's scary and twisted and not all of his public persona is an act.

He bills himself as James White now. Forget it, he's likely to change his mind next week. He'll probably also be hiring and firing musicians till kingdom come, but for now, the glorious, supremely anarchic, nail-you-to-the-wall days of the old Contortions are gone.

Chance brought his new Contortions into Max's for a weekend stand, and they are a much different group — a disciplined and formularised hybrid of funk, jazz and disco rhythms; a carefully calculated groove that has replaced the old tension and madness.

There is another factor to the change: the old Contortions were free spirits, as crazed and indomitable as Chance, and each performance was a battle of assertiveness. They attacked with grating urgency, instruments rubbing up against each other the wrong way. In that setting, Chance's inspired honking and shouting was just another element in the general cacophony.

This was not to Chance's liking. His need is to be the single star, the unchallenged centre of attention on the stage.

The new Contortions facelessly support his antics without detracting from him. One can't fault them for doing only what they were hired to — which is to lay down a tight rhythmic groove and stick with it, while Chance alone takes the walk out to the edge.

One misses the old excitement, the sensation of a musical battle zone. But these Contortions are a more pleasant, if less stirring, experience.

The concept of rock rhythms infused with jazz and funk has given way to pure-funk. The six-piece churns out a danceable, slightly cracked crossover of George Clinton funk and disco rhythms. They produce their sound with robot-like determination, and the pace and tonal texture vary little from song to song.

The droning slide guitar —

A dotty aunt's

Lene Lovich
Jane Aire And The Belvederes
The Meteors

Loughborough

I hope Holland has more than The Meteors whose music has been around for some time now and sounds tired. They are pretty unmemorable apart from the lead singer who poses incongruously on top of an all-too-familiar format.

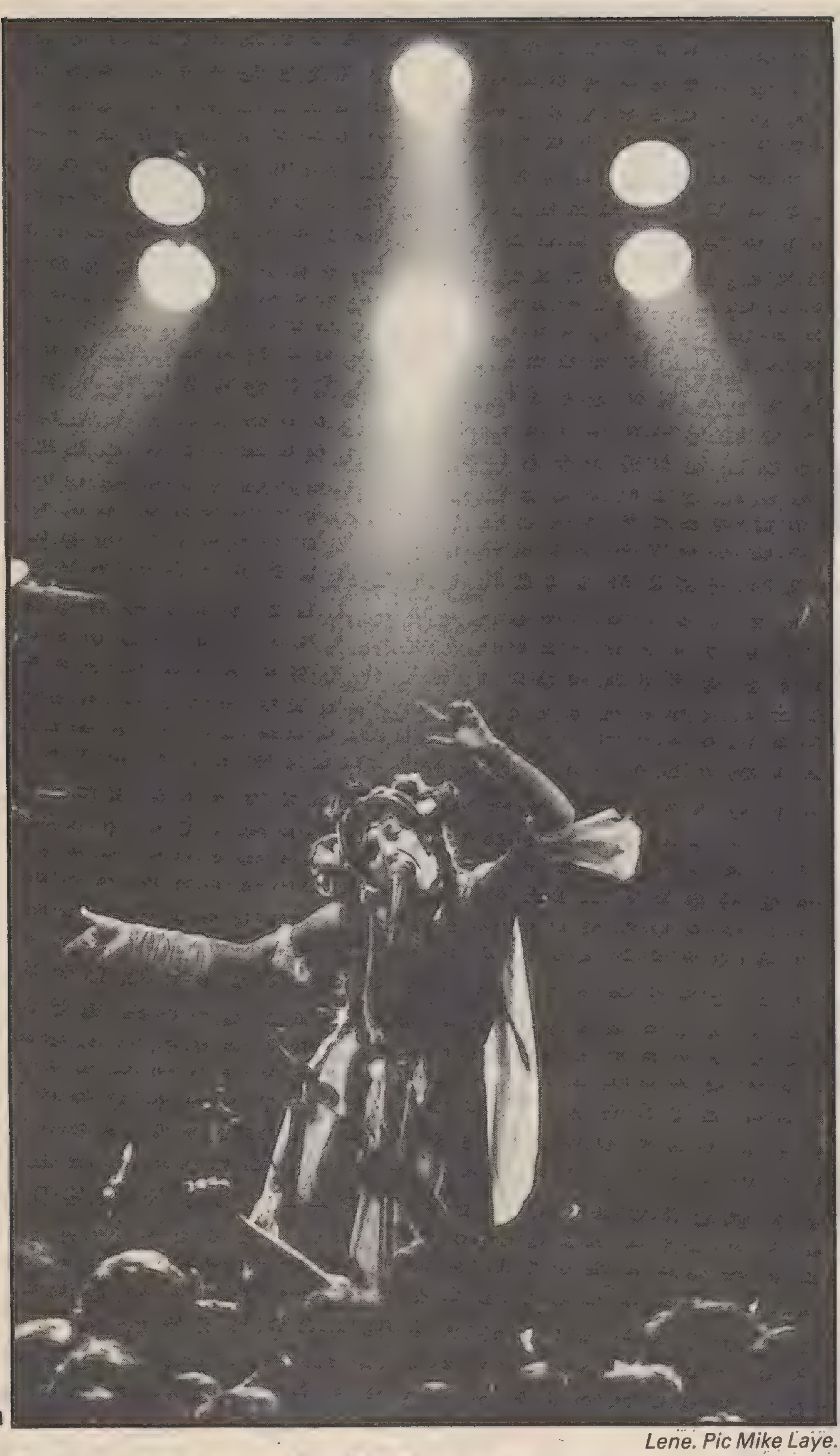
Jane Aire has a smooth, strong voice wrapped in a thick, glossy sound. A small token specimen of zany femininity who gambols in front of an identically dressed all male group, she sings songs that effectively dispel any odour of emotion. What remains is flaccid, amusing and defused, and it's a shame because the occasional broken stutter or shout show that she's selling herself short with this stuff.

The next woman to take the stage is part fairground barker beckoning on the edge of a sleazy, deranged electric existence. When her plaits flap and her eyes pop and snap she's a bizarre, good-natured, vampiric visitation. She is also that dotty, delightful aunt whose benign eccentricities shatter the social code; and when she clasps that overladen head in her hands she's a gleeful Cassandra pronouncing prophecies of a thrilling fate.

Lene Lovich moves in deliberate, sonorous curves executed as carefully as the sequences and steps of a primitive votive dance. She is red-lipped and white-faced; she speaks with a warm, warped accent and when she smiles she seems almost shy.

She has the usual outrageous confection attached to her head and is draped in strips and rags of yellow and black.

But the frippery doesn't detract from the fact that she's finished flirting round the edges of rock. Her clever, catchy,



Lene. Pic Mike Laye.

deranged doings

cut-up pop has been superseded by a sound that is strong, powerful and superb.

The new numbers are fuller and more finished than anything she's previously achieved. 'Wonderful One' has a tenacious thump and high, splitting shrieks; 'You Can't Kill Me' is slow and stabbing with bare blows of sound; 'Joan' (of Arc, of course) is crusading and triumphant, and during 'The Angels' Lene's voice achieves the dreamy distance of an unearthly choir.

Trills, tweets and whistles pierce the dense, eerie atmospherics of 'Bird Song' and she dedicates 'What Would I Do Without You' to the audience, one spiky finger shredding the air above the heads of the crowd.

Old numbers are given deep treatment. 'The Writing On The Wall' has chill winds and a skilful stream of sax. 'Too Tender To Touch' takes its time, a spotlight selecting first Les Chappell (who's joined Dean Klavett on keyboards), then Justin Hildreth (drums) and Mark Chaplin (bass) and lastly Lene herself as the song builds, blossoms and spreads.

The new band is already an entity in itself. Shown off in a simple effective stage setting, they create a forceful, cohesive sound, Lene playing more sax which tears strips off the surface or loses itself and gets soft and sensitive. Her voice see-saws and plummets, whimpers and soars and apart from the pyrotechnics, it's used straight and soulful in 'The Night' and quivers with suppressed emotion during a 'Home.'

They encore with a stripped-down almost ska'd 'Lucky Number' which has three front-persons high-kicking it across the stage. But it's a personal triumph that despite the distractions of dress and demeanour, Lene Lovich seems sincere and generous and always herself.

She is breaking down barriers, avoiding the pitfalls and she's well on the way to winning.

Lynn Hanna

---

which in Pat Place's hands had been an abrasive weapon — is now played by Kristian Hoffman (of The Mumps) in a much more subdued manner. New keyboardist Steve Kramer is supportive, but he lacks Adele Bertei's inventive wildness. The rhythm section clearly dominates here, kicking things along with clockwork precision. Were it not for Chance's presence, this could almost be a cocktail lounge band.

Against this backdrop Chance flings his body, saxophone and voice, cutting across the geometric regularity with crazed, bold strokes. Chance's stage-craft aims for something like a cross between James Brown and Iggy Pop, and although he doesn't hit the mark, it's exciting to watch him try.

His stock trick is to clamber into the audience and threaten people. At Max's he crawled over table tops on all fours, once bringing his sax with him, once simply continuing his verbal free-form barrage of shouts, whines and exhortations. At one point he collapsed, writhing on a table-top, and conga player Bradley Field leapt up and dragged him back to the stage.

The obviousness of this James Brown rip-off would have been merely campy humour if it were not that Chance is just a bit crazed, and the danger of a really violent confrontation bubbles underneath the proceedings like a smouldering volcano.

The intensity of Chance's performance was the only factor to distinguish one song from another. One cover, Chic's 'Good Times', transformed the disco celebration song into a confession of the sins of the Western world. 'Contort Yourself' was suitably manic, with Chance raving, threatening and blowing his sax like he was trying to wake the dead.

His playing sparks the band; Chance wants it to sound unschooled and undisciplined, but his developing technique belies the conceit. He's learning to weave together just the right strands of order and chaos.

Ultimately Chance's egomania works against him. By refusing to allow anyone else on stage to do anything as adventurous or dynamic as him, he misses out. But Chance is too mercurial a figure to let us believe he won't change his mind again.

He's unsettled and unsettling, and that's all that is taken for granted.

Richard Grabel

Bogey Boys

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The Specials. Pic George Bodnar.

Two tone: a tonic for the troops

The Specials
Madness
The Selecter

Bournemouth

Sharp shirt, black'n'white treaders, pinned-down collar and tie; The Ska Machine snow-balls into Bournemouth.

Home hint: if you want to revive something, root for the obscure and the chances are that to most people it'll sound Brand New. Home hint (2): a custom-made fan is a definite plus, preferably one capable of taking gargantuan leaps through space and time and arriving intact, in a different context, with scarce a hair out of place.

Thus has the mid-'60s Jamaican 'super-hooligan', The Rudy, spawned the seething, soaking, asphyxiating army of natty dressers who are at present sardined into the suppurating bowels of this converted bowling alley.

Tell me it all makes sense.

Thus too have the two-tones brought a tonic to the troops, the near-total wave of adulation left in their wake mainly resulting from their advantageous lack of a comparable yardstick. Flashbacks to their peer-groups are pointless; even if you remember the originals, they've mostly been re-vamped beyond recognition.

So the only way of gauging the respective worth of these bands is within the Ska Machine's own perspective, by opening up this self-contained, self-regulating (and perhaps imminently self-destructive) package, and laying out its contents side by side.

Between them, the three bands stretch to both ends of the ska spectrum: The Specials keep dead centre, see-sawing around a strict, brassy bluebeat, with The Selecter veering off to a reggae fringe and Madness keeping their wheels grinding against the curb of basic R&B.

The Selecter and Madness make an effective contrast. Within the ska context their two sounds are poles apart, The Selecter creating a rigid centre rhythm with its edges frenzied, frayed and coloured by a wavering ice-rink organ and 'big sound' twangy guitar, and Madness keeping their centre loose, fluid and flexible and their edges filed down with cheese-grater chords, sturdy Farfisa and reckless, raucous sax.

Madness have the edge, they also have the mobility. At some point in their set, it dawns on me that if this isn't Heaven, it has to be the place next door.

Square-jawed Suggs and his attendant skanker Chas Smash reckon much the same thing and treat us to some flailing choreography — a stop / start idiot routine for 'The Prince', and one of those three-in-a-line cake-walk numbers with the saxist in 'Madness'.

The Selecter (who open) are less adventurous but still a fearsome dance force. Their sound's so bass-heavy that when the dreadlocked Charlie busts a string mid-number, the mix all but disintegrates without him.

They deliver steam locomotive bluebeat jangling with angular chords, rattling with percussion and fronted by Gabs and the frenetic, wide-eyed Pauline who belt around like a couple of yo-yos wired to the mains.

Two numbers punch you right between the eyes, the single 'On Your Radio', with a disarming echo vocal from Pauline, and their suitably sinister reading of 'The James Bond Theme'.

For the rest, The Selecter merely keep your feet warm.

Same goes for The Specials who, compared with the last three times I've sampled their wares, come suspiciously close to going through the motions.

I watch them from stage left, wedged between bassist Sir Horace Gentleman and a dozen girls with bouffants who hear the opening chords to '(Dawning Of A) New Era' and go completely mental. The band fall into line, steaming up and down like a rack of well-oiled trumpet valves with the garishly gap-toothed Jerry Dammers leaping so high off his keyboard deck that it takes two roadies to stop his stack collapsing.

After the colours of the Madness set, 'It's Up To You', 'Concrete Jungle' and 'Doesn't Make It Alright' sound flat, drained and lifeless — as does vocalist Terry Hall, normally unpredictable but tonight obviously saving his strength for the remaining 38 dates.

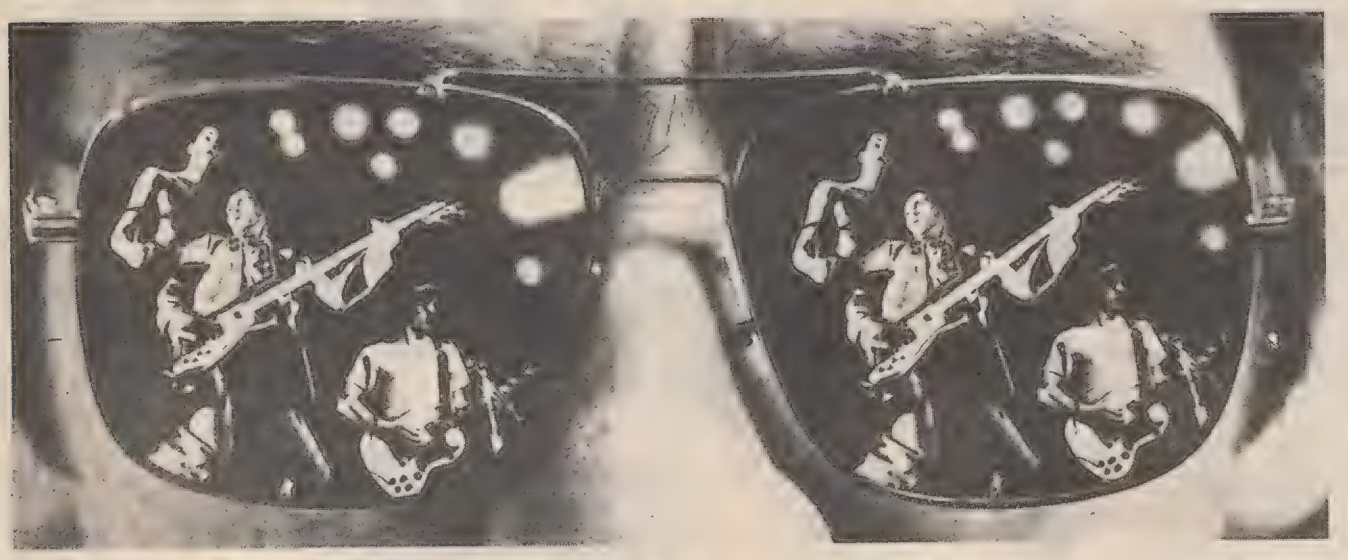
Salvation is short and sweet in the form of the exuberant Rico (trombone) and the excellent Dick Cuthel (trumpet) adding a missing warmth and fullness and rounding off scarred edges into a rich, embracing wall of sound. Something The Specials usually achieve unassisted.

I'm left unmoved, maybe because — unlike Madness — their ever-tighter sense of discipline seems to be clouding their will to expand.

That tends to be the case with Skaville: a great place to visit but I wouldn't want to live there.

Mark Ellen

Take a good look... at the newspaper exclusively for musicians.



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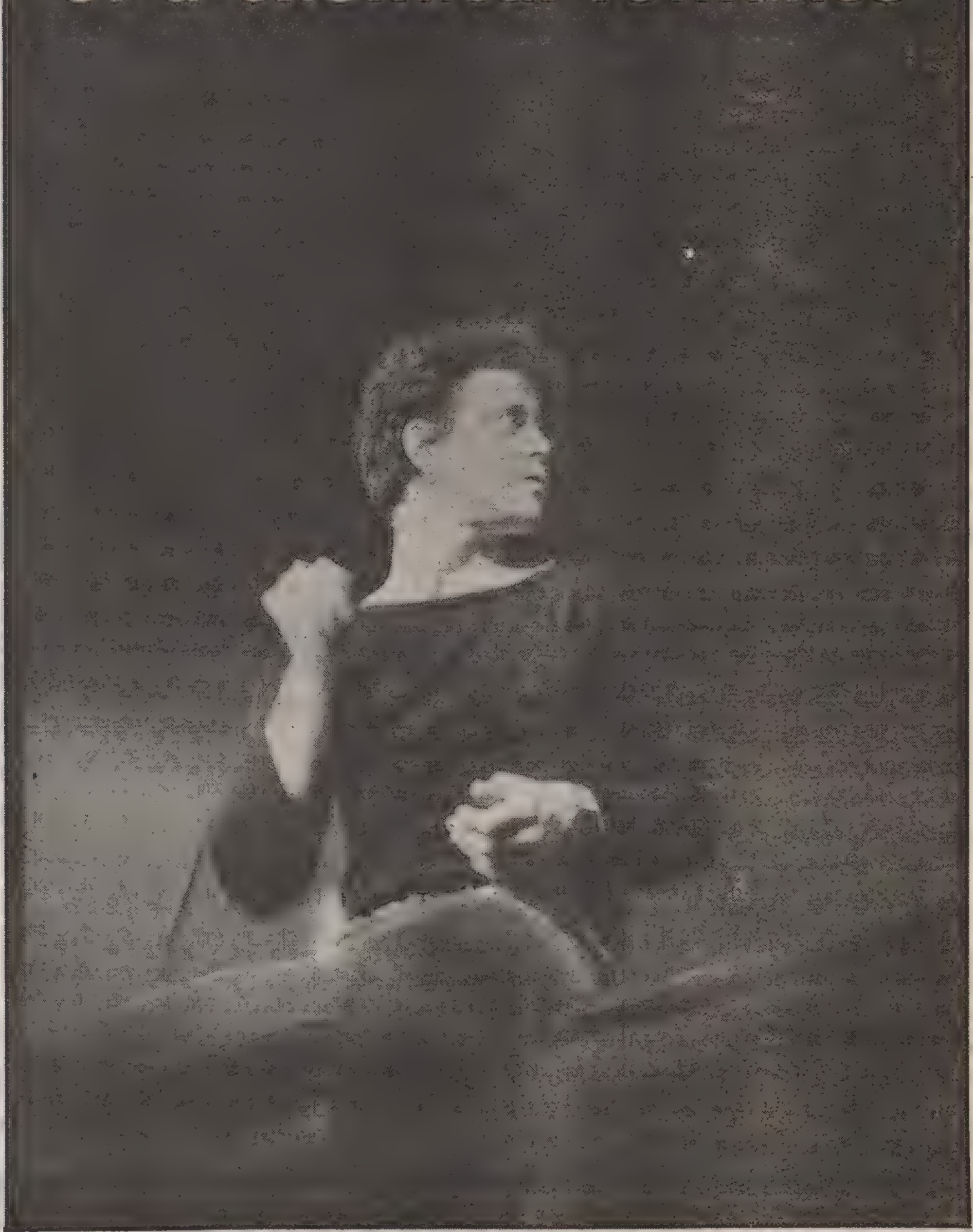

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Rev

Lou Reed

Hammersmith Odeon

Within the context of rock 'n' roll's 'social effect', particular ideological tendencies are presumably far less important than the names, drug habits and sexual preferences of the stars. Vulgar notions such as 'individual genius' and 'legendary status' are more appropriate than criticism which might at least designate the social context of music-making production.

The illusory importance and autonomy of private rock 'n' roll life drags on only as an appendage of the social processes that surround it.

I mean like you know that crazy Lou's a yo-yo, you know man? You can't tie that cat down one minute he's pure goddamn genius, like, rock and roll Dostoyevsky then the next he is so sooo hopeless man! I mean — only a TRUE ARTIST could be like that you know?

Our little lord precious Lou Reed, likes to play on *being Lou Reed,* the implication always having been that, you know, Lou Reed is creative, a privileged Artist, all this New York Warhol — the 'personal' is 'artistic' *per se* — Art/Music crossover jerking: forever transitively.

All this nonsense about Lou Reed being one of the 'greatest writers' the world might ever know . . . walk/don't walk on the high-cultural wild side . . . what a pitifully, stupidly naive way of looking at things.

Any song, any text, is *not* simply one line of words releasing a single meaning (the 'message' of the Author), but a multi-dimensional space in which a variety of writings, none of them original, blend and clash: a tissue of quotations drawn from innumerable centres of culture. The Velvet Underground work, for instance, mixed and blurred strains of black humour, tragedy, epic narrative, the unconscious, frameworks of need and desire. Now, Lou . . .

I mean, like all he has to do is throw together a fistful of rock and roll cliches, you know, 'streets' and 'boogies' and 'hassles' and so forth and all the right chemical references (sniff sniff) and he has normally quite rational people grovelling at his bootstraps! Wow!

Of course once the Author has been found, the song's text is 'explained' — victory to the critic. Thus, every last hiss and moan of Lou Reed's recorded output can be systematically dribbled over.

His performance at the Hammersmith Odeon (the opening night of three) was probably his *Crime And Punishment:* who knows or cares? It's not so much that I found it unappealing as a lil' ol' consumer in the stalls, or that it failed to live up to my/any expectations of *Lou Reed as Lou Reed* . . .

No, simply as a night out in the rock and roll space it was undeniably lacklustre, cliched, antiquated, unadventurous and pretty insulting.

He ruled out the multiplicity of rock 'n' roll performance and sketched in a tired and tiresome caricature, a bar-room bore figure whose every gesture and intimation fell upon stony ground, floored arrogance and bathos.

But man this is the guy who wrote 'HEROIN'! 'SWEET JANE'! All that stuff on 'BERLIN'! 'SAD SONG'! man! Or even 'PERFECT DAY'! 'VICIOUS'! 'WALK ON THE WILD SIDE'!

Yes, and at the Hammersmith Odeon he had the *pure dynamite artistic vision* to play them all as hack Heavy Metal Cliches with all the trappings: big climactic build ups, grins amongst the lads in the band, lots of boring solos, Irish jokes, cabaret posing. The lot.

It wasn't wasted camp, will-he-die-or-won't-he time. It was every muscle tight, man, a superdooper lightshow, something like the Allman Brothers-vs-The Only Ones as a backing band (can this really be the Happy House who backed Don Cherry recently?) and just the occasional scratch at his forearm to let us know that, well . . .

YOU ARE AFTER ALL A MYTH A REAL BONA FIDA MYTH AN ARTIST LIKE NORMAN MAILER LOUDMOUTH MACHO SPEEDFREAK BULLSHIT MERCHANT SO WHO GIVES A GODDAMN ABOUT WHAT IT ALL MIGHT ACTUALLY SIGNIFY? COS GODDAMN MAN LOU IS LOU!

I mean, this particular sucker journalist has had enough of all these rampant notions of 'individuality' and 'creativity' — the epitome and culmination of an ideology which has attached the greatest importance to the 'person' of the individual singer/writer. The image of rock 'n' roll to be found in ordinary culture is tyrannically centred on the star, their person, habits, etc, while 'criticism' still consists for the most part in saying that, you know, oh, Bowie's work is the failure of Bowie the man, Barrett's his madness, Patti Smith's her vices . . .

The *explanation* of a work is always sought in the person who produced it, as if it were always in the end, through the more or less transparent allegory of the fiction, the voice of a single person, the *artist* 'confiding' in us.

Somewhere over the rock'n'roll rainbow *the* Lou Reed survives — in a pale world of worshipful icons; useless memories.

Lou Reed isn't dead.

Ian Penman

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The Mekons. Pic David Corio.

Welcome to the ball . . . of confusion

The Mekons

Marquee

Disciplined and slick, assured and smooth, the very essence of professionalism . . . these are just a few of the words people aren't using to describe The Mekons, never have, probably never will do. This is a good thing.

Although they're becoming more cohesive, developing as something of an efficient unit over time — which really is inevitable — the basis of their approach remains amateurish enough to ensure that The Mekons as a stage event have lost none of their shambolic charm.

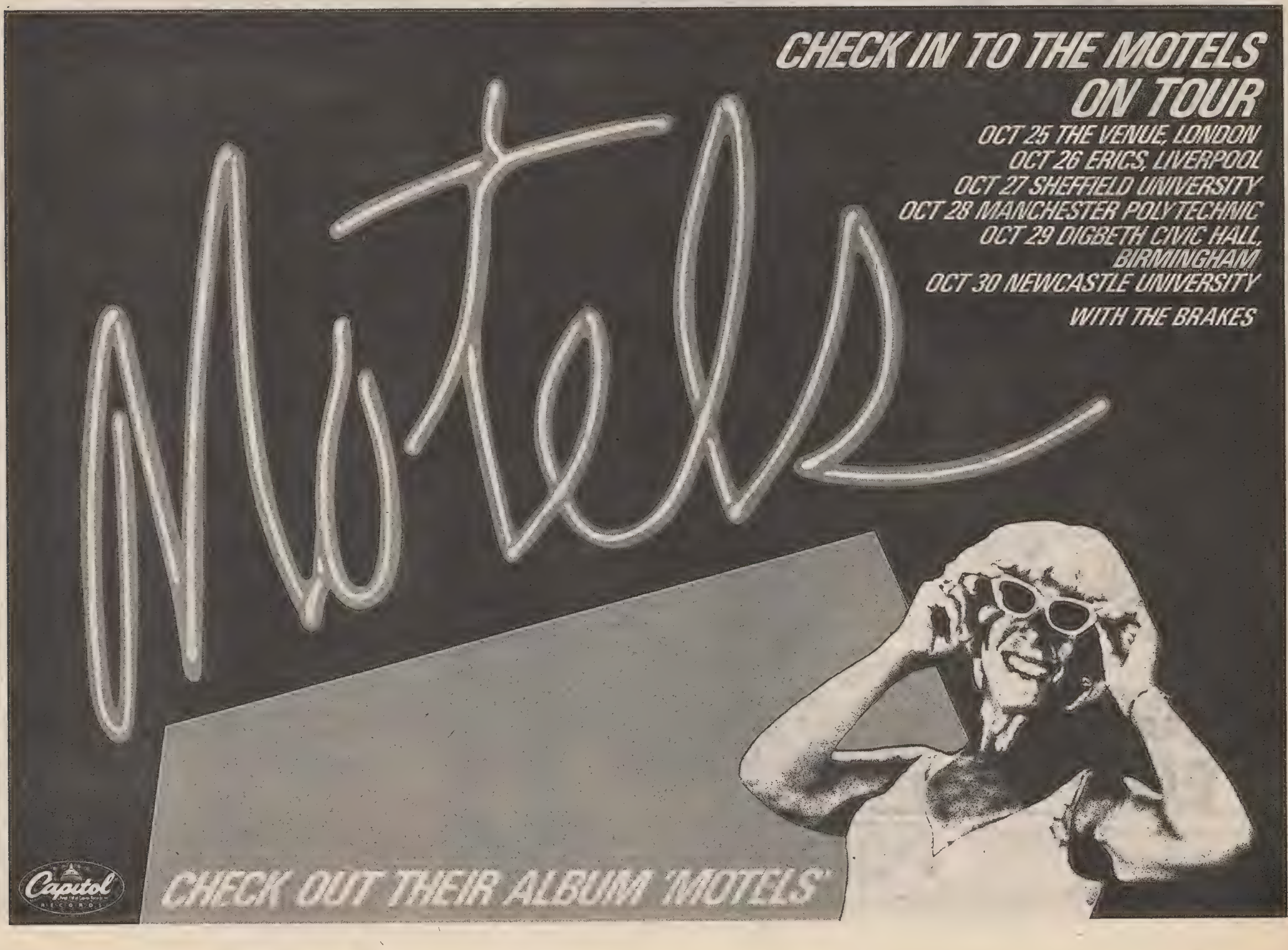
What they've gained is a rhythmic reliability which has the entire place dancing from beginning to finish, in a way that the more accomplished and calculating boogie manufacturers would doubtless envy. And all this without exhortation, or crafty manipulation. They still give off an impression of managing it all by accident.

Now I don't know how this effect is achieved, how far it grows out of their reputed group philosophy (abolishing the distinctions of power and importance that separate performers from audience, I believe), and how much it's down to the way they laugh a lot, to the way they just play at playing and leave the rest to luck. But the fact is, The Mekons' kind of good-humoured, unpretentious not - quite - competence offers as good a chance of pure enjoyment as pretty well anything else around.

'Where Were You', 'Never Been In A Riot', all those lovely old tunes we know and love so well, were joined by the equally melodic new single 'Work All Week' — though what any of these timeless titles signify I don't have the faintest idea, as I was unable to make out a thing they were singing about.

Somehow this doesn't matter very much. The typical Mekons gig still promises to be a ball . . . of confusion.

Paul Du Noyer


Motels
CHECK IN TO THE MOTELS ON TOUR
CHECK OUT THEIR ALBUM 'MOTELS'
Capitol

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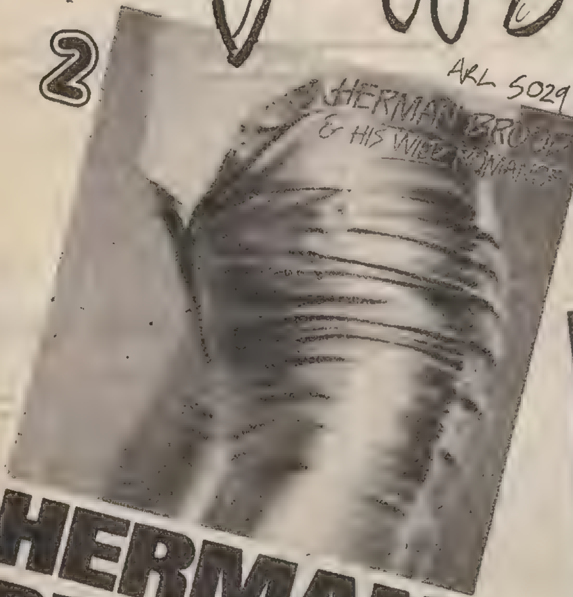
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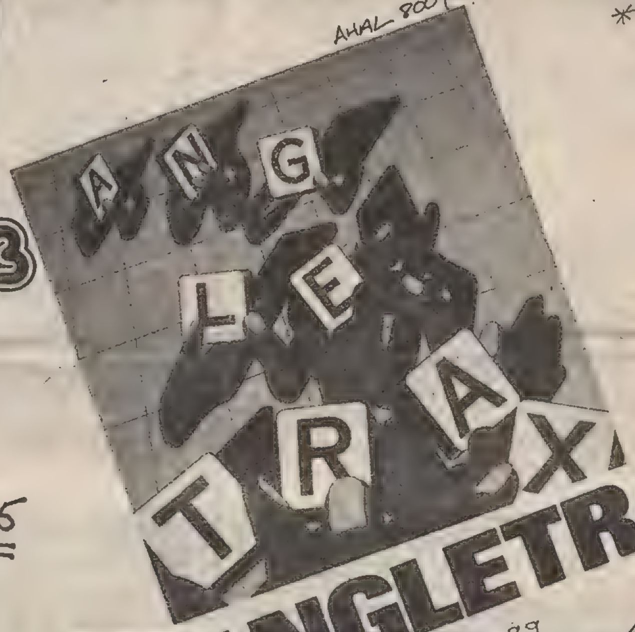

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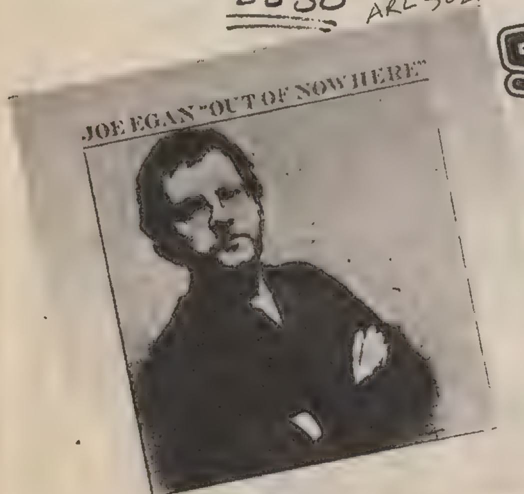
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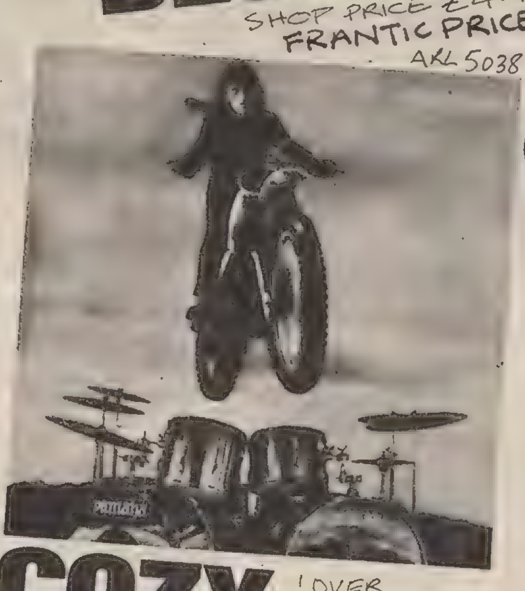

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JIMMY P.

From page 8

years ago. Indeed this is borne out by at least two statements made during the interview, plus the lyrics for a new Sham song entitled 'Dog-Tag Babies', which Pursey proudly recites with the usual guff about how he feels they're his best lyrics to date.

"Yeah, it's about how we — this generation, right — are basically the war babies 'cos like our Mums and Dads were involved in the Second World War and it was the working class who won the war for Britain. Yer upper classes were all officers with stripes on the arm and all that lark, but it was the poor bastards who kept this country going who got their boots muddy, crawling in shit for hours, getting the bullets an' that, who really did the hard graft.

"Anyway, it goes . . ." (Pursey takes obvious pleasure in these recitations and prefaces the effort with a suitably reverent pause) . . . *'Born behind the lines/Where the third light always shines/Sent marching out to war/Not once but twice before/Will we let the children just pretend?/Or will we let it happen all again/The fashion that we see/Is the end of you and me/It's the bringing back of what has gone before/And that is not the war that we want no more'.*

"Then the chorus goes, *'We're tinkers, tailors/We're soldiers, we're sailors/We're rich men, we're poor men/We're beggars, we're thieves/We're losers, we're winners/We're givers, we're takers/We're forgiven, we're forgotten/We're dog-tag babies.'* "

Pursey obviously finds this sort of bully-beef soul-stirring stuff, but God knows, in the brutal light of the '80s zero hour it's almost quaintly arcane. So much so you feel like tossing him a collection of John Osborne's Angry Young Man plays so that at least he can move into the late '50s.

Because Pursey, however honourable his intentions, is tapping a source point that is so outdated in its conceit, one can't help wondering just how out of kilter he is with his chosen stance.

The fact that Sham's gigs became such frightening near-massacres due to audiences getting out of control is a fierce indictment, pinpointing the very real fact that something was wrong. After all, The Clash, even with the inflammatory likes of 'White Riot', never attracted right-wing gangs to their gigs. More to the point, there's a strong chaser of relevance backing up the contention that what a band projects onstage, the audience mirrors. One need look no further than The Rolling Stones' dalliance with violence, culminating in the hideous bloodletting of Altamont exactly a decade past — a classic example — for proof of that.

Pursey of course has his own theories as to how the mayhem at Sham gigs recurred.

"There were certain key songs in our original repertoire that I think the kids caught onto, but I also reckon they may have misinterpreted them. Like, there were two in particular, one being 'Red London', which I in fact had nothing to do with, Dave Parsons wrote that. The key line was *'London streets are turning red/There's no democracy'*. Now that was universally misinterpreted by everyone from Julie Burchill to the National Front. It was red as in 'blood', chaos, everything going wrong. Also the 'individuals rule' line, which was a communist line in a democratic sort of way. Not that we're communists *or* democrats — and we're certainly not capitalist, else we'd be chucking out nice pop ditties for the kiddies. So there was that song.

"Then the most important was 'Borstal Breakout', which was and is Sham 69. It was never just about borstal but more about this kid desperately trying to break free of the system's oppression.

"Our early songs, see, were very black and white. No fuckin' around in the middle. Plus they were working class songs. And who was the working class? They were the poor sods in the '14-'18 war sent out to fight — like, over you go lads and get shot to ribbons. We can spare 14,000 factory workers, and 14,000 builders and 14,000 layabouts. Just fly 'em off — no-one'll care.

"And who are the most patriotic Britishers? The working class. Who marched in the street with the flag flying? The workin' class. Who kept London going during the blitz? The fuckin' workin' class, that's who. And those are the people who are in my songs."

ENOUGH OF this patriotic banter, Jim. Let's get to the present for Chrissakes. You claim that you're intent on carrying on the 'punk' tradition. What is your definition of punk right now?

"A punk is a kid who . . . he goes fishin', and 'e goes to the disco on Saturdays. 'E's very naive, and 'e wants to be one of the lads, but at the same time 'e's after a bit of individuality.

"A punk's just a kid who goes down the pub and gets pissed, touches a girl's arse, throws a brick through a window. But he's got that naivete, that honesty. 'Cos no-one told 'em what to do."

And there probably lies the essential problem with Jim Pursey's thought processes. A punk is a working class yobbo who not only doesn't know better but *shouldn't* know better. His naivete is his greatest virtue.

Yet Pursey himself, the proverbial walking contradiction, although prone to witless proclamations, has bettered his lot.

Sham 69 will be back — as strong a force as when they left, with a possible second guitarist alongside Parsons, a mysterious bloke according to Pursey, who refers to him only as Peter ("He has strong spiritual ties with Paul Kossoff, it's so weird — I can't tell ya. But 'e's incredible") and an album entitled 'Rebel Masterpiece'.

Right now he quite blithely refers to himself as "the Tommy Steele of punk — I want to get to the mums and dads," and he will, no doubt about that. That Jimmy Pursey. A good boy. He's not posh. Loves his mother. No safety-pins. And our Doreen fancies 'im, though she reckons he's older than he says.

AND YET, as ill-focussed as his thought processes all too often appear, as befuddled as his thinking is, he's doing his bit and he'll make sure he stays right there in the public eye. Because mixed in with the naivete and ego hangs a canny sense of self-preservation, matched only by a desire to play for 'big stakes'.

"Listen mate, I've been checkin' out the music business, right, and I've learnt a thing or two, let me tell you. OK, so it's going through a gigantic slump right now. There's no gettin' away from that. But there's a few wheeler-dealers like myself, basically the type of bloke I'd refer to as a 'cowboy'.

"The way I work is pure arselicking, right. I go to EMI and say yes sir, yes sir, three bags full sir. I go to Warner Brothers, say yes sir, yes sir, three bags full sir. I says the same thing to Polydor, and they all say, 'Cor, what a nice little lad. Now Jimmy's a smart boy, he knows his place'.

"Same with the BBC. See, I don't care. Yeah, you print this, 'cos I beg and steal and whore and lick arse, but I get X amount of money. No sweat. Course EMI, Warners and Polydor all think 'Ah yes, Jimmy Pursey. We can make a few quid off of him'. But what they don't know is I'm using them, and I'll end up with more money to do my own thing. Which, in turn, will benefit me kids, be it a club for them to go to or for new bands to record. And then, when I've got all I want I'll just turn round and say, 'Fuck off you scum, I don't need you any more'.

"See, if you're small you're screwed, but if you're smart you can swindle and connive and get what you want in the end.

" 'Cos when I went to Virgin and saw . . . I could tell you the whole Pistols story — I could ruin Steve and Paul, but I don't want to 'cos they're already up shit creek. They're totally broke and can't get any money. They've got their bollocks in hock. And let me tell you, I'm not gonna be a human Mars Bar for Mr Richard Branson. No way."

Jimmy Pursey is finally drained verbally. As I walk up to quickly visit one of Polydor's PR people I encounter one of the company hierarchy on the stairs. Early '40s suit and tie, the vague aroma of Tin Pan Alley, he nods in a sage-like gesture when I inform him of who I've just interviewed.

"Ah yes, Jimmy. Now there's a boy who's going to be around this business for a long time. A real trouper is our Jim. Yes, we have high hopes for him here at Polydor."

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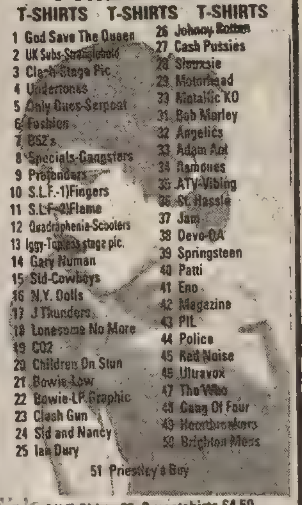

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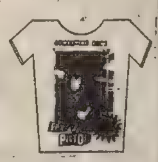

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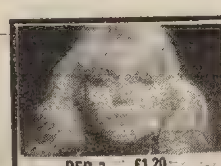

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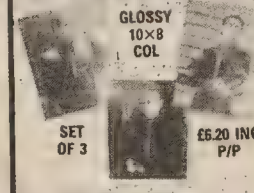

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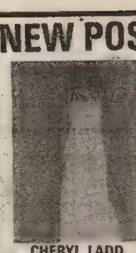

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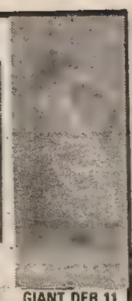

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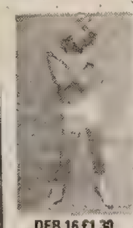

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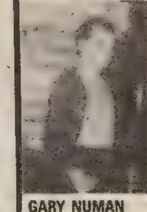

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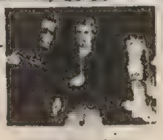

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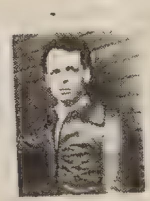

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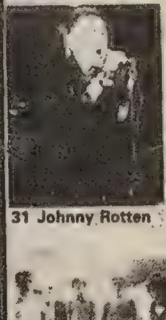

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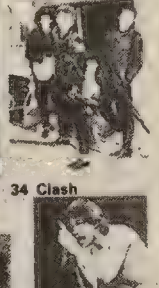

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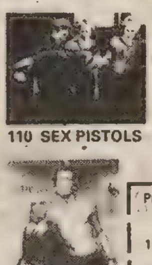

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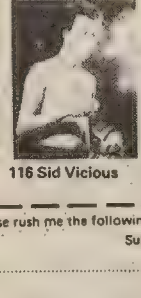

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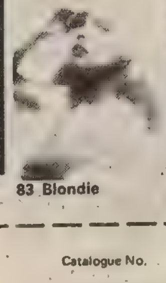

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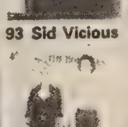

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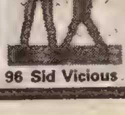

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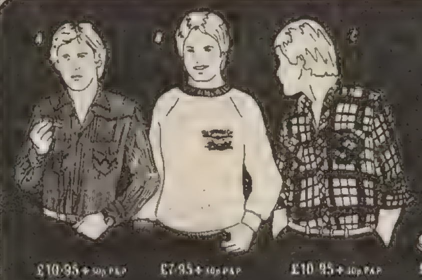

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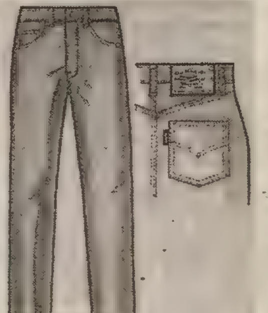

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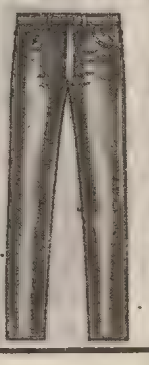

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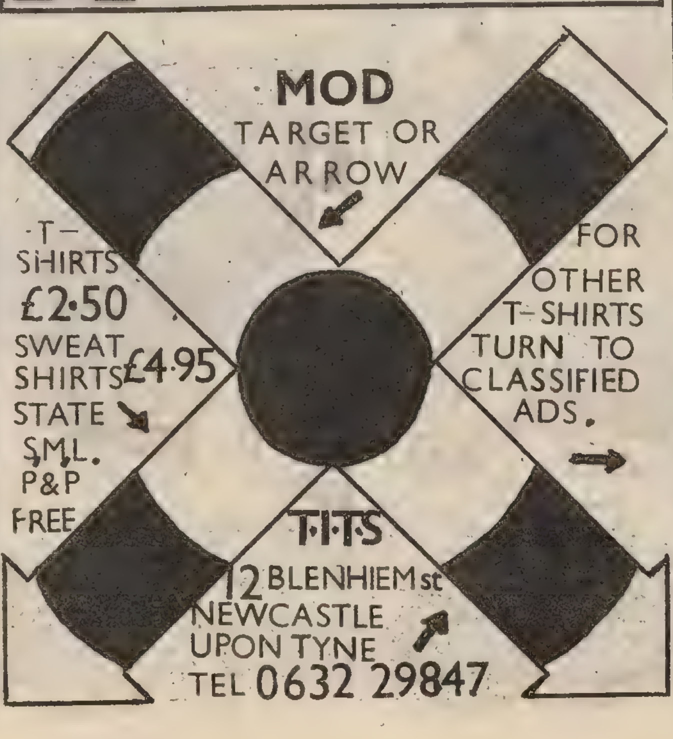

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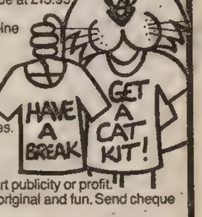

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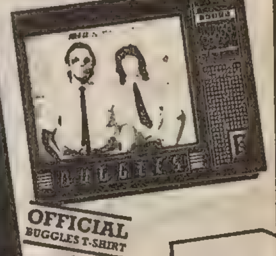
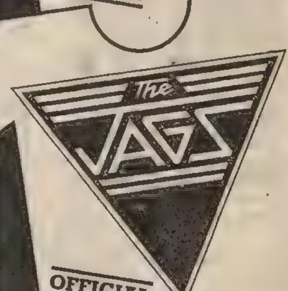


OFFICIAL BUGGLES T-SHIRT



OFFICIAL JAGS T-SHIRT

YO-YO THE OFFICIAL MERCHANDISING CO. LTD.

Name ________________

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BUGGLES T-SHIRT QUANTITY ☐ S☐ M☐ L☐
White T-Shirt, logo four-colour video print

JAGS T-SHIRT QUANTITY ☐ S☐ M☐ L☐
White T-Shirt, logo blue with silver 3D print

Price £3.95 each inclusive of P. and P.
I enclose cheque/P.O. for £ Made payable to.
YO-YO Limited, 47 British Grove, London W 4.

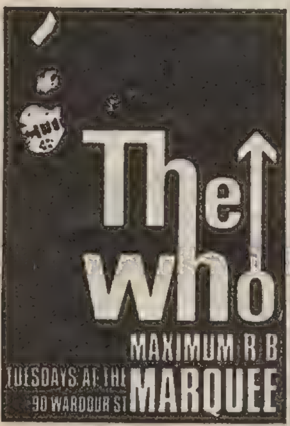
MOD INTERNATIONAL

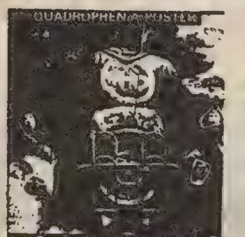
TOP 20 MAXIMUM STRAIGHT TIES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	THE JAM	(logo)
2	(2)	THE POLICE	(logo)
3	(3)	THE WHO	(logo)
4	(7)	PISS OFF	(Logo)
5	(6)	SPECIALS	(logo)
6	(4)	SECRET AFFAIR	(logo)
7	(14)	MADNESS	(logo)
8	(8)	SID VICIOUS	(pic+logo)
9	(18)	JOE JACKSON	(pic+logo)
10	(13)	LAMBRETTAS	(logo)
11	(20)	THE SELECTOR	(logo)
12	(9)	MAXIMUM R'n'B	(logo)
13	(19)	QUADROPHENIA	(logo)
14	(5)	CLASH	(logo)
15	(15)	TEENBEATS	(logo)
16	(12)	MERTON PARKAS	(logo)
17	(10)	CHORDS	(logo)
18	(11)	BACK TO ZERO	(logo)
19	(16)	LITTLE ROOSTERS	(logo)
20	(17)	R & R SWINDLE	(logo)

All ties White Print on Black/Red
***£1.75** + 15p (p&p)*

The Little Roosters
BACK to ZERO
SECRET AFFAIR
The Who
Sid Vicious
The Chords
TEEN BEATS
CLASH CLASH CLASH
Merton Parkas
The Police
Lambrettas
Jam
PISS OFF
MAXIMUM R B


The Who
MAXIMUM R B
TUESDAYS AT THE 90 WARDOUR ST
MARQUEE



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'SUBSTITUTE'
ON reaction
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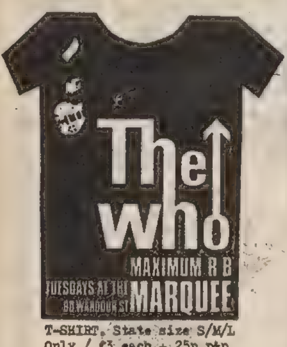

T-SHIRT. State size S/M/L
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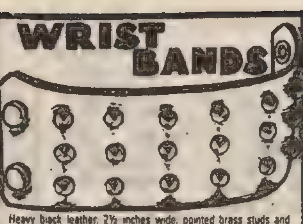
Trade And Group Enquiries most welcome

WRIST BANDS



Heavy black leather, 2½ inches wide, pointed brass studs and heavy duty clasps, just *£2 (two for £3.75)*.
Send sae for our fantastic new catalogue of studded belts, wrist bands and now — guitar straps

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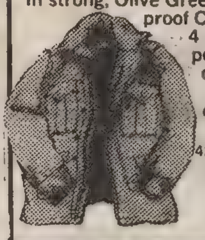
Now The Genuine Article! Superb Quality
Heavy Sheepskin Flying Jackets

Made in Brown heavy sheepskin with the brown sheep leather on the outside, pockets and seams bound in leather; Large sheepskin collar with storm straps, zip sleeves and sheepskin lined pockets

State size.

£75
P. & P. £1.50

NEW CANADIAN Gov. Surplus
Field Jackets

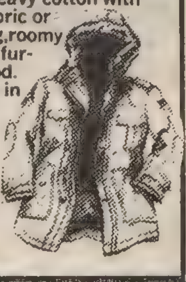


In strong, Olive Green Shower-proof Cotton with 4 roomy flap pockets, zip, drawstring and epaulettes.

Sizes up to 42" chest only

£9.75
P. & P. £1

Genuine Ex-Government Surplus —
NATO Parkas

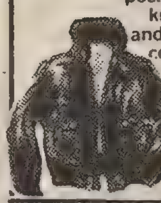


In proofed heavy cotton with warm fur fabric or quilted lining, roomy pockets and fur-trimmed hood. Not new but in excellent condition.

State size.

£12.75
P. & P. £1.25

Brand New Tough Real Cowhide
Leather Navy Type Jackets from the U.S.A.



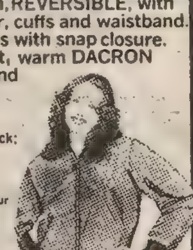
Colour, Dark Brown with 2 pockets, inside pocket, taffeta lining, knitted waistband and smart fur fabric collar, gusseted at back for added comfort.

Sizes 36" to 40" only.

£49.50
P. & P. £1.50

Shipped from the U.S.A.
Fabulous Disco Roller Jackets

In Cire Nylon, REVERSIBLE, with knitted collar, cuffs and waistband. Slash pockets with snap closure. Pencil pocket, warm DACRON quilt lining and heavy duty zipper.



Colours: Tan/Black; Purple/White; Pink/Black; Blue/Red.

State size and colour in order of preference

£37.50
P. & P. £1.25

Genuine Brand New U.S.A. Nylon
M.I.A. Flying Jackets

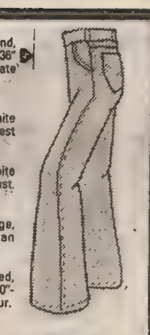
As illustrated. In sage green nylon, with Orange Quilted Lining.

State size

P. & P. £1.50 **£32.50**

Cash, Money or Postal Order, cheques with order. Satisfaction or money refund. Access and Barclaycard acceptable. Please authorise and quote number.

Nashville Tennessee
Dept NME
27 Cockburn Steet, Edinburgh.



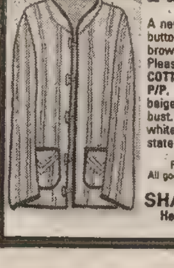
HEAVY DENIM JEANS £9.95 + 80p P&P
A nice blue pre-shrunk heavy denim jean made in England, western style pockets, wide flared bottoms. His waist 26" to 36" hers 32" hips to 42". 33" and 36" inside leg lengths. Please state Waist/Hip size.

CHEESECLOTH KURTA Only £2.85 + 19p P&P
A good quality white natural cheesecloth Kurta with white embroidery. Chest size 26"-40", girls 28"-42". Him state chest size, her state bust size.

COLOURED EMBROIDERED KURTA £2.90 + 19p P&P
Same style as above but coloured embroidery on a white natural background. Chest size 30"-42', hers 30"-44" bust. Please state your chest/bust size.

★ "SILK KURTA" £5.20 + 15p P&P ★
In natural white, blue, black, purple, turquoise, red, pink, beige, orange, yellow. All with white embroidery. Please state an alternative colour. Chest 32"-40", bust 32"-42".

COLOURED CHEESECLOTH KURTA £3 + 20p P&P
Same colour background as embroidery. Colours navy, red, black, wine, Khaki, yellow, brown, lilac, pink, light blue, his 30"-40" chest. Hers 30"-42" bust. Please state alternative colour.



FINE COTTON EMBROIDERED KURTA £1.85 + 15p P&P
A very fine cotton kurta in white with coloured embroidery. His 32"-38" chest. Hers 32"-38" bust. Please state chest/bust size.

CHINESE QUILTED JACKET £9.30 + 74p P&P
A new'n from Shapes, the Chinese look? A cotton quilted peg buttoned jacket for the colder weather. Colours: cream, khaki, brown, black, beige, navy. His 32"-36" chest, hers: 32"-38" bust. Please state your size and alternative colour.

COTTON SWEAT SHIRTS. CREW NECK STYLE £3.65 +35p P/P. Colours: Navy, black, grey, red, yellow, green, white, beige, sky blue, brown, cream. His 32"-40" chest, hers 34"-44" bust. **V-NECK STYLES £3.95 + 35p P/P.** Colours: Black, navy, white, cream, red, beige,. His 32"-42", hers 32"-42" bust. Please state alternative colours.

Postage outside UK Double.
Please Write Your Name, Full Address, Colours and Size Clearly.
All goods can be exchanged or refunded if returned unworn within 10 days.
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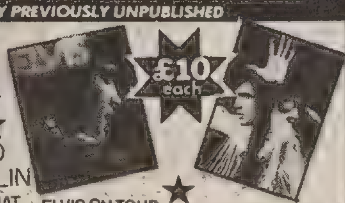

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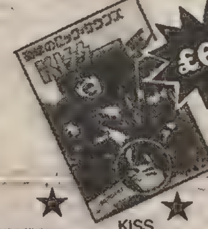

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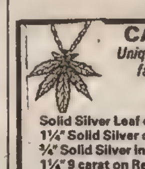

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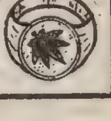

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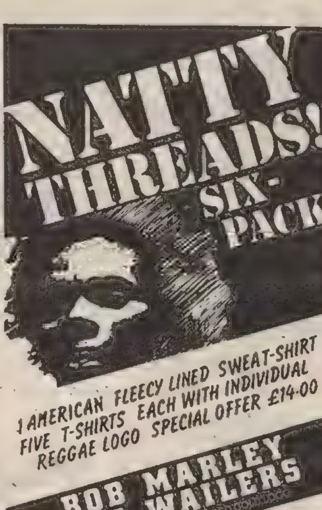

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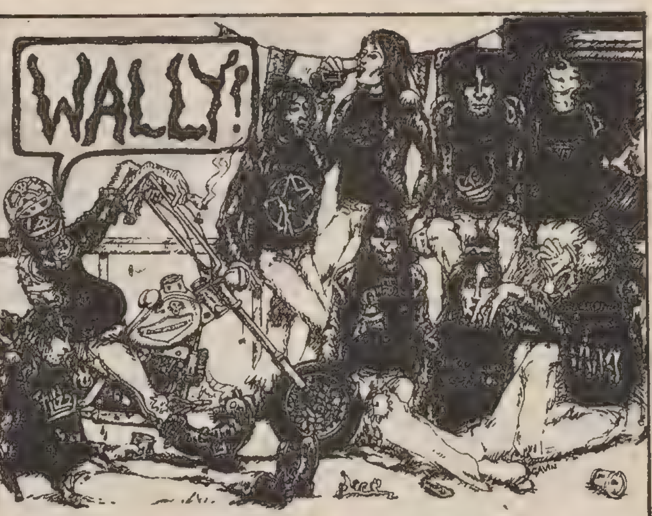

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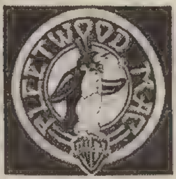
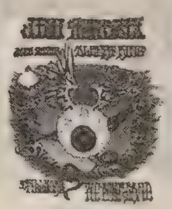
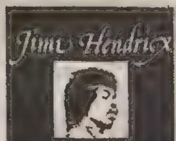


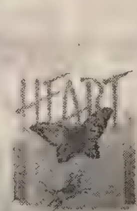
221. FLEETWOOD MAC – BLACK



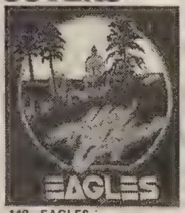
127. J. HENDRIX – LT. BLUE/BEIGE



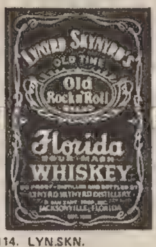
237. J. HENDRIX – BLACK



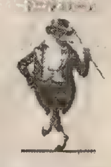
139. HEART – BEIGE



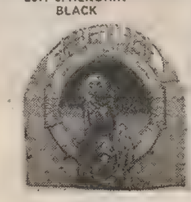
149. EAGLES – HOTEL CALIFORNIA – BLACK



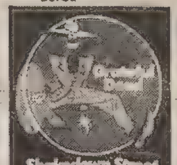
114. LYN.SKN. (WHISKEY)–BLACK



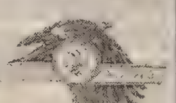
151. FLEETWOOD MAC – BEIGE



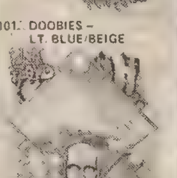
156. G. DEAD – (BLUES FOR ALLAH) – BEIGE/LT.BLUE



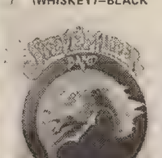
224. G. DEAD SHAKEDOWN ST – BLACK



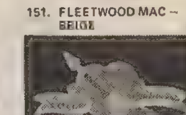
101. DOOBIES – LT. BLUE/BEIGE



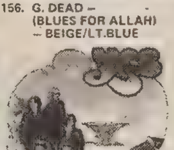
162. PINK FLOYD – LT. BLUE/BEIGE



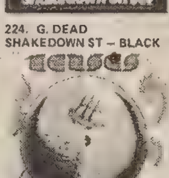
223. S. MILLER – BEIGE



202. T. PETTY – BLACK

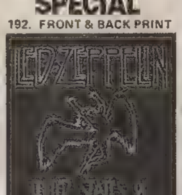


212. YES – LT. BLUE/BEIGE

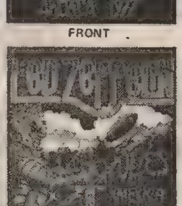


213. KANSAS – LT. BLUE/BEIGE

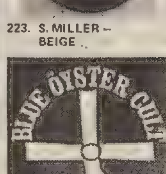
LED-ZEPPELIN SPECIAL
192. FRONT & BACK PRINT



FRONT

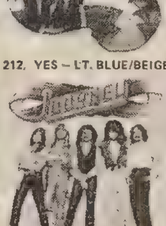


BACK

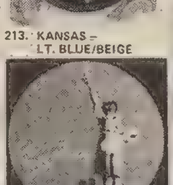


166. BOC – D/BLUE – BLACK

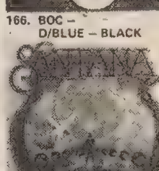
214. S. HAGER – BLACK



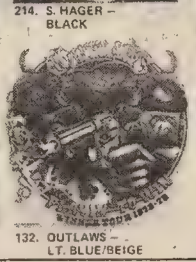
230. JOURNEY – BEIGE



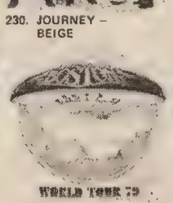
242. SUPERTHAMP – D/BLUE



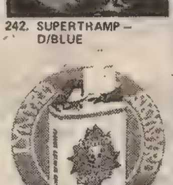
108. SANTANA – LT. BLUE/BEIGE



132. OUTLAWS – LT. BLUE/BEIGE



113. BOSTON – LT. BLUE/BEIGE



216. LYN.SKN. (SMOKIN) LT.BLUE/BEIGE

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King's Reach Tower,
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FOR SALE — 20p per word

AC/DC BUCKLES £1.90 complete with belt £2.90 + sae Bentsleather (N) 45 Church Lane, Whitwick, Coalville, Leics.

ARROWS T.SHIRTS SML, £2.50. T.I.T.S., 12 Blenheim St., Newcastle on Tyne.

BLOCKHEAD, BLOCKHEAD, BLOCKHEAD, BLOCKHEAD, LAST OF THE SUMMER TOUR. Tour T-Shirts Blue (£2.50). Blockhead T-Shirts Logo £2.50. Kids Blockhead T-Shirts logo. Kids sizes — 26.28.30 £2. **BADGES.** Enamel logo £1.10. Enamel D.I.Y. New Blockhead sets (7) 75p Sex, Drugs Rock and Roll (5) 50p. Earring sets — Brush Ladder Tin (3) 50p. Tour Splodges — red, yellow, blue or pink, 30p. Blockhead 20p. Tommy Tool, Box 20p. New Boots and Panties!! Song Book. £3.95. Posters D.I.Y. 50p. Reason to be Cheerful 50p. They eat it, talk it, think it, the only time they notice is when they slip in it. Send post PO 25p small 50p, large order, send for Blockhead news 20p post only. Send in Blockhead Club form for inclusion in Blockhead directory. Cheques/POs to Blockhead, Blockheads Club, 32 Alexander Street, London, W.2.

BLONDIE PHOTOGRAPHS Ten colour (5½ x 3½) £3.00. Five B/W (10" x 8") £2.00. Small sae — b&w sample, Alan Lewis, 115 Cae Mur, Caernarfon, Gwynedd.

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BONDAGE STRAPS two for £1 + sae Bentsleather (N) 45 Church Lane, Whitwick, Coalville, Leics.

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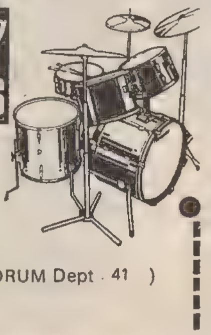

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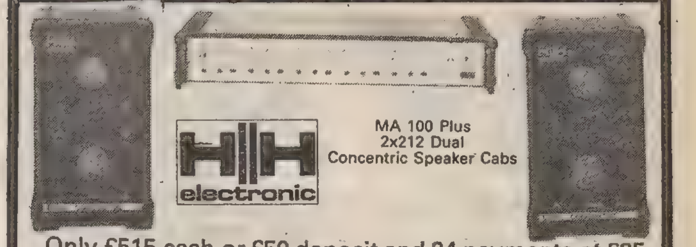

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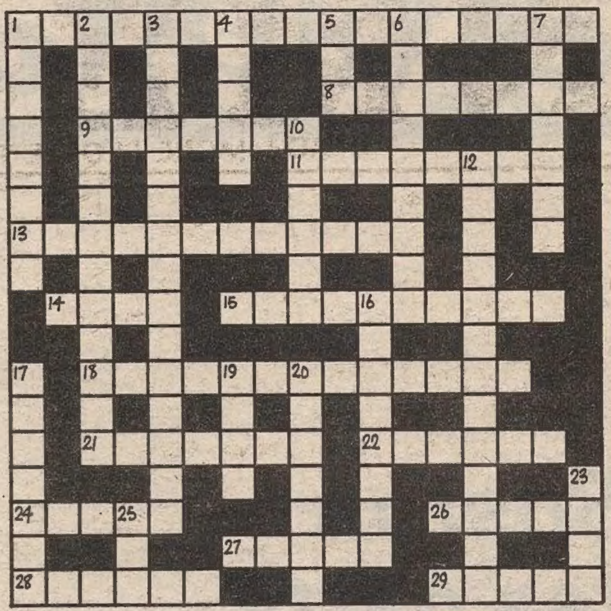
ACROSS

1 Aka the 'Enjoyment Equation': Gary Numan synthesising for fun and profit (8, 9)
8 Veteran US R&B band whose Mod era hits included 'Under The Boardwalk' and 'I've Got Sand In My Shoes'
9 Spread about Fleetwood Mac?!
11 Remember 'guitar heroes'? This one played striker for Ten Years After (5, 3)
13 Mod Aptitude Test No 2: Name The Who's first hit single (1, 4, 7)
14 A little shampoo, Jim?!
15 R-R-Roasting (anag. 2 words)
18 Legendary US blues guitarist who died young (6, 7)
21 Push from two sides!
22 Patti Smurf's first LP
24 Roy or Kevin
26 First name of Marvin Gaye's '60s singing partner: 'Onion Song' was one of their biggest hits together
27 Clapton is said to have written it about Patti Boyd
28 Pete or Bruce (no relation) of EC's Attractions
29 Miller, US, or Jones, UK

DOWN

1 *"Forget about the rat race / Let's do the milkshake / You're selling like a hotcake"* what did happen to Robin Scott? (3, 5)
2 Don't come moaning here, it's your own fault for listening to Sad Cafe! (5, 3, 5)
3 An E. Cochran r'n'r standard (10, 5)
4 Chaka Khan's khombo
5 & 17 Draws otter (anag. 2 words)
6 Former Bonzo, occasional Rutle (4, 5)
7 Punks in waiting?
10 A 5 & 17 down No 1
12 In standard lot (anag. 2 words)
16 & 23 Gibson Brothers smash (3, 4, 1, 4)
17 See 5
19 Lou's not here, he's in the Eire edition
20 US-born producer associated with early P. Floyd, F. Convention, and Incredible String Band — a pioneer of folk-rock (3, 4)
23 See 16
25 McCartney elpee



ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 5 CBS; 7 'Eat To The Beat'; 10 'Charade': 11 Dave (Edmunds); 12 Mods (from *Edmonds);* 13 Eddy Grant; 15 Gary Glitter; 18 Steeleye Span; 19 (Dave) Edmunds; 21 Davies; 23 'Rocket To Russia'; 24 Beserkley; 25 Tim (Bogert); 26 '(Teenage) Depression'. **DOWN:** 1 'Welcome To The Cruise'; 2 'Straw Dogs'; 3 (Marc) Bolan; 4 Three Degrees; 6 (Tim) Bogert; 8 Buddy Miles; 9 'Teenage (Depression)'; 14 Pretenders; 16 The Jags; 17 Dave Vanian; 20 Mick Box; 22 (Joe) Cocker.

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Teachers, engineers, nurses, graduates, secretaries, sales/promotion people and people from many different backgrounds have broken out of their ruts to become Youth Campaign Organisers for Help the Aged.

We are expanding our already successful fund raising team and are looking for people in many parts of the country, with the following qualifications:

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If you have these qualities and are a self-starter, then you could be the person for whom we are searching as a Youth Campaign Organiser with Help the Aged. We will give you full training on full pay to enable you to join a small high calibre team raising large sums of money with young people using well-established techniques.

Children are happy to help the old, but their enthusiasm needs a springboard of ideas, initiative and the ability to motivate others, and organising with applied commonsense.

The work involves meeting people, talking to teachers and pupils and organising fund raising events such as walks, swims and other activities for young people while educating them about old age and creating a positive attitude towards the subject.

Youth Campaign Organisers work on their own from home in their own areas and the hours are flexible, including week-end and evening work, so high standards of self-discipline, self-motivation and written and verbal reporting are essential. Fund raisers receive a full three week training at our training centre and in their own areas.

The work is demanding, but full of interest in this expanding and professional organisation. A full driver's licence is essential and fund raisers can choose to have a car or a car allowance; all organisers are fidelity bonded. Salary is good, with performance bonuses, and the career structure offers excellent opportunities for advancement. There is also the incalculable reward of bringing genuine help to the old and enjoyment to the young.

So write now quoting reference **RD16** with full details of yourself and your career to the Recruitment Officer, Help the Aged, 77 St. George's Road, Bolton BL1 2BS.

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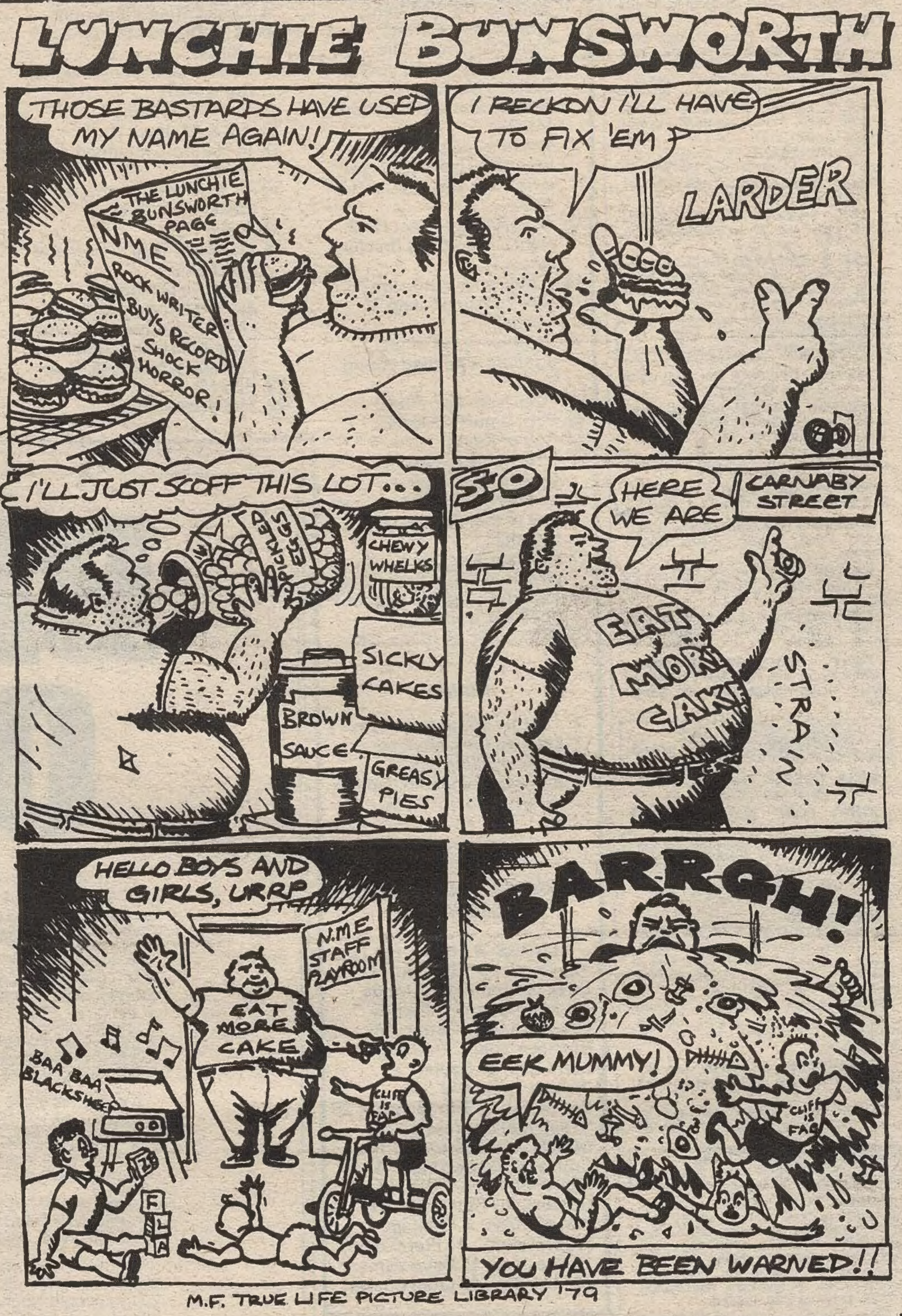
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THE LUNCHIE BUNSWORTH PAGE
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I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO FIX 'EM
LARDER
I'LL JUST SCOFF THIS LOT...
CHEWY WHELKS
SICKLY CAKES
BROWN SAUCE
GREASY PIES
SO
HERE WE ARE
CARNABY STREET
EAT MORE CAKE
STRAIN
HELLO BOYS AND GIRLS, URRP
N.M.E. STAFF PLAYROOM
EAT MORE CAKE
BAA BAA BLACKSHEEP
BARRGH!
EEK MUMMY!
YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!!
M.F. TRUE LIFE PICTURE LIBRARY '79

Boston tea party

DANNY — a short note to set the record straight about your so called "critique" (interpreted as: slagging or axe grinding) of Boston in concert at The Rainbow. I wish you were a writer with integrity (read: balls) so you could have told the editors of *NME* that they should ask a more open minded writer to see the Boston concert, or that you are submitting your "review" with out going. In any event it would have been better! With all your references to Boston scoring so many goals you made your self out to be *the* sore loser. It's too bad your team lost but like you said at the end of the article "I'm not sure who my team is . . ." Nor obviously are you past "the stage of whining", you were probably the only one at the concert on a permanent bummer. You would have definitely appreciated the *good* energy if you had to work for your entrance to the concert like the majority of the people enjoying themselves. (Punter *you* call them — a slight attempt to elevate yourself at the expense of anything else). Too much negativity for me mate. What was the matter, not enough free booze, or free posters or free records for you to write a good review — don't winge! You would have liked to be with your pet group who kisses your ass for a review, or hang out with a clique of elitists who are so elite no one else knows it. But: do the paper you work for and the readers a favor: keep your personal ho-hum crap out of the reviews — stick to facts. But *you* have to be qualified to state a fact! Danny — you would be better off sticking to what you know: tea drinking — cause you don't have the balls to slag off a band properly if that's your goal nor the qualifications for professional journalism. By the way you probably won't have the balls to print this either.

Richard Ocean, Lighting Director, Boston World Tour, Beverly Hills, California.

Posters? — D.B.

Tea drinking? Boston is famous for its tea drinking is it not? What exactly is *a permanent bummer?* Why don't you climb right up to the top of your absurd rig and jump off, you glorified electrician. — MB.

Edited by Marlon Bell and belle

To all you British rock fans: after having spent a terrible night in one of London's rock clubs I feel this question must be posed. Which is cooler, making Americans squirm, or making American dollars.

The English rock scene is twisted by this dilemma. Even one of you best bands (The Clash) screams its boredom with the USA while still touring and trying to make it in that despised country. I don't blame you for being bored. Everywhere you look there's some American snapping photos, or someone drinking a coke and eating a Big Mac. All you rock rags are geared towards who's in the US charts but who cares?

If the bottom line is money then bands can make big bucks in America. And the next time you are rude to Americans who come to your rock gigs remember that the band playing is eagerly awaiting the day it goes to the States anyway. Listen to your own boy and ask yourself if peace, love and understanding really are that funny.

An American who lives here.

Hmmm, let me see. The dollar isn't worth a lot these days so I'll settle for the squirm. — MB.

In reference to Paul Morley's article 'The Springsteen Syndrome' *(NME 6th October)* I feel sadly disappointed that an *NME* reporter should treat an artist of Springsteen's calibre with what seemed such scant respect, suggesting as he did that the stage act was superior to the music, with whom Mr Morley admits he is not as familiar as he might be.

All those cries of "Broooooce" clearly show how much the patrons were anticipating and enjoying the great man's performance. Perhaps they, unlike Paul Morley don't have quite so many records 'to catch up on.'

I can only suggest that Paul buy himself a few Springsteen LPs and perhaps one day he will feel as I do that contrary to the comment in the offending article, Springsteen is 'the greatest thing in the world'.

T. G. Doyle, Newry, N. Ireland.

You weren't even there though. I can only suggest that you sell all your Springsteen albums and come to terms with reality. — MB.

Dear Monty,

I have listened to The Buzzcocks' music whilst sitting on the lavatory, standing in the goldfish pond with a bucket on my head and even whilst deep inside the *NME* and I cannot fault a single note whatsoever. The new album is ultra-supersonic and Pete Shelley should be awarded an OBE. Why do you yourself not fall head over heels about such a group?

Jon, Alwoodley, Leeds 17.

Don't you want your dripping lad? — MB.

Just thought I'd give you my view on the article written by Glenn Gibson on Gary Numan's recent Glasgow concert.

Why do you victimise Gary Numan like this — because it's all crap anyway. Gary Numan is the most talented best looking musician to hit the public but most of you half-soaked hypocrites can't see this.

Who the hell does Glenn Gibson think he is? Maybe Gary Numan doesn't put over a very good stage show but Mr Gibson didn't seem to like the concert at all. Obviously he has no eye for talent. All I can say to Mr Gibson is 'Button your hole Gibbo' What type of music does Glenn Gibson enjoy? Mozart or Chzcosky? Wow what a square!

Never mind Gary, at least I love you.

Janet, No 1 Gary Numan fan.

Yeah, I suppose you still believe in Father Christmas too. — MB.

Paul Rambali, morons like you who call the Undertones 'puerile adolescent punk-pop' should remember that everyone has a right to their opinion.

Confused, Haywards Heath.

And in this instance Paul's opinion was bang on. Couldn't fault it at all. Sorry. — MB.

I bought 'Slow Train Coming' for £4. Does that mean I still have one-fifth of my soul left?

David Holmes, Reading, Berkshire.

Not as such. You've merely squandered four notes on a silly bit of plastic. JANN WENNER

Paul Du Noyer is a dirty, low down, two-bit sidewinder.

Randolph Scott, Deep in the Heart of Texas.

Gung Ho! (The Stranger who wore a gun)

If Paul Du Noyer married Fay Fife, her name would almost be French for 'walnut-leaves'.

Gary, Bournville, Birmingham.

Tres amusant. Tres tres amusant. — MB.

Could I be the first again to wish you all a very merry Christmas, and long may your terrific journalism prosper.

Andy Kent, Bracknell, Berks.

P.S. Hope you bought yourselves something with the £5 enclosed.

I wrote to you guys because I couldn't stand it any longer. Who in the hell do you think you are concerning Americans? You write about us as though we were mewling brats sucking up to The Bee Gees, The Knack or The Eagles caring nothing about rock-n-roll or what it stands for.

How are you to judge us Americans when we never get to hear punk rock on the radio, only sanitized new wave and when the country finally catches on it's two, three years after the initial break? We hardly get to see punk bands because they never come here and it seems the bands here seem scared to get back to the basics, the wimps.

You gotta admit though, even in England punk ain't what it used to be. Where's that raw primitive energy, the refusal to compromise, that so called violently independent music force is spent and it's time to look for something else.

And now for my last complaint: what have you got against heavy metal? I agree the majority of the bands are crap but you seem to go out of your way to attack it. For your information there are some hard rock groups that kick ass such as Motorhead, Aerosmith, Blue Cheer, AC/DC, Blackmore's Rainbow and Black Sabbath, not to mention The Reds or Destroy All Monsters.

Me and my friends are going to see The Clash in San Diego this week to rock our asses off. Hopefully they'll turn our safe American home into a white riot.

George, San Bernadino, California.

And now a message from our sponsor — MB.

Isn't all this music stuff so much FUN!!!

From . . . A sperm whale trying to come to terms with itself, somewhere near the western spiral arm.

The Marketing Department of WEA Records should be made to forego certain luxuries (e.g. food and drink) for a period of time sufficient for them to realise their utter stupidity in packaging Fleetwood Mac's 'Tusk' album in so much unnecessary, glossy, endangered raw material.

Fleetwood Mac should be made to forego certain luxuries (eg. powdered, white substances) for adding to the world's oil shortage by producing so much rubbish on so many pieces of vinyl.

Laurence (Neil's friend), Hendon.

You must be one of the 'too hip' people I keep on reading about — MB.

How long will it take NME to discover the Skiffle revival? Surely it's obvious that the mod revival just hasn't taken off. The music of tomorrow is Skiffle, and the Fruitbats are proud to be at the forefront of the Skiffle revival.

Long live Skiffle. Long live the Fruitbats.

Ferdy and the Fruitbats, Hereford.

Gavin Martin is absolutely right when he says that "The Stranglers are criminally vulgar, violent and voracious" (Live, 13th October). I have just been to The Stranglers concert at Leeds University where I was chased half-way down the hall by a beserk Jean Jacques Burnel. Even six bouncers and Hugh Cornwell couldn't restrain the maniac.

What outrageous crime did I commit? Did I throw a half full beer can or a broken bottle? No! All I did was spit at him. It's lucky for both of us that I managed to escape from the deadly hands of the black belt frog, otherwise I would probably be in two pieces and JJ would be down the local nick charged with GBH.

OK so spitting isn't a very hygenic and nice thing to do, but The Stranglers are a punk group and should be used to it and take it like men. Also I paid £2.50 out of my minute student grant to see them so I should be able to do what I like.

Incidentally, the concert was brilliant, the high spot being "Curfew" and the low spot being a 20 minute power failure near the end.

You can print my name and address as I'm not afraid of JJ. Someone needs to knock some sense into his head before he really goes over the top which would be the end of The Stranglers who contribute a vital part to our music industry.

Robert MacDermott, Leeds 3.

The correct psycho-medical term for your condition is masochist. On the other hand if you aren't afraid of the popular Frenchman why did you run away from him. Somebody isn't telling the truth. — MB.

If Bing Crosby plays Sheffield on his next tour, Ladbrokes are going to owe me a lot of money.

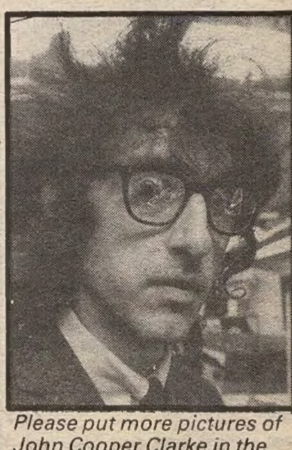
M. Python, NFA.

Bing? — MB.

Please tell those Hare Krishna bastards to stop singing and pissing about down Oxford Street. (Bloody worse than the Scotland fans.) Thank you.

Paul Monaghan, British Boxing Board of Control, London W1.

I like Red Indians, white man. — MB (rama rama).



Please put more pictures of John Cooper Clarke in the NME. He is delicious.

T-ZERS

Heads! Rats, tails. OK I'll break. Pow! So what's that, stripes? Alright you're on spots, and it's two away seein' as how we just potted the white. Hey, listen I'm not trying to put you off your shot but did you know that the amazing Radar Records label appears to be on its beam ends. Yup, the centre slip that brought you **Costello, Lowe** and **Richard** (it's) **Hell** (in there), looks set to follow the Titanic and Scotland's Argentina project into oblivion. A major financial shuffle that has so far resulted in two company directors being "bought out" is creating a cloud of mystery surrounding the future of the not so stable label, Mabel! A call to the halls of distress themselves merely resulted in a terse "ask Warners, the ball is in their court". Those daffy mothers at Warner Brothers insisted that Radar are not bankrupt *as such* but still couldn't clarify vis a vis Radar Records' 1980 plans. In the meantime **The Pop Group** smile crazily, and **Jake Riviera** shouldn't throw that black hat away just yet. Shucks, all this just as Warn. Bros are to spatter millions out on the largest campaign ever to promote the new **Fleetwood Mac** album. Tusk, tusk, tusk ...

Keith Richards — I think you just nudged one of my stripes — Keith Richards can at last sleep easy. Five judges of the Ontario Court of Appeals finally and unanimously rejected a bid by some government bods to get the grizzled old guitarist put in a crowsfeet suit following the great escape from his Canada bust bore ...

Stocks and chairs: Public humiliation for **Bruce Springsteen's** gal **Lynn Goldsmith,** the rock photographer. Seems that Broooo — *(That's enough — Ed)* ooce had given her orders not to snap him at the Madison Square gig and then spotted her flashing away in the twelfth row as he performed. Leaping from the stage he grabbed her arm and hauling her onto the boards announced to all present "This is my EX-girlfriend, OK!" and then shoved her into the wings. Ms Goldsmith refused to comment on the punishment but The Brute later mumbled: "It was my birthday and I was havin' a great time then I saw her doing' somethin' she said she wouldn't ... she ignored my earlier signs so I had to do it myself." Sharp intake of breath ...

Neatly holing the blue and coming back for an easy orange, *T-Zers* delivers a couple of home truths. Firstly, we hear that **The Undertones** were happy to receive **Paul Rambali's** slice of hate mail over their re-issue LP. "At last," quoth the dizzy Irishmen, "somebody hates us. We were beginning to worry!" Secondly, some of the less discerning readers may have noticed *Melody Maker* attempting to pooh-pooh our **Cook & Jones** activity *Thrill* of a couple of weeks back. Getting a few dull quotes from somebody called **Fachtna O'Kelly** — the dull duo's newly acquired manager — they misled their readers to believe that C&J had been doin' no more than a couple of demos and that our story was just so much space. Well, **Nick Kent** did, uh, sit in at the sessions in question and if anyone believes that the pair still need to cut demos for Virgin approval, well ... Anyway, Jones has now booked time into Wessex Studios in order to go further with the workouts. The new bassist is **Andy Allen** — son of **Elkan Allen** who once produced a show called *Ready, Steady, Go!* — who it turns out also played bass for parts of the 'Rock and Roll Swindle' album because **Sid V's** playing was too experimental for the public consumption ...

Heeeyyyyyyyyy! Alr-i-i-i-i-ghht! Rock and rollllllllll! Why let a little thing like bacterial endocarditis prevent you from rilly, rilly gittin' down and enjoying a 21st birthday party with your friends? Just take a tip from Joan Jett, rock singer. Joan's been in a Los Angeles hospital for six weeks now, but she doesn't let a little thing like a dripfeed hang her up. Joan's courage shines out to all us snivelling Jimmies like some pint-size beacon and we look forward to a speedy recovery so that she can get back to doing whatever it is that she does that makes her important enough to get her pic in NME. Photo: Donna Santisi.

Enough of these long ones! On with the gimmicks. **Hugh Cornwell,** the well known **Strangler,** will be opening a pub for his mates in Bath. Although at present the ale-house rejoices under the name Royal Oak, it is hoped they can get a deed poll type change to make it — wait for this — The Brain Surgery. Seems daft, right? Then again, the local brewers are called Brains or summat ...

America the brave. **Talking Heads** not overly pleased that the title of their excellent new single 'Life During Wartime' is being changed in order to please U.S. radio moguls. The big-wigs feel the original is too, too depressing ...

The seen scene: At the **Yellow Magic** gig at the Venue in London **Scott Gorman, Phil Lynott** and **Tom Robinson** all checked the miniature yellow electronic Japs. More significantly, **Gary Numan** also stuck his snout in and absorbed some of the wing, ping and dribble ...

Let's just hope they haven't bought any tickets to see **The Ohio Players** at the same joint, *(Bought? Ha! — Ed).* Because, hell, the Players won't be showin' their ass roun' this mo'fo' country no mo'. Shi-ert, some Gard-dayim mo' in the management uppped an' fled with an advance from the Venue an' thus left the band so financially embarrassed they faw-essed to cay-ncel ...

Even more crime. Rock's only genuine thousand-year-old man **B.P. Fallon** was fined £150 in Brum for spray painting a wall. Also along with him was **Dave MacMasters** of **Protex** who pleaded not guilty and thus has to show up again later this month to see if anyone believes him ...

Now for the first time, a vital insight into the mental processes of a T-Zerz caption writer. He spies a photograph (right) of Chuck Berry, the well-known guitarist composer of popular songs, embracing Brooke Shields, already legendary after her role as a very young prostitute in the moving picture Pretty Baby. The captioneer recalls that Berry is about to commence a short period of incarceration and also that the selfsame Berry first became acquainted with the American penal system in the late '50s after transporting an underage girl across a state line. His beady eyes light up in a vaguely repellent manner and he types "Aha! This happened the las' time ah went to jail!" on a flimsy piece of paper, pausing only to note that the photograph had been taken by one Brad Elterman, presumably an American. Simple, innit?

Siouxsie and The Banshees saw fit to ban all Polydor personnel from the backstage area at their Hammersmith Odeon gig recently. Likewise for the apres-gig parrrty which for some reason was held in Peckham, SE London. Naturally the ubiquitous **Cook and Jones** were there plus Paul's mum (the big girl's blouse) . . .

What do they feed them over there? A young American swam across the Mississippi River recently. (Fact: It takes almost 90 minutes to do this worthwhile act). Upon arriving at the far bank he announced: "I did it for **Linda Ronstadt.** I'm a desperado. She'll understand!" . . .

Tales of people on tour in the USA. **Only Ones** — you remember The Only Ones — guitarist **John Perry** got arrested for speeding (with a car) in Minnesota and spent the night in jail with a selection of junkies, pimps, murderers and child molesters all of whom demanded to be transferred to another prison when they learned his identity. Later the band witnessed a small plane crash into a pylon near Atlanta. And best of all, in Birmingham, Alabama an irate club owner told them to turn down or scram. Thumbing their noses — at least we think they were thumbing their noses — at the fat man, they carried on regardless. A short while later a bunch of rednecks wielding baseball bats and assorted lengths of timber began assembling in front of the stage. The police were called and order maintained . . .

Far, far out. **Bob Dylan** appeared on the US networked *Saturday Night Live* TV show playing live on the gogglebox for the first time since Hyde Park was a flower pot. He played 'You've Got To Serve Somebody' but didn't say anything. Praise **the Lord** so soon . . .

Oh and if in the excitement you wondered what became of our pool game, well a keen eyed *T-zer* just potted that elusive black five minutes ago. So it's nail-biting time in the Valleys as **Ted Lowe** once said. Mugs away . . .

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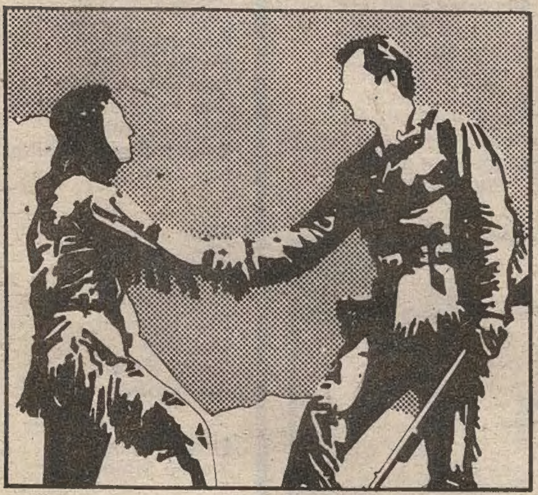
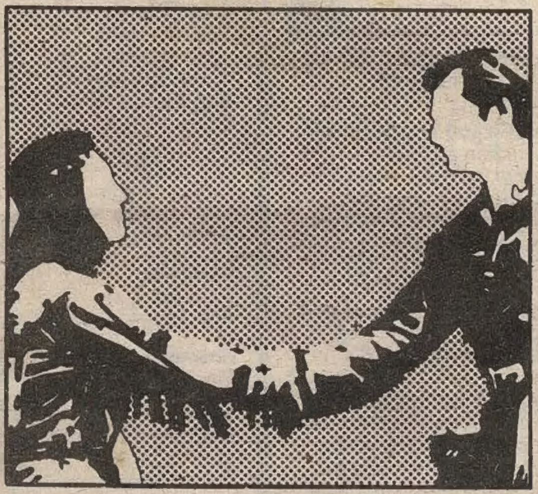
GANG OF FOUR LP

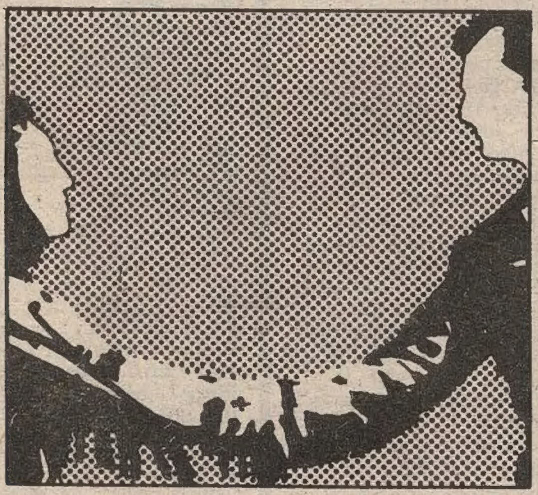
'The Indian smiles, he thinks that the cowboy is his friend.



The cowboy smiles, he is glad the Indian is fooled.



Now he can exploit him.'



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